THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

Interest Begins Monthly.

The system adopted in the savings department of the Traders National Bank of this city, in placing money deposited on or before the third day of any month on interest from the first day of the same month at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, meets with unanimous approval.

Deposits made on or before July 3rd will draw interest from July 1st. Interest may be withdrawn or will be added to the principal every six months.

The bank is open continuously from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. every day except Saturday, on which day the hours are 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

THEY BLACKED UP.

And After the Show Was Over They Discovered Something.

The little village of Clyde in Wayne county is as pretty as you will meet in a week's travel in this state of pretty villages, and into the bargain it has a great number of beautiful young women. Awhile ago somebody organized a show to be given for the benefit of some local church or charitable organization, and a lot of the pretty girls, led by the female members of the choir of the church which was to be benefited, got together to discuss what part they would take in the entertainment. Somebody had been reading of a minstrel show given by young women in Brooklyn and suggested that Clyde follow Brooklyn's lead. The idea took. The girls decided that it would be perfectly lovely, and the details were arranged.

To make the show realistic, the girls thought they ought to black up. There were some protests against going so far, but the blacking up idea proved popular with a majority of the proposed performers, and it was adopted. The performance was given one night last week. The hall was crowded, and things went off nicely. There was singing and the end men (who were men, by the way) worked off their gags, and the whole affair wound up with a song in concert. The Clyde orchestra was present and did wonders with its varied assortment of instruments, and the village folks decided unanimously that they had had their money's worth and were perfectly satisfied.

When the curtain went down, the girls went back to wash the black off their faces. The first one to reach a wash basin took a sponge and began rubbing her cheeks. To the intense horror of the entire company the black would not budge. It was there to stay. The other girls seized pails, basins, anything that would hold water, got water and began to scrub. The black remained. They might just as well have been negroes of the darkest hue for all the impression they made on the color. There were hysterics and all that sort of thing, but the black never budged.

The girls scrubbed and cried and cried and scrubbed with the effect of getting off some small patches of black and heightening their grotesque appearance. After hours of work they managed to whiten their cheeks enough to enable them to go out, and then they all skipped through back streets to their homes. Meanwhile the men were having a similar experience. They couldn't get the black off either. The end men and the principal comedian worked for an hour and then strolled out to the Clyde hotel with their faces all shades from a light drab to a coal black. The leading comedian got some of the black off his nose and chin, a little off his cheeks, but had been able to make no impression on his ears, and he was a very spectacular young man when he walked into the billiard room of the hotel and huskily asked for something to drink.

There was a theatrical man in town, and late that night he was awakened by a heavy knock at his door. "Say," said an excited voice, "are you a theater man?"

He said he was.

"Well, I heard you were. What do you do to get burnt cork off when you black up for nigger minstrels?"

"Wash it off."

"Yes, I know, but how?"

"Why, take a sponge. It ought to wash right off."

There was a long silence. Finally the voice said again, "Say, mister, how do you mix burnt cork when you use it to black up for nigger minstrels?"

"Mix it with water."

"Great heavens," said the voice, "we mixed ours with vaseline!"

In the course of a week or two it is expected that the young women who so successfully participated in the minstrel show will be around to receive the congratulations of their friends. In the meantime the ears of the leading comedian are still of a beautiful, glossy black.—Buffalo Express.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,

Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL,
No. 97 Central Street,
Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

SCHOOL BOARD

It Adjourned in the Wee Sma' Hours.

FIGHT DEVELOPED IN FILLING TWO VACANCIES.

Certain High School Diplomas Were Illegally Given.

The expected fight over the filling of certain vacancies by the school board was developed in a skirmish at an early hour this morning.

The battle will be resumed in August. Miss Susie Watson of the High school was quite unexpectedly dropped. No fault had been made as to her conduct or competency, but as the republicans had desired to drop Frank M. Brogan, of the temporary force, Miss Watson's election was hung up.

There was no choice for truant commissioner or principal of the Varnum school.

The revised rules were adopted after many changes had been made. It seems strange that the annual meeting should be selected for so tedious a task as adopting rules.

Mayor Pickman was very sleepy before the board adjourned, and he came very near being caught napping when votes were taken.

Considering the Rules.

The mayor came in at 9.10 and immediately the members took their seats. Mayor Pickman called for the records but as this was simply an adjourned meeting this was not in order.

Mr. Swapp wanted the consideration of the revised rules but he gave way to a notice of committee on books and supplies recommending certain changes in a Latin text book.

Supt. Whitcomb read the changes in the rules, all of which were recently printed in THE SUN.

Mr. Woodies opposed making the high school and kindergarten committees standing committees.

Mr. Swapp said in the case of the kindergarten it would complicate matters; the present system is the best way; sub-committees would object to a special committee controlling kindergartens in their school houses.

Mr. Harrigan supported the objection and Mr. Woodies' motion to strike out revised clause, was passed.

On the matter of increasing memberships of certain committees from five to six, Mr. Woodies said that the board had already defeated a proposition to increase high school committee to one from each ward. Mr. Harrigan objected to change as it might prove inconvenient at times especially on questions relating to books and supplies. Mr. Keyes moved to strike out "one from each ward;" Mr. Coburn amended it but Mr. Woodies' substitute motion to strike out "one from each ward and High school" was passed after Mr. Gallagher said he believed in having representation from each ward on the high school because its need has frequently been seen.

Time of the board meeting was fixed as usual at eight p. m.

The revision relating to appeal from a vote, was accepted. The clause relating to issuance of certificates to teachers was discussed at some length.

Mr. Woodies raised the point that the statute law relating to the filing of certificates with the city treasurer was not covered by the revision; clause laid upon the table.

The section relating to the duties of the committee on teachers and training school was amended, making kindergarten teachers fifth grade and evening school teachers sixth grade, a transposition of the revision reported.

Section on issuance of teachers' certificates was passed, applicants who pass the training school examination will receive sixth class certificates.

The superintendent of schools will hereafter be elected in June. The school year will begin on the second Monday in September and end the last Friday in June. Fast day holiday was stricken out and Patriots' day and Labor day added to the list.

Teachers have the right to send home bad pupils for only one session, and not for days and weeks, as assumed, but not authorized under the old rules. Calisthenics becomes a regular fixture in the curriculum.

The rules were all gone through and then the sections tabled reconsidered. Finally the revised rules were adopted.

When at 11.35 o'clock the rules had been read, the election of teachers came up.

They were taken in lists and those elected are announced below.

Everything went along smoothly until Dr. Lathrop's Varnum school list was reached. Here a vacant principalship was to be filled and Dr. Lathrop nominated Henry H. Harris for the position. When the vote was announced it was found that no choice had been made.

Whole number	14
Necessary for a choice	8
Henry H. Harris	7
J. C. Mellen	3
T. A. Delaney	2
W. V. Meade	1
F. C. Clark	1

The Training School.

Then matters proceeded until the training school was reached when it was noticed on the list that Miss Keyes was mentioned as temporary principal and Misses Clarke and Ewings, second and third assistants, the vote on her name was as follows: Miss Keyes for first assistant 8, for principal 3, for temporary principal 1, for teacher 2.

Before Mr. McNabb's list was read the committee on teachers reported that first class certificates had been granted to G. A. Willey, W. H. Gerrish, William V. Meade and George S. Edwards, and a special certificate as a teacher of physical culture to Miss M. Hunter.

The committee on salaries reported that all teachers receive the same salaries as last year with the exception of the teachers of the kindergarten, or as the report read supervisor of kindergartens whose salary they raised to $900 a year. Mr. Harrigan opposed the increase as he saw no increase in duties and thought the present salary sufficient. On motion of Mr. Boulger the report was tabled until after the election of the Training school teachers, by a vote of 7 to 6.

Two Teachers Dropped.

A big surprise was in store for the committee and it showed itself when the vote was announced on the High school teachers on Mr. Coburn's list. it was found that two teachers had not received the necessary eight votes, and they were Frank M. Brogan and Miss Susie L. D. Watson, the former receiving seven votes and the latter six. It was expected by many that Mr. Brogan would be dropped, but Miss Watson's fate was unexpected.

When the kindergartens were taken up the title of principal and supervisor given Miss Devereaux of the training school was changed to special teacher of the training class.

Thomas M. Graves was elected special teacher of penmanship by a vote of 11 to 1 for John Hunt.

Miss Emma M. Huntley received 10 votes for teacher of physical culture, Miss Hunter, 1; Miss Noyes, 1; and Miss Drew, 1.

Mr Coburn Speaks.

After the voting Mr. Coburn arose and spoke on the rejection of Miss Watson. He said that she was a competent and impartial teacher, even if she was strict. He hoped the members would reconsider their action

Mr. Keyes moved that Mr. Coburn be instructed to cast one ballot for Frank M. Brogan and Miss Watson as teachers in the High school. Mr. Swapp objected and the matter was dropped.

Mr. Mulligan then moved that the board proceed to the election of an assistant teacher of penmanship and drawing. The result of the balloting was the unanimous election of John J Hunt.

Those Nine Diplomas.

Mr. Coburn moved that the vote whereby nine diplomas were granted recently be reconsidered.

There was considerable talk on the matter and Mayor Pickman ruled that according to the rules the action was null and void and the diplomas were granted illegally.

Truant Commissioner.

On motion of Mr. Boulger the election of one truant commissioner was taken up at just one o'clock this morning and the small army of would-be truant commissioners in the entries braced themselves.

The first ballot:

Whole number cast	14
Necessary for a choice	8
David Fitzgerald	1
Frank Gray	1
Michael J. Donahue	1
A. S. Young	1
James Howard	1
Thomas F. Maguire	1
Richard Welch	1
Patrick McGilley	2
G. A. Philbrick	2
A. W. Lang	3

A motion to ballot for principal of the Varnum school was lost 7 to 7. A motion was made by Mr. Woodies to ballot for a principal of the Chelmsford Street school was ruled out of order as the school had not yet been turned over to the board.

A motion was made to proceed to ballot and was lost, as was a motion to adjourn. Finally it was voted to ballot for truant commissioner again.

Ballot No. 2: F. W. S. Daly, 1; Thomas F. Maguire, 1; Geo. A. Philbrick, 1; P. McGilly, 2; Frank Gray, 2; James Howard, 1; D. Fitzgerald, 1; C. F. Sullivan, 3; D. A. Brown, 2.

Ballot No. 3. 13 votes cast, 7 necessary for a choice. Cornelius F. Sullivan, 1; Gray, 1; Welch, 1; Lang, 1; Maguire, 1; McGilley, 2; Arnold, 2; Philbrick, 2; Donohue, 2.

Ballot 4. G. A. Philbrick, 6; Maguire, 3; Welch, 2; Donahue, 1; Fitzgerald, 1; Sullivan, 1.

Ballot 5. McGilley, 1; Manchester, 1; Tyrrell, 1; Philbrick, 1; Maguire, 1; Kelley, 1; Welch, 1; Sullivan, 1; Brown, 6.

At this juncture on the advice of the mayor the matter of salaries was taken up. Mayor Pickman spoke in favor of Miss Devereaux's increase.

Mr. Boulger moved that the salaries of the assistant kindergarten teachers be increased $100. He thought that the salary of $350 was insufficient.

Mayor Pickman hoped the matter wouldn't pass. He didn't believe in giving increases. In these hard times there are plenty who would be willing to take the place. If we want to level salaries lower the higher ones.

Mr. Coburn spoke in favor of the increase.

Dr. Lathrop moved as an amendment to the amendment that Miss Devereaux's salary be made $800 instead of $900.

The mayor seemed mad and called upon Supt. Whitcomb to tell what he knew about Miss Devereux. He spoke very highly of her ability.

Finally, Dr. Lathrop's amendment was voted down, and Miss Devereux's salary was fixed at $900.

Mr. Boulger's amendment for an increase in the salaries of the assistant kindergarten teachers was carried, and the other portion of the report adopted.

Mr. Hunt's salary was referred to the committee on salaries. After some minor business had been transacted the board adjourned.

DEATHS.

Elizabeth H. Gregg, aged 52 years, died Thursday at her home, 198 Tremont street. Deceased was a native of Greenfield, N. H. She has many friends in this city who who will be grieved to learn of her death. She leaves a husband, John Gregg, for many years overseer of the Lawrence corporation yard, three daughters, Lilla R., bookkeeper at A. G. Pollard's, Gertrude M., cashier at the same establishment, and Mary, as well as her father, Nahum Russell of Greenfield and a brother, Frank E. Russell.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

LOCAL NOTES.

Work has begun on the new iron bridge in Carlisle over the Concord river.

There is talk of extending the electric railway from Chelmsford Centre to Carlisle, Acton and Concord.

Tom Kelley expresses a willingness to defend the mile running championship of Lowell against any runner.

The assistant assessors have completed all their outside work, excepting in Ward Three which will be finished in a few days.

Dennis Murphy, Florence Murphy, and Daniel Murphy arrived home yesterday from Mt. St. Mary's college.

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

F. R. DONOVAN.
Office: 85 Gorham Street,
Constable and Auctioneer.

P. H. HEELON,
557 and 559 Gorham St.
Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

FISHER H. PEARSON,
Room 44 P. O. Block,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

J. J. GALLAGHER,
260 Merrimack Street.
Depot Cigar Store.
All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

MISS VICTORY

Heavy Taxpayers Spoke Words of Praise for Her.

SENTIMENT EXPRESSED OVER HER PICTURESQUE POSITION.

Dr. Ayer's Gift to the City Called a Sacred Trust.

The young woman in bronze who extends a crown from her pedestal in Monument square to the arrivals at the Merrimack street station, and is known as "Miss Victory," must certainly have felt a tingling about the ears last evening, if possessed of any feeling at all, for the heaviest men in the city talked about her incessantly for a couple of hours.

It was at a hearing before the city hall commission on the proposition to remove the statue from its present position and sandwich it in between the City hall and Memorial building.

The hearing began shortly before eight o'clock, Mayor Pickman opening with a resume of the work of the city hall commission, relative to the laying out of the city hall lot, which caused the talk of the removal of the statue. He informed the large audience that they would be requested to talk on the subject in discussion alone.

A gentleman present thought that the commissioners had no power in the matter, that in holding this hearing they were exceeding their powers.

Hon. Fred Lawton for the petitioners recognized the power of the commissioners.

Lawyer Dunbar opened with the reading of the letter from J. C. Ayer, the donor, to Mayor Peabody in which the statue was presented to the city. The resolution by city council accepting the statue was also read.

Mr. Dunbar said that if the statue is unfit for that position it is unfit for any other public position. Despite the carping criticisms that have been made, it is a work of art. It completes a beautiful group in the lot, and will be looked upon in the future as a beautiful design, and would be appreciated in its conception and execution. The city entered into a contract with Dr. Ayer; a trust has been formed by the city with Dr. Ayer and his family and the commission will hesitate before breaking the trust, by which benevolent citizens will be discouraged.

Mayor Pickman then read a letter from Mr. Elliott, the landscape architect, in which he said that the presence of two statues different in style and significance within so small a space is not beautiful, as one detracts from the value of the other.

Charles H. Coburn

took the æsthetic side of the matter. The wish of the donor should be respected. He thought also that not one person in one thousand will criticize as the architect, but the wish of request was sacred and should be considered before anything else.

Rev. Dr. Chambre agreed that if the request of the donor was not respected, all other benevolent persons would be deterred from presenting any gift for they would have no assurance that their gifts would not be removed. As the country grows older, we become more reverential of the traditions of the past, which help to glorify the present and future. The mere fact that it has been in that position for 30 years is a strong argument that it should not be removed without the weightiest reasons. Statues of this kind preserve the continuity of history. Let us hand down these buildings and monuments as long as they remain. The men buried there died for their country and they were victorious in death, for they gave us victory which is perpetuated by the statue.

The mayor at this point read a letter from Frederick F. Ayer, in which he expressed the hope that the commission would allow it to remain, and then retired to meet the members of the State Board of Education, Prentiss Webster taking the chair.

Col. C. A. R. Dimon,

who represented the soldiers, then spoke. In his opinion the two statues should be together. If necessary it might be moved closer, but it should not be taken out of the lot entirely.

Col. J. W. Bennett spoke as an old citizen. The metal in that statue isn't any harder than the cheek of some of those who are asking for its removal. I know some of them personally. The colonel repeatedly referred to the "landscape gardener." He knew a public spirited gentleman in Ward Four who would furnish a site for it, if the landscape gardener's plan must be carried out.

Hon. Francis Jewett.

He said that there might be exigencies that would necessitate its removal, but none have been mentioned in this case. He hoped it would be allowed to remain in its present position.

Col. James B. Francis was of the opinion that the lot in its present condition was as beautiful as the proposed plans could make it.

Commission's Power Questioned.

Lawyer Crowley was called upon and he wanted to hear the enabling act by the legislature giving the city hall commission the power which it is about to take. He maintained that such an act should be made.

Mr. Webster said that if the commission was acting without power it would be pleased to be relieved.

Mr. Crowley was surprised that there was no legal objection raised, and quoted a similar case which occurred in New York. He then criticised the opinion of Mr. Elliott who failed to notice the connection between the two monuments. That any man should study that and fail to see that the whole secret of the beauty is in the combination, is a fact which tends to weaken our faith in his opinion.

Col. Chadwick was sure that the landscape gardener had not given proper thought to the associations connected with the monuments, which the citizens of Lowell hold dear.

Hon. Jeremiah Clark

said that individuals may die, but the city lives on, and that contract and sacred trust which was entered into thirty odd years ago still lives and the present city government is under the same obligations regarding it as the government which accepted it.

Major Noyes thought the monument should not be removed unless it was absolutely necessary. We should be grateful to the commission for undertaking such a difficult task.

A. G. Cumnock

congratulated the commission on the two beautiful buildings given the citizens. In 48 years he had seen Lowell grow, and if he were a member of the commission he never would go back on a trust. Would it not be just, would it not be honorable and fair to leave the matter to the heirs of the donor? Their consent should be had before the commission undertakes to remove the statue.

Benjamin Dean of Boston, formerly of Lowell, sent a letter requesting that the statue be allowed to remain.

A letter from Fred F. Ayer was read. It contained a very beautifully written request that the statue be not moved.

Major Rowell said that the idea of Dr J. J. Ayer in presenting the statue would be wiped out by its removal. If we have endured this statue for 27 years we can endure them for 27 more. We do not want the gifts to the city on wheels. We must have respect for Lowell's benefactors.

Henry C. Howe spoke briefly in favor of allowing the statue to remain.

Other Speakers.

Jacob Rogers who has had intimate associations with Dr Ayer's family, and he knew that they wished to have it remain. The moral obligation to the benefactor is absolute and should be considered.

Major Rowell said that the ladies present who represented the Ayer home, wished to see the statue remain.

Agent Southworth thought that as accumulative evidence was not wanted, the hearing might as well be closed, as no new evidence could be introduced.

Lawyer Lawton then spoke on the matter, and he thought that the commissioners should consider the fact that they are undertaking a matter which is generally left to the board of aldermen. He then reviewed the testimony of those who spoke and advocated strongly the retention of the statue in its present position.

A letter was read from Rev. J. M. Greene protesting against the removal of the statue.

The hearing was then declared closed.

BURDEAU DECLINES.

Dupuy Asked to Reconsider His Decision to Resign the Premiership.

PARIS, June 30.—M. Burdeau has declined the task of forming a cabinet. In consequence, President Casimir-Perier has asked M. Dupuy to reconsider his decision to resign.

BARTHON. DUPUY. BOINCARE.
GUERIN. MERCEIR.
GROUP OF FRENCH STATESMEN.

Premier Dupuy has received a telegram from Motta Visconti, northwest of Pavia, Italy, saying that the authorities, the inhabitants and even the families of the infamous Cesario Santo express profound indignation at the crime.

The American colony has opened subscriptions for a wreath to be placed upon the coffin of the late President Carnot. Over $250 has already been subscribed.

Great progress has been made in investigating the murder of President Carnot, and it is now clearly established that a regular plot, in which a number of people were concerned, existed to assassinate the president. It has been ascertained that the final meeting of the conspirators took place at Cette, and that Cesario Santo was there chosen by lot to commit the actual murder. The arrest of Santo's accomplices is expected hourly.

An anarchist named Pie has been arrested at Chalona. Two days prior to the murder of President Carnot he stated that the president would either be destroyed by a bomb or stabbed to death during his visit to Lyons. Pie, at the last general election, contested a seat in the chamber of deputies against M. Bourgeois.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Coal for July will be higher by 15 cents a ton.

Smallpox is spreading in Litchfield county, Conn.

Italy proposes a system of international supervision of anarchism.

Charles Hutchins of York, Me., attempted vainly to commit suicide.

It is denied that the Collins Ax company, Collinsville, Conn., will close.

Amos R Locke, 87 years old, of Ashburnham, Mass., dropped dead at Boston.

An unknown man was found suffering from arsenical poisoning at Peabody, Mass.

The American steam yacht Atlanta, belonging to the Goulds, has arrived at Greenock.

Henri Rochefort says the selection of Casimir-Perier for president means civil war in France.

Japanese residents of New York claim that they should be allowed rights of naturalization.

The French ambassador to Germany thanked the kaiser for his sympathy with bereaved France.

Work on the construction of the Hudson and Marlboro road will be commenced next Monday.

The Italian government will not make any demand for indemnity resulting from Italian losses in France.

Attorney General Olney says that United States mails must not be obstructed by Pullman strikers.

The application for a certificate of reasonable doubt in the case of Erastus Wiman has been continued to July 9.

About 1200 young men are undergoing examinations for admission to the two undergraduate departments of Yale.

George R. Alpress of Hartford, 47 years old, a traveling salesman, died from injuries received by being struck by a railroad train.

The class which graduated from the Rhode Island state normal school numbered 12 members, and, in addition, pupil teachers of the Providence training school, 14 in number, received normal school certificates.

Bowell Is President.

OTTAWA, June 30.—The intercolonial congress met and elected Mackenzie Bowell Canadian minister of trade, and he delivered his inauguration address.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

Given Away Free.

Horns and fireworks given away with all quantities of our high grade teas, Dickson Bros, 68 Merrimack street.

COMPLETED

The Tariff Bill Reported to the Senate.

THE PRESIDENT WANTS CERTAIN CHANGES MADE.

Said to Demand Free Coal, Sugar and Iron Ore.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The consideration of the tariff bill, which was begun by the senate in the committee of the whole on April 2, is at last completed, and at 5:45 last night the bill was favorably reported to the senate as amended.

In view of the fact that senators asked some little time to examine the bill as amended, and on account of the general desire for a short respite from the long siege to which they had been subjected, the senate then adjourned over until Monday, when the final struggle over the bill will occur in the senate. This was not done, however, except against the protest of Mr. Harris, the floor manager of the bill. No unusual incident marked the close of the consideration of the bill in committee.

Some of the Changes.

Several changes were made in the bill. On Hoar's motion, section 94 had been amended so as to admit free of duty alcohol used in the arts and manufactures.

The senate had agreed to the amendment to section 104 abrogating reciprocal treaties The section now repeals the third section of the McKinley act, and provides that "nothing herein contained shall be held to abrogate or in any way affect such reciprocal commercial arrangements as have been heretofore made and now exist between the United States and foreign countries, except where such arrangements are inconsistent with the provisions of this act."

Mr. Hoar appealed to the finance committee to admit a paragraph putting a duty of 10 per cent ad valorem on sea moss or Iceland moss He asked it in the interest of a few meritorious and hard-working men on the coast of Massachusetts.

Mr. Harris (Dem., Tenn.) joined in the appeal, and Mr. Jones on behalf of the finance committee said that he could not resist the united appeal. The paragraph was, therefore, inserted.

Hoar Was Absent.

The house joint resolution extending for 30 days the appropriations for support of the government was taken up, and, in the absence of Mr. Hoar, was quickly passed. He had blocked the bill by objections Wednesday and Thursday. On his return he made a protest because of its passage.

The resolution offered by Mr. Sherman (Rep., O.) directing an inquiry into the charges for the use of seats, berths and sections in the Pullman sleeping and parlor cars, was laid before the senate and agreed to.

The house bill to define and establish the units of electrical measure was taken from the calendar and passed, with some verbal amendments.

Will the President Interfere?

It is stated that President Cleveland will, when the tariff bill gets into conference, indicate very important changes that he desires made, and that he will intimate in no uncertain terms that if they are not made the bill will not receive his approval. He will, it is understood, demand that sugar, coal and iron ore be placed on the free list.

It is understood that the senate conferees will yield on the whisky schedule and that the tax will be fixed at $1 a gallon, and the bonded period five years.

Black Gets His Seat.

With the exception of a short time, the day in the house was consumed by a filibuster over the contested election case of Watson against Black of the Tenth Georgia district. The filibuster was led by Representative Pence, who contested every inch of ground, even after the aid of the common rules had been invoked. The tangle was finally straightened out, and the resolution of the committee on elections declaring Mr. Black elected was agreed to, only the Populists dissenting.

A few bills of minor interest were passed early in the day, and some resolutions to pay the salaries and funeral expenses of deceased employes of the house were agreed to. At 4:30 o'clock the house took a recess until 8 p. m., when pension bills were discussed.

Miners to Resume Work.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., June 30.—A settlement of differences between the Rochester and Pittsburg Coal and Coke company and their employers was finally reached yesterday. The company reserves the right to refuse to employ any element or men who have been lawbreakers. A general resumption of work will begin Monday.

Jake Hasn't Had Enough.

BALTIMORE, June 30.—Jake Kilrain, who has not appeared in the ring since his memorable encounter with Sullivan, announces his intention to re-enter the pugilistic profession. He wants first whack at Frank Slavin, who cables that he is ready for a match.

His Absence Unexplained.

THOMPSONVILLE, Conn., June 30.—Frederick Woodward, Thompsonville's missing A. P. A. man, returned home last night. He says he has been in New Haven, but gives no explanation of his remaining away. His mind appears confused.

Many Deserters.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The Press says that the cruiser New York, lying at anchor off Stapleton, S. I., is said to have lost 60 of her crew since her arrival, because of the strictness of the executive officer.

Madras, Zephyr, Cheviot and Percale Star Shirt Waists and Blouses—cost 50c to $1.50, sizes 4 years to 15.

There is no question about the fit and thorough finish of the Star Waists and Blouses.

We keep these—to the exclusion of all others—simply because they're the best.

Never have we had such an attractive stock of waists, as this season, and never such large sales. The patterns are special and confined to our house.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

STATE BOARD

Is in Lowell Looking at Normal School Sites.

MEMBERS FOUND VERY HOSPITABLE TREATMENT HERE.

Lively Driving to Cover the Route Laid Out.

The State Board of Education are guests of the city of Lowell today, the visit here being to view available sites for the new normal school. Col. Stoddard, George H. Conley, Agent Aldrich and Secretary Tillinghast of the board arrived here last night and were met by Mayor Pickman and members of the reception committee. They were shown the public buildings and the map of today's proposed sight seeing.

The other members of the board reached Lowell this morning and shortly after nine o'clock the start was made to view sites.

Col. Allen lunched the party about 11 o'clock at his beautiful residence on Rolfe street.

The large number of sites offered made the task of site viewing one of considerable length.

MAYOR PICKMAN'S TROUBLE.

HE IS LAUGHED AT OVER THE COMMISSION MUDDLE.

Talk That He Will Name An Unknown at Tuesday's Meeting of the Aldermen to Take Mr Foss' Intended Seat.

Now that it looks pretty certain that Mr. Foss is not to be a license commissioner, there is much speculation as to who will be appointed.

Up and down the street, republicans are quietly laughing, that Mayor Pickman, a lawyer by profession, should be tripped up after so studied an effort to appoint a license commission—which would stand as a model of his ability.

Whether Mr. Rice or Mr. Weaver figure in the contest remains to be seen. Some people think that the mayor will nominate at Tuesday night's meeting of the aldermen, while others think he will take his time. That the appointee will be a Ward Four man, it seems pretty certain.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Sister Genevieve Marie, known in the world as Josephine Carney, who died yesterday at Notre Dame Academy, occurred at 9 o'clock this morning from St. Patrick's church. A large congregation, including many of the pupils of the school, were present at the services. The solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Gleason, assisted by Rev. Fr. Burke deacon and Rev. Fr. McDonough sub-deacon. The choir was directed by E. F. Faulkner and rendered the Gregorian plain chant. The bearers were Dr. S. J. Johnson, Dr. George A. Leahy, Dr. James Sullivan and Dr. James E. Leary. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery. Deceased was 27 years old and a native of Lynn.

The funeral of Patrick McDonald occurred this morning from his late home on Hildreth street and was very largely attended. The remains were taken to St. Michael's church, where a high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Scannell. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Thomas F. Dwyer took place from his parents' home, 9 Cady street this morning, and was well attended Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

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THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 26. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1894. 8 PAGES—ONE CENT.

FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

Interest Begins Monthly.

The system adopted in the savings department of the Traders National Bank of this city, in placing money deposited on or before the third day of any month on interest from the first day of the same month at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, meets with unanimous approval.

Deposits made on or before July 3rd will draw interest from July 1st. Interest may be withdrawn or'will be added to the principal every six months.

The bank is open continuously from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. every day except Saturday, on which day the hours are 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

THEY BLACKED UP.

And After the Show Was Over They Discovered Something.

The little village of Clyde in Wayne county is as pretty as you will meet in a week's travel in this state of pretty villages, and into the bargain it has a great number of beautiful young women. Awhile ago somebody organized a show to be given for the benefit of some local church or charitable organization, and a lot of the pretty girls, led by the female members of the choir of the church which was to be benefited, got together to discuss what part they would take in the entertainment. Somebody had been reading of a minstrel show given by young women in Brooklyn and suggested that Clyde follow Brooklyn's lead. The idea took. The girls decided that it would be perfectly lovely, and the details were arranged.

To make the show realistic, the girls thought they ought to black up. There were some protests against going so far, but the blacking up idea proved popular with a majority of the proposed performers, and it was adopted. The performance was given one night last week. The hall was crowded, and things went off nicely. There was singing and the end men (who were men, by the way) worked off their gags, and the whole affair wound up with a song in concert. The Clyde orchestra was present and did wonders with its varied assortment of instruments, and the village folks decided unanimously that they had had their money's worth and were perfectly satisfied.

When the curtain went down, the girls went back to wash the black off their faces. The first one to reach a wash basin took a sponge and began rubbing her cheeks. To the intense horror of the entire company the black would not budge. It was there to stay. The other girls seized pails, basins, anything that would hold water, got water and began to scrub. The black remained. They might just as well have been negroes of the darkest hue for all the impression they made on the color. There were hysterics and all that sort of thing, but the black never budged.

The girls scrubbed and cried and cried and scrubbed with the effect of getting off some small patches of black and heightening their grotesque appearance. After hours of work they managed to whiten their cheeks enough to enable them to go out, and then they all skipped through back streets to their homes. Meanwhile the men were having a similar experience. They couldn't get the black off either. The end men and the principal comedian worked for an hour and then strolled out to the Clyde hotel with their faces all shades from a light drab to a coal black. The leading comedian got some of the black off his nose and chin, a little off his cheeks, but had been able to make no impression on his ears, and he was a very spectacular young man when he walked into the billiard room of the hotel and huskily asked for something to drink.

There was a theatrical man in town, and late that night he was awakened by a heavy knock at his door. "Say," said an excited voice, "are you a theater man?"

He said he was.

"Well, I heard you were. What do you do to get burnt cork off when you black up for nigger minstrels?"

"Wash it off."

"Yes, I know, but how?"

"Why, take a sponge. It ought to wash right off."

There was a long silence. Finally the voice said again, "Say, mister, how do you mix burnt cork when you use it to black up for nigger minstrels?"

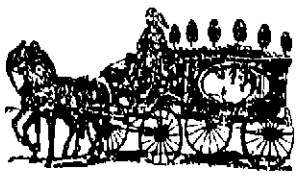
"Mix it with water."

"Great heavens," said the voice, "we mixed ours with vaseline!"

In the course of a week or two it is expected that the young women who so successfully participated in the minstrel show will be around to receive the congratulations of their friends. In the meantime the ears of the leading comedian are still of a beautiful, glossy black.—Buffalo Express.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER.



Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 97 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

SCHOOL BOARD

It Adjourned in the Wee Sma' Hours.

FIGHT DEVELOPED IN FILLING TWO VACANCIES.

Certain High School Diplomas Were Illegally Given.

The expected fight over the filling of certain vacancies by the school board was developed in a skirmish at an early hour this morning.

The battle will be resumed in August. Miss Susie Watson of the High school was quite unexpectedly dropped. No fault had been made as to her conduct or competency, but as the republicans had desired to drop Frank M. Brogan, of the temporary force, Miss Watson's election was hung up.

There was no choice for truant commissioner or principal of the Varnum school.

The revised rules were adopted after many changes had been made. It seems strange that the annual meeting should be selected for so tedious a task as adopting rules.

Mayor Pickman was very sleepy before the board adjourned, and he came very near being caught napping when votes were taken.

Considering the Rules.

The mayor came in at 9.10 and immediately the members took their seats. Mayor Pickman called for the records but as this was simply an adjourned meeting this was not in order.

Mr. Swapp wanted the consideration of the revised rules but he gave way to a notice of committee on books and supplies recommending certain changes in a Latin text book.

Supt. Whitcomb read the changes in the rules, all of which were recently printed in THE SUN.

Mr. Woodies opposed making the high school and kindergarten committees standing committees.

Mr. Swapp said in the case of the kindergarten it would complicate matters; the present system is the best way; sub-committees would object to a special committee controlling kindergartens in their school houses.

Mr. Harrigan supported the objection and Mr. Woodies' motion to strike out revised clause, was passed.

On the matter of increasing memberships of certain committees from five to six, Mr. Woodies said that the board had already defeated a proposition to increase high school committee to one from each ward. Mr. Harrigan objected to change as it might prove inconvenient at times especially on questions relating to books and supplies. Mr. Keyes moved to strike out "one from each ward;" Mr. Coburn amended it but Mr. Woodies' substitute motion to strike out "one from each ward and High school" was passed after Mr. Gallagher said he believed in having representation from each ward on the high school because its need has frequently been seen.

Time of the board meeting was fixed as usual at eight p. m.

The revision relating to appeal from a vote, was accepted. The clause relating to issuance of certificates to teachers was discussed at some length.

Mr. Woodies raised the point that the statute law relating to the filing of certificates with the city treasurer was not covered by the revision; clause laid upon the table.

The section relating to the duties of the committee on teachers and training school was amended, making kindergarten teachers fifth grade and evening school teachers sixth grade, a transposition of the revision reported.

Section on issuance of teachers' certificates was passed, applicants who pass the training school examination will receive sixth class certificates.

The superintendent of schools will hereafter be elected in June. The school year will begin on the second Monday in September and end the last Friday in June. Fast day holiday was stricken out and Patriots' day and Labor day added to the list.

Teachers have the right to send home bad pupils for only one session, and not for days and weeks, as assumed, but not authorized under the old rules. Calisthenics becomes a regular fixture in the curriculum.

The rules were all gone through and then the sections tabled reconsidered. Finally the revised rules were adopted.

When at 11.35 o'clock the rules had been read, the election of teachers came up.

They were taken in lists and those elected are announced below.

Everything went along smoothly until Dr. Lathrop's Varnum school list was reached. Here a vacant principalship was to be filled and Dr. Lathrop nominated Henry H. Harris for the position. When the vote was announced it was found that no choice had been made.

Whole number	14
Necessary for a choice	8
Henry H. Harris	7
J. C. Melten	3
T. A. Delaney	2
W. V. Meade	1
F. C. Clark	1

The Training School.

Then matters proceeded until the training school was reached when it was noticed on the list that Miss Keyes was mentioned as temporary principal and Misses Clarke and Ewings, second and third assistants, the vote on her name was as follows: Miss Keyes for first assistant 8, for principal 3, for temporary principal 1, for teacher 2.

Before Mr. McNabb's list was read the committee on teachers reported that first class certificates had been granted to G. A. Willey, W. H. Gerrish, William V. Meade and George S. Edwards, and a special certificate as a teacher of physical culture to Miss M. Hunter.

The committee on salaries reported that all teachers receive the same salaries as last year with the exception of the teachers of the kindergarten, or as the report read supervisor of kindergartens whose salary they raised to $800 a year. Mr. Harrigan opposed the increase as he saw no increase in duties and thought the present salary sufficient. On motion of Mr. Boulger the report was tabled until after the election of the Training school teachers, by a vote of 7 to 6.

Two Teachers Dropped.

A big surprise was in store for the committee and it showed itself when the vote was announced on the High school teachers on Mr. Coburn's list. It was found that two teachers had not received the necessary eight votes, and they were Frank M. Brogan and Miss Susie L. D. Watson, the former receiving seven votes and the latter six. It was expected by many that Mr. Brogan would be dropped, but Miss Watson's fate was unexpected.

When the kindergartens were taken up the title of principal and supervisor given Miss Devereaux of the training school was changed to special teacher of the training class.

Thomas M. Graves was elected special teacher of penmanship by a vote of 11 to 1 for John Hunt.

Miss Emma M. Huntley received 10 votes for teacher of physical culture, Miss Hunter, 1; Miss Noyes, 1; and Miss Drew, 1.

Mr. Coburn Speaks.

After the voting Mr. Coburn arose and spoke on the rejection of Miss Watson. He said that she was a competent and impartial teacher, even if she was strict. He hoped the members would reconsider their action.

Mr. Keyes moved that Mr. Coburn be instructed to cast one ballot for Frank M. Brogan and Miss Watson as teachers in the High school. Mr. Swapp objected and the matter was dropped.

Mr. Mulligan then moved that the board proceed to the election of an assistant teacher of penmanship and drawing. The result of the balloting was the unanimous election of John J. Hunt.

Those Nine Diplomas.

Mr. Coburn moved that the vote whereby nine diplomas were granted recently be reconsidered.

There was considerable talk on the matter and Mayor Pickman ruled that according to the rules the action was null and void and the diplomas were granted illegally.

Truant Commissioner.

On motion of Mr. Boulger the election of one truant commissioner was taken up at just one o'clock this morning and the small army of would-be truant commissioners in the entries braced themselves.

The first ballot:

Whole number cast	14
Necessary for a choice	8
David Fitzgerald	1
Frank Gray	1
Michael J. Donahue	1
A. S. Young	1
James Howard	1
Thomas F. Maguire	1
Richard Welch	1
Patrick McGilley	2
G. A. Philbrick	2
A. W. Lang	3

A motion to ballot for principal of the Varnum school was lost 7 to 7. A motion was made by Mr. Woodies to ballot for a principal of the Chelmsford Street school was ruled out of order as the school had not yet been turned over to the board.

A motion was made to proceed to ballot and was lost, as was a motion to adjourn. Finally it was voted to ballot for truant commissioner again.

Ballot No. 2: F. W. S. Daly, 1; Thomas F. Maguire, 1; Geo. A. Philbrick, 1; P. McGilly, 2; Frank Gray, 2; James Howard, 1; D. Fitzgerald, 1; C. F. Sullivan, 3; D. A. Brown, 2.

Ballot No. 3. 13 votes cast, 7 necessary for a choice. Cornelius F. Sullivan, 1; Gray, 1; Welch, 1; Lang, 1; Maguire, 1; McGilley, 2; Arnold, 2; Philbrick, 2; Donohue, 2.

Ballot 4. G. A. Philbrick, 6; Maguire, 3; Welch, 2; Donahue, 1; Fitzgerald, 1; Sullivan, 1.

Ballot 5. McGilley, 1; Manchester, 1; Tyrrell, 1; Philbrick, 1; Maguire, 1; Kelley, 1; Welch, 1; Sullivan, 1; Brown, 6.

At this juncture on the advice of the mayor the matter of salaries was taken up. Mayor Pickman spoke in favor of Miss Devereaux's increase.

Mr. Boulger moved that the salaries of the assistant kindergarten teachers be increased $100. He thought that the salary of $350 was insufficient.

Mayor Pickman hoped the matter wouldn't pass. He didn't believe in giving increases. In these hard times there are plenty who would be willing to take the place. If we want to level salaries lower the higher ones.

Mr. Coburn spoke in favor of the increase.

Dr. Lathrop moved as an amendment to the amendment that Miss Devereaux's salary be made $800 instead of $900.

The mayor seemed mad and called upon Supt. Whitcomb to tell what he knew about Miss Devereux. He spoke very highly of her ability.

Finally, Dr. Lathrop's amendment was voted down, and Miss Devereux's salary was fixed at $900.

Mr. Boulger's amendment for an increase in the salaries of the assistant kindergarten teachers was carried, and the other portion of the report adopted.

Mr. Hunt's salary was referred to the committee on salaries. After some minor business had been transacted the board adjourned.

DEATHS.

Elizabeth H. Gregg, aged 52 years, died Thursday at her home, 192 Tremont street. Deceased was a native of Greenfield, N. H. She has many friends in this city who who will be grieved to learn of her death. She leaves a husband, John Gregg, for many years overseer of the Lawrence corporation yard, three daughters, Lilla R., bookkeeper at A. G. Pollard's, Gertrude M., cashier at the same establishment, and Mary, as well as her father, Nahum Russell of Greenfield and a brother, Frank E. Russell.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

LOCAL NOTES.

Work has begun on the new iron bridge in Carlisle over the Concord river.

There is talk of extending the electric railway from Chelmsford Centre to Carlisle, Acton and Concord.

Tom Kelley expresses a willingness to defend the mile running championship of Lowell against any runner.

The assistant assessors have completed all their outside work, excepting in Ward Three which will be finished in a few days.

Dennis Murphy, Florence Murphy, and Daniel Murphy arrived home yesterday from Mt. St. Mary's college.

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

F. R. DONOVAN, Office: 65 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

P. H. HEELON, 557 and 559 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

FISHER E. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 260 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store, All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

MISS VICTORY

Heavy Taxpayers Spoke Words of Praise for Her.

SENTIMENT EXPRESSED OVER HER PICTURESQUE POSITION.

Dr. Ayer's Gift to the City Called a Sacred Trust.

The young woman in bronze who extends a crown from her pedestal in Monument square to the arrivals at the Merrimack street station, and is known as "Miss Victory," must certainly have felt a tingling about the ears last evening, if possessed of any feeling at all, for the heaviest men in the city talked about her incessantly for a couple of hours.

It was at a hearing before the city hall commission on the proposition to remove the statue from its present position and sandwich it in between the City hall and Memorial building.

The hearing began shortly before eight o'clock, Mayor Pickman opening with a resume of the work of the city hall commission, relative to the laying out of the city hall lot, which caused the talk of the removal of the statue. He informed the large audience that they would be requested to talk on the subject in discussion alone.

A gentleman present thought that the commissioners had no power in the matter, that in holding this hearing they were exceeding their powers.

Hon. Fred Lawton for the petitioners recognized the power of the commissioners.

Lawyer Dunbar opened with the reading of the letter from J. C. Ayer, the donor, to Mayor Peabody in which the statue was presented to the city. The resolution by city council accepting the statue was also read.

Mr. Dunbar said that if the statue is unfit for that position it is unfit for any other public position. Despite the carping criticisms that have been made, it is a work of art. It completes a beautiful group in the lot, and will be looked upon in the future as a beautiful design, and would be appreciated in its conception and execution. The city entered into a contract with Dr. Ayer; a trust has been formed by the city with Dr. Ayer and his family and the commission will hesitate before breaking the trust, by which benevolent citizens will be discouraged.

Mayor Pickman then read a letter from Mr. Elliott, the landscape architect, in which he said that the presence of two statues different in style and significance within so small a space is not beautiful, as one detracts from the value of the other.

Charles H. Coburn

took the aesthetic side of the matter. The wish of the donor should be respected. He thought also that not one person in one thousand will criticize as the architect, but the wish of request was sacred and should be considered before anything else.

Rev. Dr. Chambre agreed that if the request of the donor was not respected, all other benevolent persons would be deterred from presenting any gift for they would have no assurance that their gifts would not be removed. As the country grows older, we become more reverential of the traditions of the past, which help to glorify the present and future. The mere fact that it has been in that position for 30 years is a strong argument that it should not be removed without the weightiest reasons. Statues of this kind preserve the continuity of history. Let us hand down these buildings and monuments as long as they remain. The men buried there died for their country and they were victorious in death, for they gave us victory which is perpetuated by the statue.

The mayor at this point read a letter from Frederick F. Ayer, in which he expressed the hope that the commission would allow it to remain, and then retired to meet the members of the State Board of Education, Prentiss Webster taking the chair.

Col. C. A. R. Dimon,

who represented the soldiers, then spoke. In his opinion the two statues should be together. If necessary it might be moved closer, but it should not be taken out of the lot entirely.

Col. J. W. Bennett spoke as an old citizen. The metal in that statue isn't any harder than the cheek of some of those who are asking for its removal. I know some of them personally. The colonel repeatedly referred to the "landscape gardener." He knew a public spirited gentleman in Ward Four who would furnish a site for it, if the landscape gardener's plan must be carried out.

Hon. Francis Jewett.

He said that there might be exigencies that would necessitate its removal, but none have been mentioned in this case. He hoped it would be allowed to remain in its present position.

Col. James H. Francis was of the opinion that the lot in its present condition was as beautiful as the proposed plans could make it.

Commission's Power Questioned.

Lawyer Crowley was called upon and he wanted to hear the enabling act by the legislature giving the city hall commission the power which it is about to take. He maintained that such an act should be made.

Mr. Webster said that if the commission was acting without power it would be pleased to be relieved.

Mr. Crowley was surprised that there was no legal objection raised, and quoted a similar case which occurred in New York. He then criticised the opinion of Mr. Elliott who failed to notice the connection between the two monuments. That any man should study that and fail to see that the whole secret of the beauty is in the combination, is a fact which tends to weaken our faith in his opinion.

Col. Chadwick was sure that the landscape gardener had not given proper thought to the associations connected with the monuments, which the citizens of Lowell hold dear.

Hon. Jeremiah Clark

said that individuals may die, but the city lives on, and that contract and sacred trust which was entered into thirty odd years ago still lives and the present city government is under the same obligations regarding it as the government which accepted it.

Major Noyes thought the monument should not be removed unless it was absolutely necessary. We should be grateful to the commission for undertaking such a difficult task.

A. G. Cummock

congratulated the commission on the two beautiful buildings given the citizens. In 48 years he had seen Lowell grow, and if he were a member of the commission he never would go back on a trust. Would it not be just, would it not be honorable and fair to leave the matter to the heirs of the donor? Their consent should be had before the commission undertakes to remove the statue.

Benjamin Dean of Boston, formerly of Lowell, sent a letter requesting that the statue be allowed to remain.

A letter from Fred F. Ayer was read. It contained a very beautifully written request that the statue be not moved.

Major Rowell said that the idea of Dr. J. J. Ayer in presenting the statue would be wiped out by its removal. If we have endured this statue for 27 years we can endure them for 27 more. We do not want the gifts to the city on wheels. We must have respect for Lowell's benefactors.

Henry C. Howe spoke briefly in favor of allowing the statue to remain.

Other Speakers.

Jacob Rogers who has had intimate associations with Dr. Ayer's family, said he knew that they wished to have it remain. The moral obligation to the benefactor is absolute and should be considered.

Major Rowell said that the ladies present who represented the Ayer home, wished to see the statue remain.

Agent Southworth thought that as accumulative evidence was not wanted, the hearing might as well be closed, as no new evidence could be introduced.

Lawyer Lawton then spoke on the matter, and he thought that the commissioners should consider the fact that they are undertaking a matter which is generally left to the board of aldermen. He then reviewed the testimony of those who spoke and advocated strongly the retention of the statue in its present position.

A letter was read from Rev. J. M. Greene protesting against the removal of the statue.

The hearing was then declared closed.

BURDEAU DECLINES.

Dupuy Asked to Reconsider His Decision to Resign the Premiership.

PARIS, June 30.—M. Burdeau has declined the task of forming a cabinet. In consequence, President Casimir-Perier has asked M. Dupuy to reconsider his decision to resign.

BARTHOU. DUPUY. BOINCARE.
QUERIN. MERCIER.

GROUP OF FRENCH STATESMEN.

Premier Dupuy has received a telegram from Motta Visconti, northwest of Pavia, Italy, saying that the authorities, the inhabitants and even the families of the infamous Cesario Santo express profound indignation at the crime.

The American colony has opened subscriptions for a wreath to be placed upon the coffin of the late President Carnot. Over $250 has already been subscribed.

Great progress has been made in investigating the murder of President Carnot, and it is now clearly established that a regular plot, in which a number of people were concerned, existed to assassinate the president. It has been ascertained that the final meeting of the conspirators took place at Cette, and that Cesario Santo was there chosen by lot to commit the actual murder. The arrest of Santo's accomplices is expected hourly.

An anarchist named Pie has been arrested at Chalons. Two days prior to the murder of President Carnot he stated that the president would either be destroyed by a bomb or stabbed to death during his visit to Lyons. Pie, at the last general election, contested a seat in the chamber of deputies against M. Bourgeois.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Coal for July will be higher by 15 cents a ton.

Smallpox is spreading in Litchfield county, Conn.

Italy proposes a system of international supervision of anarchism.

Charles Hutchins of York, Me., attempted vainly to commit suicide.

It is denied that the Collins Ax company, Collinsville, Conn., will close.

Amos R. Locke, 87 years old, of Ashburnham, Mass., dropped dead at Boston.

An unknown man was found suffering from arsenical poisoning at Peabody, Mass.

The American steam yacht Atlanta, belonging to the Goulds, has arrived at Greenock.

Henri Rochefort says the selection of Casimir-Perier for president means civil war in France.

Japanese residents of New York claim that they should be allowed rights of naturalization.

The French ambassador to Germany thanked the kaiser for his sympathy with bereaved France.

Work on the construction of the Hudson and Marlboro road will be commenced next Monday.

The Italian government will not make any demand for indemnity resulting from Italian losses in France.

Attorney General Olney says that United States mails must not be obstructed by Pullman strikers.

The application for a certificate of reasonable doubt in the case of Ernstus Wilman has been continued to July 9.

About 1200 young men are undergoing examinations for admission to the two undergraduate departments of Yale.

George R. Alpress of Hartford, 47 years old, a traveling salesman, died from injuries received by being struck by a railroad train.

The class which graduated from the Rhode Island state normal school numbered 12 members, and, in addition, pupil teachers of the Providence training school, 14 in number, received normal school certificates.

Bowell is President.

OTTAWA, June 30.—The intercolonial congress met and elected Mackenzie Bowell Canadian minister of trade, and he delivered his inauguration address.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

Given Away Free.

Horns and fireworks given away with all quarter-lbs of our high grade teas, Dickson Bros., 63 Merrimack street.

COMPLETED

The Tariff Bill Reported to the Senate.

THE PRESIDENT WANTS CERTAIN CHANGES MADE.

Said to Demand Free Coal, Sugar and Iron Ore.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The consideration of the tariff bill, which was begun by the senate in the committee of the whole on April 2, in at last completed, and at 1:45 last night the bill was favorably reported to the senate as amended.

In view of the fact that senators asked some little time to examine the bill as amended, and on account of the general desire for a short respite from the long siege to which they had been subjected, the senate then adjourned over until Monday, when the final struggle over the bill will occur in the senate. This was not done, however, except against the protest of Mr. Harris, the floor manager of the bill. No unusual incident marked the close of the consideration of the bill in committee.

Some of the Changes.

Several changes were made in the bill. On Hoar's motion, section 94 had been amended so as to admit free of duty alcohol used in the arts and manufactures.

The senate had agreed to the amendment to section 104 abrogating reciprocal treaties. The section now repeals the third section of the McKinley act, and provides that "nothing herein contained shall be held to abrogate or in any way affect such reciprocal commercial arrangements as have been heretofore made and now exist between the United States and foreign countries, except where such arrangements are inconsistent with the provisions of this act."

Mr. Hoar appealed to the finance committee to admit a paragraph putting a duty of 10 per cent ad valorem on sea moss or Iceland moss. He asked it in the interest of a few meritorious and hard-working men on the coast of Massachusetts.

Mr. Harris (Dem., Tenn.) joined in the appeal, and Mr. Jones on behalf of the finance committee said that he could not resist the united appeal. The paragraph was, therefore, inserted.

Hoar Was Absent.

The house joint resolution extending for 30 days the appropriations for support of the government was taken up, and, in the absence of Mr. Hoar, was quickly passed. He had blocked the bill by objections Wednesday and Thursday. On his return he made a protest because of its passage.

The resolution offered by Mr. Sherman (Rep., O.) directing an inquiry into the charges for the use of seats, berths and sections in the Pullman sleeping and parlor cars, was laid before the senate and agreed to.

The house bill to define and establish the units of electrical measure was taken from the calendar and passed, with some verbal amendments.

Will the President Interfere?

It is stated that President Cleveland will, when the tariff bill gets into conference, indicate very important changes that he desires made, and that he will intimate in no uncertain terms that if they are not made the bill will not receive his approval. He will, it is understood, demand that sugar, coal and iron ore be placed on the free list.

It is understood that the senate conferees will yield on the whisky schedule and that the tax will be fixed at $1 a gallon, and the bonded period five years.

Black Gets His Seat.

With the exception of a short time, the day in the house was consumed by a filibuster over the contested election case of Watson against Black of the Tenth Georgia district. The filibuster was led by Representative Pence, who contested every inch of ground, even after the old of the common rules had been invoked. The tangle was finally straightened out, and the resolution of the committee on elections declaring Mr. Black elected was agreed to, only the Populists dissenting.

A few bills of minor interest were passed early in the day, and some resolutions to pay the salaries and funeral expenses of deceased employes of the house were agreed to. At 4:30 o'clock the house took a recess until 8 p. m., when pension bills were discussed.

Miners to Resume Work.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., June 30.—A settlement of differences between the Rochester and Pittsburg Coal and Coke company and their employers was finally reached yesterday. The company reserves the right to refuse to employ any element or men who have been lawbreakers. A general resumption of work will begin Monday.

Jake Hasn't Had Enough.

BALTIMORE, June 30.—Jake Kilrain, who has not appeared in the ring since his memorable encounter with Sullivan, announces his intention to re-enter the pugilistic profession. He wants first whack at Frank Slavin, who cables that he is ready for a match.

His Absence Unexplained.

THOMPSONVILLE, Conn., June 30.—Frederick Woodward, Thompsonville's missing A. P. A. man, returned home last night. He says he has been to New Haven, but gives no explanation of his remaining away. His mind appears confused.

Many Deserters.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The Press says that the cruiser New York, lying at anchor off Stapleton, S. I., is said to have lost 60 of her crew since her arrival, because of the strictness of the executive officer.

Madras, Zephyr, Cheviot and Percale Star Shirt Waists and Blouses—cost 50c to $1.50, sizes 4 years to 15.

There is no question about the fit and thorough finish of the Star Waists and Blouses.

We keep these—to the exclusion of all others—simply because they're the best.

Never have we had such an attractive stock of waists, as this season, and never such large sales. The patterns are special and confined to our house.

—o—

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

STATE BOARD

Is in Lowell Looking at Normal School Sites.

MEMBERS FOUND VERY HOSPITABLE TREATMENT HERE.

Lively Driving to Cover the Route Laid Out.

The State Board of Education are guests of the city of Lowell today, the visit here being to view available sites for the new normal school. Col. Stoddard, George H. Conley, Agent Aldrich and Secretary Tillinghast of the board arrived here last night and were met by Mayor Pickman and members of the reception committee. They were shown the public buildings and the map of today's proposed sight seeing.

The other members of the board reached Lowell this morning and shortly after nine o'clock the start was made to view sites.

Col. Allen lunched the party about 11 o'clock at his beautiful residence on Rolfe street.

The large number of sites offered made the task of site viewing one of considerable length.

MAYOR PICKMAN'S TROUBLE.

HE IS LAUGHED AT OVER THE COMMISSION MUDDLE.

Talk That He Will Name An Unknown at Tuesday's Meeting of the Aldermen to Take Mr. Foss' Intended Seat.

Now that it looks pretty certain that Mr. Foss is not to be a license commissioner, there is much speculation as to who will be appointed.

Up and down the street, republicans are quietly laughing, that Mayor Pickman, a lawyer by profession, should be tripped up after so studied an effort to appoint a license commission—which would stand as a model of his ability.

Whether Mr. Rice or Mr. Weaver figure in the contest remains to be seen. Some people think that the mayor will nominate at Tuesday night's meeting of the aldermen, while others think he will take his time. That the appointee will be a Ward Four man, it seems pretty certain.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Sister Genevieve Marie, known in the world as Josephine Carney, who died yesterday at Notre Dame Academy, occurred at 9 o'clock this morning from St. Patrick's church. A large congregation, including many of the pupils of the school, were present at the services. The solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Gleason, assisted by Rev. Fr. Burke deacon and Rev. Fr. McDonough sub-deacon. The choir was directed by E. F. Faulkner and rendered the Gregorian plain chant. The bearers were Dr. S. J. Johnson, Dr. George A. Leahy, Dr. James Sullivan and Dr. James E. Leary. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery. Deceased was 27 years old and a native of Lynn.

The funeral of Patrick McDonald occurred this morning from his late home on Hildreth street and was very largely attended. The remains were taken to St. Michael's church, where a high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Scannell. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Thomas F. Dwyer took place from his parents' home, 9 Cady street this morning, and was well attended. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

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UNIONS AND STRIKES.

How Far Should a Striker Go in Enforcing His Demands.

The Right to Shut Off the Food Supply of Dependents Carries With it Duties—The Case Only Half Stated by the Plutocratic Press—The Better Way.

Every so often the plutocratic newspapers of the country turn loose their editorial columns in condemnation and abuse of labor organizations. Capitalistic editors are like sheep in that they follow a leader. When there is a big strike on or one that attracts general attention, some prominent corporation organ starts the ball rolling, and within a short time all the whipper snapper editors get to grinding out platitudes about the rights guaranteed under our glorious government to every citizen and the danger to our institutions in the lawless acts of striking workingmen. Take the Great Northern strike, for instance. While it was pending and as it became almost a sure thing that the men would win, the plutocratic hirelings gave their readers dissertations upon the great need of some sort of power to crush the life out of such combinations as the American Railway union.

For the purpose of deceiving their readers into the belief that they are not the uncompromising enemies of organized labor these editorial mouthpieces of capitalism stick a sentence in somewhere which states that "labor has the right to organize and to refuse to work under unsatisfactory conditions." Here is the way it is usually put: "They have the right to refuse to work if it so pleases them, but they have not the right to say to others who are willing to work that they shall not do so. Such conduct is perversion of the principles of our government and of the law." This is true, and it is not true. It depends upon how one takes it. I have no wish to defend the taking of life in preventing men from scabbing. On the contrary, I think it is an awful thing, though nothing to cause surprise when one carefully considers the subject.

Your plutocratic editor would have the dissatisfied men lay down their tools and go home or to a picnic and wait until their bosses send for them. Such a course would be extremely silly, and there isn't or should not be anything silly or funny about a strike. I believe that strikes should only be resorted to in extreme cases, after the situation has been thoughtfully considered, every other method of securing justice exhausted, and the prospects of success in case of strike carefully looked into, and when a strike is finally ordered that it should be in dead earnest. Not a wheel should be allowed to turn nor a blow struck which it is possible to prevent. If a man's condition is so bad that he is justified in cutting off supplies from his wife and children by striking work, it is his duty to exercise to its fullest extent his natural right to demand the support of every other workingman's refusal to aid those who have driven him to the step.

Take the coal miners, for instance. It is not denied by any honest, informed person that their condition for a long time has been scarcely better than starvation. The strike of these men was more than a demand for an increase of wages. It was a protest against the murder by starvation of themselves and their families. They had to deal with soulless corporations, which do justice when compelled to and at no other time. If the mines could be worked without paying the living wages asked by the strikers, they would be. If it became clear that only by conceding the demands could the property continue to pay dividends, then and only then would they be conceded. Remember, it is a life and death struggle for the miners, with hungry wives and children on one hand and the engines which capitalism employs to crush labor on the other. And where does the scab come in? He was living somehow, probably half starving, as the striker was before the strike. If there had been no strike, he would not have been sought out by the coal baron. Is it right that he should cause the defeat of his brother in misery?

While our wise and just men of the plutocratic sanctum are telling us about what is right and what is wrong for workingmen to do under certain conditions, let some of them answer if it is right for a man to furnish the power to a common enemy wherewith to crush to death a brother. The constitution of the United States declares such an act to be treason. If such an act is not right, then he who would commit it is not worthy of respect and should be treated as an enemy. The Chicago Tribune says: "The foundations of this free republic were set upon men's free moral agency. Labor unions today deny this inalienable right and teach resistance to it to the death. They seek the establishment of a government that will compel each individual workingman to become a member of a union or starve." It goes on to fasten this charge upon the union of the miners. Is it true? It is not. Just as our federal government believed it to be for the best interests of all concerned for all the states to remain in the Union so the intelligent workingmen believe that all wageworkers should stand together, but organized labor does not attempt to enforce its belief with powder and ball.

The labor unionist says to the nonunion man: "It will be to your interest as well as to mine to join the union (and proves the statement by irrefutable testimony). If you do not accept this invitation, I shall object should you attempt to do me injury by cutting under me or by taking my place when I make a just demand for improved conditions." It is true that union men sometimes refuse to work with men who will not become members of the union, but this is the only course dictated by wisdom while nonunion men are a menace to the welfare of the others in their trade.

Besides, in cases where workmen not members of the union are offered and receive the same pay that is given to the union men, they obtain the benefits of organization without sharing in its burdens, and, in addition, are strengthened in their ability to do the union harm. If these points were understood generally, the reading public would not be so ready to swallow the condemnation the press pronounces against every demand made by unions for the discharge of nonunion men.

The latest trick of the corporation organs is to charge that the strikers or rioters—and the words are used as synonyms—are "ignorant and lawless foreigners." We are told that American workingmen are peaceful and law abiding, but that the "foreign element" is lawless and "anarchistic." Take notice that these statements are contained in editorials about the miners' strike or some other union strike. The object is to prevent any possible sympathy for the strikers on the ground that they are fellow citizens of the reader. Here is a strike, but it is not entitled to your sympathy because the strikers are anarchists from the slums of Europe. American workmen, for whom under similar circumstances you might have a little pity, have nothing to do with this strike—or riot. Do you see through the scheme? The truth is that, with few exceptions, the unions of this country are composed almost entirely of American born men. Americans are greatly in the majority in the miners' union, and the national and local unions are officered almost entirely by men born in the United States.

Admitting that in some parts of Pennsylvania the miners are principally men of foreign birth who have but recently come to this country, who brought them here, and why were they brought? The mine owners, through their agents sent to Europe, induced them to come here to work at less wages than those then in the mines were willing to accept. When their wages were squeezed even below the point at which they could earn a poor living, they rebelled just as the men whose places they took rebelled. They thus gave evidence that they were fast becoming Americanized, and most of these men are now citizens. They voted the Republican ticket at the late state election. They didn't commit the crime of voting for the Populists. The Philadelphia Times says, "The honest naturalized American citizen is as law abiding as the native born American." Just about. But neither is "honest" unless he is "law abiding" after The Times' style, which means that he must not fight for his right to live.

What I have written may appear to be very radical, and I may be set down by some as an advocate of violence. My object is of a directly opposite nature. I would like all workingmen to fully understand what a strike may lead to. I would have them see that if they want to avoid being drawn irresistibly into acts of lawlessness and possibly into jail they must keep out of strikes until all the working people are compactly organized, and that there is a better way of enforcing their rights if they will only become mental freemen and exercise for their own benefit the power they possess in the ballot. Men who will submit to the dictation of bosses on election day must expect to have to fight for their economic rights on every other day in the year. And newspapers which, by misleading the uninformed, induce men to vote against their own best interests must expect to be called upon to chronicle acts of violence upon the part of the misguided and betrayed when their condition becomes unbearable, and they must fall back upon their brute natures as the only resource left to them.

JOS. R. BUCHANAN

Labor Forces Must Unite.

In his opening address at the recent meeting of the American Railway union President Debs said:

The forces of labor must unite. The salvation of labor demands it. The dividing lines must grow dimmer day by day until they become imperceptible, and then labor's hosts, marshaled under one conquering banner, shall march together, vote together and fight together until workingmen shall receive and enjoy all the fruits of their toil. Then will our country be truly and grandly free and its institutions as secure and enduring as the eternal mountains. The one supreme demand of the hour is that railway employees shall get together. If they will do this, the officers of the American Railway union will promptly and cheerfully retire to private life. Neither the honors nor emoluments of office will tempt them to stand in the way of unification an instant, and to test their sincerity let the proposition go forth from this convention to all railway employees to meet upon common ground and there unite forces for the protection of all. Such an army would be impregnable. No corporation would assail it. The reign of justice would be inaugurated. The strike would be remanded to the relic chamber of the past. An era of peace and good will would dawn. Let us all do what we can to hasten the coming of that day.

The Three Spirits of Man.

There are but few beliefs that are more peculiar than that of the Mohammedans respecting the three several spirits which they believe inhabit the bodies of all men. The first is the animal spirit, which has its seat in the brain, performing through the nerves all the actions of sense and motion. The second is the vital spirit, which has its seat in the heart and which has control of the motion, blood and animal heat. The third is the natural spirit, which is seated in the liver and upon which depends the temper and general frame of the mind.—St. Louis Republic.

HERE'S A CHRISTIAN.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN TELLS SOME UNVARNISHED TRUTHS.

He Says the Church of Today Caters to the Rich—The Working People Hate Not Christianity, but "Churchianity"—Sound and Wholesome Doctrine.

Rev. C. L. Arnold, pastor of St. Peter's church, Detroit, preached a sermon the other Sunday which a local paper called "a scorcher." Among other things he said in substance:

The command of the Master to go and preach the gospel to every creature precludes all idea of class privileges in the blessedness of the new kingdom of God, which the Saviour established in the world. The gospel is not for the rich, the poor, the Jew, the gentile, the bond, the free, but for all equally. The partiality of the church, if there be such a thing, is reserved for the unfortunate and the oppressed classes. As a fact of her history the church consecrated the activities of the first and following centuries of her life up to comparatively modern times to seeking out and helping those who most needed help—the ignorant, the poor, the unfortunate. Even as the common people heard Jesus gladly, so the common people through all the past centuries flocked to their church as their friend.

But in these times a new thing is seen in the world. There is a Christianity in the nineteenth century with which the common people will have nothing to do—a church which the workingmen all over the world have forsaken and repudiated. Not only have these people deserted the institution which was once their best friend, but they are now out in the world suffering the miseries of indecision, unrest, neglect and conscious oppression. They are bringing anxiety upon all who have at heart the best interests of humanity and society. The preacher cited a large number of facts to show that the desertion and repudiation of the church by the workingmen are profound and seemingly final. The church is so empty of the class whose presence once proved the divinity of her mission that it has come to be a religious and social clubhouse for the "fat and well liking" of the world. He also cited many proofs that the workingmen are not hostile to the person and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. It is not Christianity, but "churchianity," which they have come to hate.

The cause of all this does not lie with the workingmen, but with the church itself. The church does not want these people, and it shows this not always by its acts, but by the very words of its members. Mr. Arnold told a number of anecdotes to illustrate this. A brave man who had saved eight lives at the peril of his own was referred to in prayer meeting as one whom the church ought to get inside and do something for. A pious member rose and said right out in so many words that "this church does not want any of that class of people." The pastor indignantly rebuked the brother and declared that as long as he was pastor the doors should always swing inside for all classes. That pastor, one of the most eloquent and manly in the city, had to go. It has come to the pass that all we think of wanting new members for is their ability to help support the church—not how much can the church help them.

Whenever our older churches must be torn down to give place to new ones, as they sometimes have to be, it is not larger churches, but finer ones, we build. We make them luxurious for ourselves, not useful for others. We talk about "church work," but the whole thing always reduces itself to the amount of money we can raise; the luxuriousness of the furnishings we can put into our buildings. No, we do not always tell the poor and the humble in words that we do not want them, but they have found it out, and they have learned to hate the church for our sakes.

The church is directly responsible, in a certain measure, for all this unrest of mind and soul and body. They need that which a real, living, holy church is designed to supply in the world, but the church of this age has turned them away and will not feed them as the Lord would have them fed.

Mr. Arnold's way of getting back the confidence of the workingmen is to open the social and material opportunities of the church to them. They will not hear our gospel directly, for they are incensed against it through our fault. But we can begin by doing them other kinds of good in a way that they can appreciate. We must first win their confidence by any and all means. We must do it, for the world at large cannot afford that this divorcement of the church and an important class continue longer. There is danger in it for all concerned. We may philosophize, shoot down, scold, write learned essays, but we, the church, must mend our ways.

Who Crows Now?

It is to be feared that a good many Britons felt the truth of the cynical saying about there being something pleasant in the misfortunes of even our best friends when they read of Brother Jonathan's labor troubles. At the time of our own wretched coal war there were not wanting some Americans of the spread eagle species to crow at the expense of poor John Bull and his effete institutions. It is now his turn for that sort of banter, inasmuch as ... far surpassing our own in magnitude in ... in the States.—London Graphic.

An Eye to Business.

Witherby—What did you get a house with such a slanting roof for?

Plankington—Don't you see I am facing the railroad?

Witherby—What's that got to do with it?

Plankington—I expect to pay for that house, old man, out of the advertising privileges.—Brooklyn Life.

A Great Resemblance.

Photographer—Your son ordered this likeness from me.

"It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it?"

"Not yet."

"That is still more like him."—Yankee Blade.

Very.

"Do you think 13 is an unlucky number?"

"I do decidedly."

"Why?"

"Because there still lingers with me a sad memory of long ago when I lent one friend $8 and another $5."—Washington Star.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

FOR USE IN THE HOUSEHOLD AND ELSEWHERE.

Suggestions as to How Old Hats Can be Used—How to Put on and Remove Blood.

If you have an old straw hat, take the trimming off and dust the straw perfectly. Take a half cup of clear coffee and a clean black cloth and wash the straw, rubbing it vigorously until it seems to be pretty wet through; then lay the hat on a flat surface, with a dark cloth under it and another over the brim, and with a moderately hot iron press it till it is dry. For the crown select a tin pan or bucket that is about the same size as the crown and press it over that; then put your wire back in the edge of the rim—if it had one—and bend the hat in the shape that you desire to have it.

You can change the shape entirely if you like. If the crown is too high, take out a few rows of straw close to the brim, where the trimming will cover it. And if the brim is too low for the present fashion put in a few rows of straw taken from another hat or a piece of braid ... It will be covered by the trimming. Then get some good shoe polish and give the hat three coats of the liquid blacking, waiting for each to dry. You will see your straw look like new. This is a good way to freshen old hats during the summer. Brush and apply the polish without removing the trimming.

How to Put on and Remove Gloves.

When putting gloves on, begin by buttoning the second button. Then, when buttoned to the top, you can easily fasten the first button without tearing the kid. Never remove the gloves by pulling the fingers, but by drawing the part covering the wrist over the hand, and leave them thus wrong side out for some time before turning them to their proper shape. Always lay gloves lengthwise—never roll them.

How to Get Rid of Bedbugs.

It isn't a nice subject, I know, but the weather is getting warm, and with a certain little tropical insect it is the ounce of prevention every time. It is especially difficult in apartment houses to keep free from their unwelcome attacks, but naphtha rightly used will make your premises an unwelcome habitation to them. Naphtha, however, is almost as dangerous and certainly more disastrous in the hands of a careless person than the evil it is intended to cure. There is one right and safe way to use it. Apply it in the morning and see to it that no fire or light of any kind is in the apartment. Spray it with a spring bottom oil can into all cracks and crevices in beds, walls and floors where they may hide and leave the windows open for several hours for the gas to escape.

How to Make an Oven Chair.

A low chair, made by sawing off the legs of a common kitchen chair until it is low enough to suit one, with a cushion of dark calico, is a useful adjunct to the work to sit in while waiting a few minutes for the biscuit or cake to bake. One can open the oven door without stooping to examine the article cooking.

How to Boil Asparagus.

Have the asparagus freshly picked, if practicable. Trim the tops and scrape or peel the stalks. Then pare them into equal lengths and tie them into small bunches, separating the larger ones from the smaller; fasten them well with string. Boil the asparagus in plenty of salted water in an untinned copper basin, plunging them into the liquid. Cover the vessel and let cook slowly. As soon as they are done drain them on a sieve, and afterward untie the bunches on a cloth and dress them symmetrically in a pyramid on a folded napkin. Carefully reserve the handsomest ones for the top. Send to the table at the same time a good Hollandaise sauce or else a vinaigrette sauce.

How to Relieve Sleeplessness.

If persons troubled with sleeplessness would keep at hand a bottle of the following mixture and use it as a sponge bath, they would find the greatest relief: Into 8 ounces of alcohol put 2 of ammonia and 2 of camphor. Shake thoroughly, and when well mixed add 4 ounces of sea salt and enough hot water to fill a quart bottle. To apply it pour a little of the liquid in a shallow dish, moisten the whole body a little at a time by dipping a small sponge in it. Rub on only a very little; then finish with a vigorous rubbing with a coarse crash towel, get into bed, and you will promptly fall asleep.

How to Use Cold Cream For the Face.

In no instance should it be used except where the face has become roughened by the wind and then applied only for a night or two. It gives an oily look to the face and has a tendency to enlarge the pores of the skin, and if the skin needs a tonic cocoa butter or cocoanut oil thoroughly rubbed into the skin morning and evening, after having bathed the face in warm water, will improve the complexion in a very short time and will not raise the small crop of hair that is almost inevitable with the mighty use of cold cream.

How to Serve Breakfast Rolls.

Stuffed breakfast rolls may be somewhat novel. Take one for each person and remove every particle of the crumb. Have ready a cupful of cold cooked and minced poultry or game or even veal, with a trifle of ham mixed with it. Melt in a stewpan a little butter and stir in a dessertspoonful of flour; add a gill of milk or cream and the minced meat; season and stir until very hot; fill the rolls with this, close them again, set in a warm oven for two minutes and serve garnished with parsley.

How to Make Cheese Squares.

By the middle of the week there has usually accumulated a quantity of pieces of stale bread. Trim these as neatly as possible into squares and triangles. Make a sauce of a cupful of milk, half a cupful of grated cheese and 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Lay the bread on a large flat baking dish; pour the sauce over and bake until nicely browned. These are also very nice to serve with a plain consomme soup.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SUMMER SCREENS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

Strawberry Sponge-Cake and Other Articles of Diet—Baskets for Serving Berries.

Quite new and decorative are the screens of Japanese manufacture, which are made entirely of fine strips of bamboo placed perpendicularly in a light frame of white wood. They are threefold, and the bamboo, while set closely enough to serve as a protection, yet permits free passage of the air, which is a great desideratum in a screen designed for summer use.

Others of a single fold, intended for fire screens, are of the same material, and these are braided in an intricate pattern, which is fastened at intervals with strips of dark colored bark tied in little knots, in the clever and effective way for which the Japanese are so noted.

Tiny screens of papier mache covered with gay paper stand not more than 2½ feet high and 10 inches across, and their three folds are well adapted to hide an unsightly fireplace in summer, especially if they have a background of feathery pine branches with which the grate may be filled.

A writer in Harper's Bazar, who mentions the foregoing novelties, says that a good way to convert a light clotheshorse into a screen is to cover it first with turkey red, stretching the goods tightly so that there will be no wrinkles, and laying over this the coarse canvas of which coffee sacks are made. This mat rail is very loosely woven and as it allows the red to show through the combination makes a very decorative piece of furniture. The wood is nowhere visible, and gilt nail heads set closely are used to secure the canvas to the frame.

Tea chest matting is an exceedingly durable material for the purpose, and with its gray-green tones forms an effective background for painting.

Strawberry Sponge Cake.

Thoroughly beat a scant pint of granulated sugar and the yolks of 6 eggs together, add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, then 2 teacupfuls of pastry flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together three times, and lastly 3 tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Bake in duplicate long baking pans. During the latter operation make a soft frosting by boiling a cupful of granulated sugar and one half cupful of milk until it will drop from the spoon in strings. Pour it into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of flour and beat until thick enough to spread. Remove one cake from the tin, spread the frosting over and cover well with strawberries cut in halves; then dust with sugar and place the other cake over. Arrange even sized strawberries neatly over the top.

The Oven For Baking Bread.

The oven should be hot enough to bring bread up to its full height in 15 minutes, but not hot enough to brown until after that. The reason why is plain, says Good Housekeeping, if we remember that the yeast is a plant, and after a certain degree of heat it stops growing. If the oven is too hot at first, it stops the plant before it grows (rises) to its full height, and the bread is heavy. If the oven is not hot enough, the plant grows too much, and the bread sours and is full of large holes.

How to Stain a Floor.

One of the richest ways of treating a floor is that used in the elegant suburban home of a well known artist. Two successive coats of burnt umber thinned with turpentine were applied, and then one of hard oil finish. This latter comes put up in cans or may be purchased by the quart—a pint will be sufficient for a room 15 by 15. It will dry in 12 hours and will cost 20 cents, says a correspondent of The Country Gentleman.

Crystallized Currants.

Currants and gooseberries are very dainty and ornamental when crystallized. Select ripe, firm fruit, leave on the stems; dip first in beaten white of an egg, then in powdered sugar, arrange on paper and set in a cool oven for 10 minutes, when the icing becomes firm pile in a glass dish and set in a cool place.

Pretty Ways of Serving Berries.

Exquisite baskets for serving strawberries may be made thus: From heavy, unruled commercial writing paper shape a suitable number of sections measuring 4 by 5 inches. In each section make four slashes an inch deep, as indicated by the solid lines in Fig. 1. Fold according to the dotted lines, secure with mucilage and add a handle a quarter of an inch wide. Select tissue paper in a light shade of green (lettuce green would be pretty), cut it into strips 2 inches wide, slash them

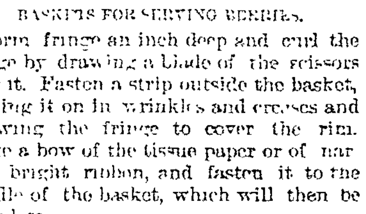


Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

BASKETS FOR SERVING BERRIES.

to form fringe an inch deep and curl the fringe by drawing a blade of the scissors over it. Fasten a strip outside the basket, putting it on in wrinkles and creases and allowing the fringe to cover the rim. Make a bow of the tissue paper or of narrow, bright ribbon, and fasten it to the handle of the basket, which will then be complete.

Diamond shaped paper baskets may be fashioned quite easily according to Fig. 2. The Delineator, in addition to the foregoing, suggests: These pretty receptacles may be used for all sorts of small fruits, such as raspberries, blackberries and the like, and if they are lined with oiled or waxed paper, which may be procured from any confectioner, capped berries may be served in them with ices.

Uncapped strawberries are both pretty and delicious when served in small bowls of cracked ice, from which they may be taken with the fingers and eaten with powdered sugar.

Large uncapped berries are often served in small glass dishes, one of which is presented to each guest on a plate, together with two tiny bowls containing sugar and wine. The berries are dipped in the wine and then in the sugar before being eaten.

Cups made of grape leaves tied with grasses are pretty and unique receptacles for raspberries. And when thus offered the fruit may be sweetened and eaten with a spoon or a wooden toothpick.

Either raspberries or strawberries placed in small glass bowls with finely cracked ice, sugar and, if liked, a little wine make a cool and pleasant dessert that is elegant enough for the most ambitious menu.

How to Make Good Sizing.

To make a strong size for rough walls, dissolve a pound of good ground glue to a bucket of hot water. Stir and use while warm. Apply with an old pastebrush or whitewash brush. For ordinary sizing on new walls and walls that have been papered, one-half pound of glue to a bucket of water will be sufficient.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

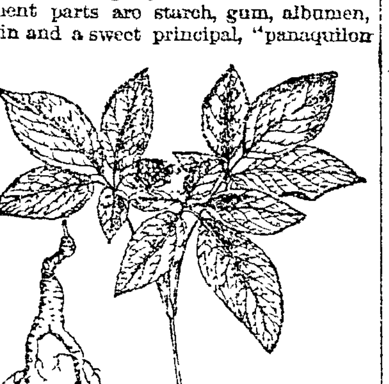
A PECULIAR ROOT WITH MEDICAL POWERS.

The Jesuit Missionaries Who Penetrated the Mountainous Regions of Tartary.

The Jesuit missionaries who penetrated the mountainous regions of Tartary early in the eighteenth century were especially interested in a certain root to which the natives ascribed almost miraculous curative properties. It was the Tartars' panacea. They believed it capable of healing any disease.

The Chinese, who probably learned of the root and imbibed their faith in its supposed wonderful properties during their invasion of the Tartars' country in the thirteenth century, gave to it the title "ginseng," which means literally "strong back." They, of all nations, are today the largest consumers of the peculiar root, not only collecting it in the wild state and cultivating it as a precious crop in their own country, but importing immense quantities from Korea, Japan and America. To the Chinese it is a whole pharmacopoeia, possessing all the virtues of every known medicament, and they place a high value on it, particularly as a curative agent in dyspepsia, vomiting and nervous disorders.

Botanists have given the name Avalia quinquefolia to the American variety, which, like the Chinese, bears a slight resemblance to the body of a man, with head and legs. Externally it is of a light brown color, the interior being white. It has a faint, sweetish odor, and its taste is sweet and slightly aromatic. Its component parts are starch, gum, albumen, rosin and a sweet principal, "panaquilon"



GINSENG PLANT.

(from panax, a derivative of panacea). The root is perennial, sending up annually a smooth, round stem, terminating in branches which bear compound leaves of five leaflets and yellowish green or white flowers.

Chemical examination has failed to substantiate any of the claims made for ginseng by the Chinese, and but for the export trade with that people it is highly questionable whether the root would have any commercial value in this country, says Popular Science News, in which occurs the foregoing illustrated description. It is found in Canada, and thence as far south as Georgia, flourishing only in the cool woods of hilly countries. The method of gathering is a process of extermination, for the root is dug as soon as the shoots appear above ground in the early spring. The plant has no opportunity to mature and bear seeds, and the work of extermination threatens to become complete in some sections.

Ancient Wedding Lore.

The use of the ring and cake at weddings is almost as ancient as the ceremony itself. In an old book, Swinburn's Treatise of Spousals," is the following: "The first inventor of the ring, as is reported, was one Prometheus. The workman which made it was Tubal-Cain. Anciently the wedding cake was usually broken over the head of the bride and then thrown among the guests to be 'scrambled for.'

"Years ago in England, when the bride came from the church, it was usual for one of her friends to throw wheat on her head, and when that newly married pair entered their own house for some to present them with a pot of butter. Of the most remote origin are the nuptial garlands, which were as much used by the heathens as by the Jews, while the Romans considered no bridal costume completed until the wreath was added.

The practice of making wedding gifts probably has its origin in the "bidding parties" of long ago that were held the day previous to the wedding for the avowed purpose of giving friends of the contracting parties an opportunity of assisting them in their new undertaking.

In June, the month of roses, the birth month of the Roman goddess Juno, more weddings occur than in any other month in the year. Its popularity is due to the pretty fiction that Juno (meaning yokemaker) takes a special interest in marriages and that her protecting care follows and blesses all those who are wedded in June.

Singular Fact About a Cat's Tongue.

The tongue of all the cats is short compared with that of the dog. The upper surface is covered, especially toward the center, with horny, conical papillæ. These are curved backward and resemble so many minute claws, giving to the animals of the cat tribe, as may be seen in the lion and the tiger, the power of licking and rasping the flesh away from the bones of the animals on which they feed. In drinking the tongue is used in a manner very distinct from that of the long flexible tongue of the dog that laps the water, throwing it up, as it were, into its mouth. But the tongue of the cat and of the animals of the group is bent backward in drinking and forms a sort of spoon, lifting the fluid, whether milk or water, into the mouth. An English naturalist says it is a singular fact that the majority of artists invariably draw cats drinking after the fashion of dogs. This false action is not confined to the mere sketchers, but may be noticed in pictures of artists well known, and even one of the most correct of natural history draftsmen delineates a lioness drinking in a manner which is not perfectly natural.

The Right Side.

Signor Scarem, the noted wild animal tamer, had put his trained tigers through their tricks. He had driven them around and around their cage, and they had crouched in a corner at the word of command, though he was but a weak human being, and they were mighty wild beasts and could have torn him limb from limb. He had no weapon in his hand, if we except a short whip which he occasionally cracked over the tigers' heads. His performance, done amid breathless silence on the part of the spectators, being ended, Signor Scarem stepped from the cage, and then the tumultuous applause broke forth. People crowded about him to praise his courage, and one man said:

"Don't you regard that as very dangerous work?"

"Not at all," replied the trainer. "Tigers are not dangerous so long as you keep on the right side of them."

"Which is the right side?" asked the questioner quizzically.

"The outside," replied the trainer as he strode away to the dressing room.—Harper's Bazar.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

UNIONS AND STRIKES.

How Far Should a Striker Go in Enforcing His Demands.

The Right to Shut Off the Food Supply of Dependents Carries With it Duties—The Case Only Half Stated by the Plutocratic Press—The Better Way.

Every so often the plutocratic newspapers of the country turn loose their editorial columns in condemnation and abuse of labor organizations. Capitalistic editors are like sheep in that they follow a leader. When there is a big strike on or one that attracts general attention, some prominent corporation organ starts the ball rolling, and within a short time all the whipper snapper editors get to grinding out platitudes about the rights guaranteed under our glorious government to every citizen and the danger to our institutions in the lawless acts of striking workingmen. Take the Great Northern strike, for instance. While it was pending and as it became almost a sure thing that the men would win, the plutocratic hirelings gave their readers dissertations upon the great need of some sort of power to crush the life out of such combinations as the American Railway union.

For the purpose of deceiving their readers into the belief that they are not the uncompromising enemies of organized labor these editorial mouthpieces of capitalism stick a sentence in somewhere which states that "labor has the right to organize and to refuse to work under unsatisfactory conditions." Here is the way it is usually put: "They have the right to refuse to work if it so pleases them, but they have not the right to say to others who are willing to work that they shall not do so. Such conduct is perversion of the principles of our government and of the law." This is true, and it is not true. It depends upon how one takes it. I have no wish to defend the taking of life in preventing men from scabbing. On the contrary, I think it is an awful thing, though nothing to cause surprise when one carefully considers the subject.

Your plutocratic editor would have the dissatisfied men lay down their tools and go home or to a picnic and wait until their bosses send for them. Such a course would be extremely silly, and there isn't or should not be anything silly or funny about a strike. I believe that strikes should only be resorted to in extreme cases, after the situation has been thoughtfully considered, every other method of securing justice exhausted, and the prospects of success in case of strike carefully looked into, and when a strike is finally ordered that it should be in dead earnest. Not a wheel should be allowed to turn nor a blow struck which it is possible to prevent. If a man's condition is so bad that he is justified in cutting off supplies from his wife and children by striking work, it is his duty to exercise to its fullest extent his natural right to demand the support of every other workingman's refusal to aid those who have driven him to the step.

Take the coal miners, for instance. It is not denied by any honest, informed person that their condition for a long time has been scarcely better than starvation. The strike of these men was more than a demand for an increase of wages. It was a protest against the murder by starvation of themselves and their families. They had to deal with soulless corporations, which do justice when compelled to and at no other time. If the mines could be worked without paying the living wages asked by the strikers, they would be. If it became clear that only by conceding the demands could the property continue to pay dividends, then and only then would they be conceded. Remember, it is a life and death struggle for the miners, with hungry wives and children on one hand and the engines which capitalism employs to crush labor on the other. And where does the scab come in? He was living somehow, probably half starving, as the striker was before the strike. If there had been no strike, he would not have been sought out by the coal baron. Is it right that he should cause the defeat of his brother in misery?

While our wise and just men of the plutocratic sanctum are telling us about what is right and what is wrong for workingmen to do under certain conditions, let some of them answer if it is right for a man to furnish the power to a common enemy wherewith to crush to death a brother. The constitution of the United States declares such an act to be treason. If such an act is not right, then he who would commit it is not worthy of respect and should be treated as an enemy. The Chicago Tribune says: "The foundations of this free republic were set upon men's free moral agency. Labor unions today deny this inalienable right and teach resistance to it to the death. They seek the establishment of a government that will compel each individual workingman to become a member of a union or starve." It goes on to fasten this charge upon the union of the miners. Is it true? It is not. Just as our federal government believed it to be for the best interests of all concerned for all the states to remain in the Union so the intelligent workingmen believe that all wageworkers should stand together, but organized labor does not attempt to enforce its belief with powder and ball.

The labor unionist says to the non-union man: "It will be to your interest as well as to mine to join the union (and proves the statement by irrefutable testimony). If you do not accept this invitation, I shall object should you attempt to do me injury by cutting under me or by taking my place when I make a just demand for improved conditions." It is true that union men sometimes refuse to work with men who will not become members of the union, but this is the only course dictated by wisdom while scabbing men are a menace to the welfare of the others in their trade. Besides, in cases where workmen not members of the union are offered and receive the same pay that is given to the union men, they obtain the benefits of organization without sharing in its burdens, and, in addition, are strengthened in their ability to do the union harm. If these points were understood generally, the reading public would not be so ready to swallow the condemnation the press pronounces against every demand made by unions for the discharge of nonunion men.

The latest trick of the corporation organs is to charge that the strikers or rioters—and the words are used as synonyms—are "ignorant and lawless foreigners." We are told that American workingmen are peaceful and law abiding, but that the "foreign element" is lawless and "anarchistic." Take notice that these statements are contained in editorials about the miners' strike or some other union strike. The object is to prevent any possible sympathy for the strikers on the ground that they are fellow citizens of the reader. Here is a strike, but it is not entitled to your sympathy because the strikers are anarchists from the slums of Europe. American workmen, for whom under similar circumstances you might have a little pity, have nothing to do with this strike—or riot. Do you see through the scheme? The truth is that, with few exceptions, the unions of this country are composed almost entirely of American born men. Americans are greatly in the majority in the miners' union, and the national and local unions are officered almost entirely by men born in the United States.

Admitting that in some parts of Pennsylvania the miners are principally men of foreign birth who have but recently come to this country, who brought them here, and why were they brought? The mine owners, through their agents sent to Europe, induced them to come here to work at less wages than those then in the mines were willing to accept. When their wages were squeezed even below the point at which they could earn a poor living, they rebelled just as the men whose places they took rebelled. They thus gave evidence that they were fast becoming Americanized, and most of these men are now citizens. They voted the Republican ticket at the late state election. They didn't commit the crime of voting for the Populists. The Philadelphia Times says, "The honest naturalized American citizen is as law abiding as the native born American." Just about. But neither is "honest" unless he is "law abiding" after The Times' style, which means that he must not fight for his right to live.

What I have written may appear to be very radical, and I may be set down by some as an advocate of violence. My object is of a directly opposite nature. I would like all workingmen to fully understand what a strike may lead to. I would have them see that if they want to avoid being drawn irresistibly into acts of lawlessness and possibly into jail they must keep out of strikes until all the working people are compactly organized, and that there is a better way of enforcing their rights if they will only become mental freemen and exercise for their own benefit the power they possess in the ballot. Men who will submit to the dictation of bosses on election day must expect to have to fight for their economic rights on every other day in the year. And newspapers which, by misleading the uninformed, induce men to vote against their own best interests must expect to be called upon to chronicle acts of violence upon the part of the misguided and betrayed when their condition becomes unbearable, and they must fall back upon their brute natures as the only resource left to them.

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

Labor Forces Must Unite.

In his opening address at the recent meeting of the American Railway union President Debs said:

The forces of labor must unite. The salvation of labor demands it. The dividing lines must grow dimmer day by day until they become imperceptible, and then labor's hosts, marshaled under one conquering banner, shall march together, vote together and fight together until workingmen shall receive and enjoy all the fruits of their toil. Then will our country be truly and grandly free and its institutions as secure and enduring as the eternal mountains. The one supreme demand of the hour is that railway employees shall get together. If they will do this, the officers of the American Railway union will promptly and cheerfully retire to private life. Neither the honors nor emoluments of office will tempt them to stand in the way of unification an instant, and to test their sincerity let the proposition go forth from this convention to all railway employees to meet upon common ground and there unite forces for the protection of all. Such an army would be impregnable. No corporation would assail it. The reign of justice would be inaugurated. The strike would be remanded to the relic chamber of the past. An era of peace and good will would dawn. Let us all do what we can to hasten the coming of that day.

The Three Spirits of Man.

There are but few beliefs that are more peculiar than that of the Mohammedans respecting the three several spirits which they believe inhabit the bodies of all men. The first is the animal spirit, which has its seat in the brain, performing through the nerves all the actions of sense and motion. The second is the vital spirit, which has its seat in the heart and which has control of the motion, blood and animal heat. The third is the natural spirit, which is seated in the liver and upon which depends the temper and general frame of the mind.—St. Louis Republic.

HERE'S A CHRISTIAN.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN TELLS SOME UNVARNISHED TRUTHS.

He Says the Church of Today Caters to the Rich—The Working People Hate Not Christianity, but "Churchianity"—Sound and Wholesome Doctrine.

Rev. C. L. Arnold, pastor of St. Peter's church, Detroit, preached a sermon the other Sunday which a local paper called "a scorcher." Among other things he said in substance:

The command of the Master to go and preach the gospel to every creature precludes all idea of class privileges in the blessedness of the new kingdom of God, which the Saviour established in the world. The gospel is not for the rich, the poor, the Jew, the gentile, the bond, the free, but for all equally. The partiality of the church, if there be such a thing, is reserved for the unfortunate and the oppressed classes. As a fact of her history the church consecrated the activities of the first and following centuries of her life up to comparatively modern times to seeking out and helping those who most needed help—the ignorant, the poor, the unfortunate. Even as the common people heard Jesus gladly, so the common people through all the past centuries flocked to their church as their friend.

But in these times a new thing is seen in the world. There is a Christianity in the nineteenth century with which the common people will have nothing to do—a church which the workingmen all over the world have forsaken and repudiated. Not only have these people deserted the institution which was once their best friend, but they are now out in the world suffering the miseries of indecision, unrest, neglect and conscious oppression. They are bringing anxiety upon all who have at heart the best interests of humanity and society. The preacher cited a large number of facts to show that the desertion and repudiation of the church by the workingmen are profound and seemingly final. The church is so empty of the class whose presence once proved the divinity of her mission that it has come to be a religious and social clubhouse for the "fat and well liking" of the world. He also cited many proofs that the workingmen are not hostile to the person and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. It is not Christianity, but "churchianity," which they have come to hate.

The cause of all this does not lie with the workingmen, but with the church itself. The church does not want these people, and it shows this not always by its acts, but by the very words of its members. Mr. Arnold told a number of anecdotes to illustrate this. A brave man who had saved eight lives at the peril of his own was referred to in prayer meeting as one whom the church ought to get inside and do something for. A pious member rose and said right out in so many words that "this church does not want any of that class of people." The pastor indignantly rebuked the brother and declared that as long as he was pastor the doors should always swing inside for all classes. That pastor, one of the most eloquent and manly in the city, had to go. It has come to the pass that all we think of wanting new members for is their ability to help support the church—not how much can the church help them.

Whenever our older churches must be torn down to give place to new ones, as they sometimes have to be, it is not larger churches, but finer ones, we build. We make them luxurious for ourselves, not useful for others. We talk about "church work," but the whole thing always reduces itself to the amount of money we can raise: the luxuriousness of the furnishings we can put into our buildings. No, we do not always tell the poor and the humble in words that we do not want them, but they have found it out, and they have learned to hate the church for our sakes.

The church is directly responsible, in a certain measure, for all this unrest of mind and soul and body. They need that which a real, living, holy church is designed to supply in the world, but the church of this age has turned them away and will not feed them as the Lord would have them feed.

Mr. Arnold's way of getting back the confidence of the workingmen is to open the social and material opportunities of the church to them. They will not hear our gospel directly, for they are incensed against it through our fault. But we can begin by doing them other kinds of good in a way that they can appreciate. We must first win their confidence by any and all means. We must do it, for the world at large cannot afford that this divorcement of the church and an important class continue longer. There is danger in it for all concerned. We may philosophize, shout down, scold, write learned essays, but we, the church, must mend our ways.

Who Crows Now?

It is to be feared that a good many Britons felt the truth of the cynical saying about there being something pleasant in the misfortunes of even our best friends when they read of Brother Jonathan's labor troubles. At the time of our own wretched coal war there were not wanting some Americans of the spread eagle species to crow at the expense of poor John Bull and his effete institutions. It is now his turn for that sort of banter, inasmuch as a coal strike far surpassing our own in magnitude is raging in the States.—London Graphic.

An Eye to Business.

Witherby—What did you get a house with such a slanting roof for?

Plankington—Don't you see I am facing the railroad?

Witherby—What's that got to do with it?

Plankington—I expect to pay for that house, old man, out of the advertising privileges.—Brooklyn Life.

A Great Resemblance.

Photographer—Your son ordered this likeness from me.

"It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it?"

"Not yet."

"That is still more like him."—Yankee Blade.

Very.

"Do you think 13 is an unlucky number?"

"I do decidedly."

"Why?"

"Because there still lingers with me a sad memory of long ago when I lent one friend $3 and another $5."—Washington Star.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

FOR USE IN THE HOUSEHOLD AND ELSEWHERE.

Suggestions as to How Old Hats Can be Used—How to Put on and Remove Blood.

If you have an old straw hat, take the trimming off and dust the straw perfectly. Take a half cup of clear coffee and a clean black cloth and wash the straw, rubbing it vigorously until it seems to be pretty wet through; then lay the hat on a flat surface, with a dark cloth under it and another over the brim, and with a moderately hot iron press it till it is dry. For the crown select a tin pan or bucket that is about the same size as the crown and press it over that; then put your wire back in the edge of the rim—if it had one—and bend the hat in the shape that you desire to have it.

You can change the shape entirely if you like. If the crown is too high, take out a few rows of straw close to the brim, where the trimming will cover it. And if the brim is too low for the present fashion put in a few rows of straw taken from another hat or a piece of buckram. It will be covered by the trimming. Then get some good shoe polish and give the hat three coats of the liquid blacking, waiting for each to dry. You will see your straw look like new. This is a good way to freshen old hats during the summer. Brush and apply the polish without removing the trimming.

How to Put on and Remove Gloves.

When putting gloves on, begin by buttoning the second button. Then, when buttoned to the top, you can easily fasten the first button without tearing the kid. Never remove the gloves by pulling the fingers, but by drawing the part covering the wrist over the hand, and leave them thus wrong side out for some time before turning them to their proper shape. Always lay gloves lengthwise—never roll them.

How to Get Rid of Bedbugs.

It isn't a nice subject, I know, but the weather is getting warm, and with a certain little tropical insect it is the course of prevention every time. It is especially difficult in apartment houses to keep free from their unwelcome attacks, but naphtha rightly used will make your premises an unwelcome habitation to them. Naphtha, however, is almost as dangerous and certainly more disastrous in the hands of a careless person than the evil it is intended to cure. There is one right and safe way to use it. Apply it in the morning and see to it that no fire or light of any kind is in the apartment. Spray it with a spring bottom oil can into all cracks and crevices in beds, walls and floors where they may hide and leave the windows open for several hours for the gas to escape.

How to Make an Oven Chair.

A low chair, made by sawing off the legs of a common kitchen chair until it is low enough to suit one, with a cushion of dark calico, is a useful adjunct to the work to sit in while waiting a few minutes for the biscuit or cake to bake. One can open the oven door without stooping to examine the article cooking.

How to Boil Asparagus.

Have the asparagus freshly picked, if practicable. Trim the tops and scrape or peel the stalks. Then pare them into equal lengths and tie them into small bunches, separating the larger ones from the smaller; fasten them well with string. Boil the asparagus in plenty of salted water in an unlined copper basin, plunging them into the liquid. Cover the vessel and let cook slowly. As soon as they are done drain them on a sieve, and afterward untie the bunches on a cloth and dress them symmetrically in a pyramid on a folded napkin. Carefully reserve the handsomest ones for the top. Send to the table at the same time a good Hollandaise sauce or else a vinaigrette sauce.

How to Relieve Sleeplessness.

If persons troubled with sleeplessness would keep at hand a bottle of the following mixture and use it as a sponge bath, they would find the greatest relief: Into 8 ounces of alcohol put 2 of ammonia and 2 of camphor. Shake thoroughly, and when well mixed add 4 ounces of sea salt and enough hot water to fill a quart bottle. To apply it pour a little of the liquid in a shallow dish, moisten the whole body a little at a time by dipping a small sponge in it. Rub on only a very little; then finish with a vigorous rubbing with a coarse crash towel, get into bed, and you will promptly fall asleep.

How to Use Cold Cream For the Face.

In no instance should it be used except where the face has become roughened by the wind and then applied only for a night or two. It gives an oily look to the face and has a tendency to enlarge the pores of the skin, and if the skin needs a tonic cocoa butter or cocoanut oil thoroughly rubbed into the skin morning and evening, after having bathed the face in warm water, will improve the complexion in a very short time and will not raise the small crop of hair that is almost inevitable with the nightly use of cold cream.

How to Stuff Breakfast Rolls.

Stuffed breakfast rolls may be somewhat novel. Take one for each person and remove every particle of the crumb. Have ready a cupful of cold cooked and minced poultry or game or even veal, with a trifle of ham mixed with it. Melt in a saucepan a little butter and stir in a dessertspoonful of flour; add a gill of milk or cream and the minced meat; season and stir until very hot; fill the rolls with this, close them again, set in a warm oven for two minutes and serve garnished with parsley.

How to Make Cheese Squares.

By the middle of the week there has usually accumulated a quantity of pieces of stale bread. Trim these as neatly as possible into squares and triangles. Make a paste of a cupful of milk, half a cupful of grated cheese and 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Lay the bread on a large flat baking dish; pour the sauce over and bake until nicely browned. These are also very nice to serve with a plain consommé soup.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SUMMER SCREENS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

Strawberry Sponge-Cake and Other Articles of Diet—Baskets for Serving Berries.

Quite new and decorative are the screens of Japanese manufacture, which are made entirely of fine strips of bamboo placed perpendicularly in a light frame of white wood. They are threefold, and the bamboo, while set closely enough to serve as a protection, yet permits free passage of the air, which is a great desideratum in a screen designed for summer use.

Others of a single fold, intended for fire screens, are of the same material, and these are braided in an intricate pattern, which is fastened at intervals with strips of dark colored bark tied in little knots, in the clever and effective way for which the Japanese are so noted.

Tiny screens of papier mache covered with gay paper stand not more than 2½ feet high and 10 inches across, and their three folds are well adapted to hide an unsightly fireplace in summer, especially if they have a background of feathery pine branches with which the grate may be filled.

A writer in Harper's Bazar, who mentions the foregoing novelties, says that a good way to convert a light clothershorse into a screen is to cover it first with turkey red, stretching the goods tightly so that there will be no wrinkles, and laying over this the coarse canvas of which coffee sacks are made. This material is very loosely woven, and as it allows the red to show through the combination makes a very decorative piece of furniture. The wood is nowhere visible, and gilt nail heads set closely are used to secure the canvas to the frame.

Tea chest matting is an exceedingly durable material for the purpose, and with its gray-green tones forms an effective background for painting.

Strawberry Sponge Cake.

Thoroughly beat a scant pint of granulated sugar and the yolks of 6 eggs together, add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, then 2 teacupfuls of pastry flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together three times, and lastly 2 tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Bake in duplicate long baking pans. During the latter operation make a soft frosting by boiling a cupful of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of milk until it will drop from the spoon in strings. Pour it into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of flour and beat until thick enough to spread. Remove one cake from the tin, spread the frosting over and cover well with strawberries cut in halves; then dust with sugar and place the other cake over. Arrange even sized strawberries neatly over the top.

The Oven For Baking Bread.

The oven should be hot enough to bring bread up to its full height in 15 minutes, but not hot enough to brown until after that. The reason why is plain, says Good Housekeeping. If we remember that the yeast is a plant, and after a certain degree of heat it stops growing. If the oven is too hot at first, it stops the plant before it grows (rises) to its full height, and the bread is heavy. If the oven is not hot enough, the plant grows too much, and the bread sours and is full of large holes.

How to Stain a Floor.

One of the richest ways of treating a floor is that used in the elegant suburban home of a well known artist. Two successive coats of burnt umber thinned with turpentine were applied, and then one of hard oil finish. This latter comes put up in cans or may be purchased by the quart—a pint will be sufficient for a room 15 by 15. It will dry in 12 hours and will cost 20 cents, says a correspondent of The Country Gentleman.

Crystallized Currants.

Currants and gooseberries are very dainty and ornamental when crystallized. Select ripe, firm fruit; leave on the stems; dip first in beaten white of an egg, then in powdered sugar; arrange on paper and set in a cool oven for 10 minutes; when the icing becomes firm pile in a glass dish and set in a cool place.

Pretty Ways of Serving Berries.

Exquisite baskets for serving strawberries may be made thus: From heavy, uncut commercial writing paper shape a suitable number of sections measuring 4 by 5 inches. In each section make four slashes an inch deep, as indicated by the solid lines in Fig. 1. Fold according to the dotted lines, secure with mucilage and add a handle a quarter of an inch wide. Select tissue paper in a light shade of green (lettuce green would be pretty), cut it into strips 2 inches wide, slash them

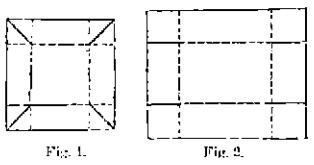

Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

BASKETS FOR SERVING BERRIES.

to form fringe an inch deep and curl the fringe by drawing a blade of the scissors over it. Fasten a strip outside the basket, putting it on in wrinkles and creases and allowing the fringe to cover the rim. Make a bow of the tissue paper or of narrow, bright ribbon, and fasten it to the handle of the basket, which will then be complete.

Diamond shaped paper baskets may be fashioned quite easily according to Fig. 2. The Delineator, in addition to the foregoing, suggests: These pretty receptacles may be used for all sorts of small fruits, such as raspberries, blackberries and the like, and if they are lined with oiled or waxed paper, which may be procured from any confectioner, capped berries may be served in them with ices.

Uncapped strawberries are both pretty and delicious when served in small bowls of cracked ice, from which they may be taken with the fingers and eaten with powdered sugar.

Large uncapped berries are often served in small glass dishes, one of which is presented to each guest on a plate, together with two tiny bowls containing sugar and wine. The berries are dipped in the wine and then in the sugar before being eaten.

Cups made of grape leaves tied with grasses are pretty and unique receptacles for raspberries. And when thus offered the fruit may be sweetened and eaten with a spoon or a wooden toothpick.

Either raspberries or strawberries placed in small glass bowls with finely crushed ice, sugar and, if liked, a little wine make a cool and pleasant dessert that is elegant enough for the most ambitious menu.

How to Make Good Sizing.

To make a strong size for rough walls, dissolve a pound of good ground glue to a bucket of hot water. Stir and use while warm. Apply with an old paste-brush or whitewash brush. For ordinary sizing on new walls and walls that have been papered, one-half pound of glue to a bucket of water will be sufficient.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

A PECULIAR ROOT WITH MEDICAL POWERS.

The Jesuit Missionaries Who Penetrated the Mountainous Regions of Tartary.

The Jesuit missionaries who penetrated the mountainous regions of Tartary early in the eighteenth century were especially interested in a certain root to which the natives ascribed almost miraculous curative properties. It was the Tartars' panacea. They believed it capable of healing any disease.

The Chinese, who probably learned of the root and imbibed their faith in its supposed wonderful properties during their invasion of the Tartars' country in the thirteenth century, gave to it the title "ginseng," which means literally "strong back." They, of all nations, are today the largest consumers of the peculiar root, not only collecting it in the wild state and cultivating it as a precious crop in their own country, but importing immense quantities from Korea, Japan and America. To the Chinese it is a whole pharmacopoeia, possessing all the virtues of every known medicament, and they place a high value on it, particularly as a curative agent in dyspepsia, vomiting and nervous disorders.

Botanists have given the name Aralia quinquefolia to the American variety, which, like the Chinese, bears a slight resemblance to the body of a man, with head and legs. Externally it is of a light brown color, the interior being white. It has a faint, sweetish odor, and its taste is sweet and slightly aromatic. Its component parts are starch, gum, albumen, resin and a sweet principal, "panaquilon"

GINSENG PLANT.

(from panax, a derivative of panacea). The root is perennial, sending up annually a smooth, round stem, terminating in branches which bear compound leaves of five leaflets and yellowish green or white flowers.

Chemical examination has failed to substantiate any of the claims made for ginseng by the Chinese, and but for the export trade with that people it is highly questionable whether the root would have any commercial value in this country, says Popular Science News, in which occurs the foregoing illustrated description. It is found in Canada, and thence as far south as Georgia, flourishing only in the cool woods of hilly countries. The method of gathering is a process of extermination, for the root is dug as soon as the shoots appear above ground in the early spring. The plant has no opportunity to mature and bear seeds, and the work of extermination threatens to become complete in some sections.

Ancient Wedding Lore.

The use of the ring and cake at weddings is almost as ancient as the ceremony itself. In an old book, "Swinburn's Treatise of Spousals," is the following: "The first inventor of the ring, as is reported, was one Prometheus. The workman which made it was Tubal-Cain. Anciently the wedding cake was usually broken over the head of the bride and then thrown among the guests to be 'scrambled for.'

"Years ago in England, when the bride came from the church, it was usual for one of her friends to throw wheat on her head, and when that newly married pair entered their own house for some to present them with a pot of butter. Of the most remote origin are the nuptial garlands, which were as much used by the heathens as by the Jews, while the Romans considered no bridal costume completed until the wreath was added.

The practice of making wedding gifts probably has its origin in the "bidding parties" of long ago that were held the day previous to the wedding for the avowed purpose of giving friends of the contracting parties an opportunity of assisting them in their new undertaking.

In June, the month of roses, the birth month of the Roman goddess Juno, more weddings occur than in any other month in the year. Its popularity is due to the pretty fiction that Juno (meaning yoke-maker) takes a special interest in marriages and that her protecting care follows and blesses all those who are wedded in June.

Singular Fact About a Cat's Tongue.

The tongue of all the cats is short compared with that of the dog. The upper surface is covered, especially toward the center, with horny, conical papillæ. These are curved backward and resemble so many minute claws, giving to the animals of the cat tribe, as may be seen in the lion and the tiger, the power of licking and rasping the flesh away from the bones of the animals on which they feed. In drinking the tongue is used in a manner very distinct from that of the long flexible tongue of the dog that laps the water, throwing it up, as it were, into its mouth. But the tongue of the cat and of the animals of the group is bent backward in drinking and forms a sort of spoon, lifting the fluid, whether milk or water, into the mouth. An English naturalist says it is a singular fact that the majority of artists invariably draw cats drinking after the fashion of dogs. This false action is not confined to the mere sketchers, but may be noticed in pictures of artists well known, and even one of the most correct of natural history draftsmen delineates a lioness drinking in a manner which is not perfectly natural.

The Right Side.

Signor Sanrem, the noted wild animal tamer, had put his trained tigers through their tricks. He had driven them around and around their cage, and they had crouched in a corner at the word of command, though he was but a weak human being, and they were mighty wild beasts and could have torn him limb from limb. He had no weapon in his hand, if we except a short whip which he occasionally cracked over the tigers' heads. His performance, done amid breathless silence on the part of the spectators, being ended, Signor Sanrem stepped from the cage, and then the tumultuous applause broke forth. People crowded about him to praise his courage, and one man said:

"Don't you regard that as very dangerous work?"

"Not at all," replied the trainer. "Tigers are not dangerous so long as you keep on the right side of them."

"Which is the right side?" asked the questioner quizzically.

"The outside," replied the trainer as he strode away to the dressing room.—Harper's Bazar.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE

MERRIMACK

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

Metcalf & Hazen, 159 Middlesex St.

IN MARSTON'S BLOCK.

WM. E. LIVINGSTON,

DEALER IN

Coal, Wood, Lime,

CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL,

HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER,

BRICKS, FERTILIZERS,

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NO. 15 THORNDIKE STREET,

Branch office, 49 Merrimack street—Calderwood's cigar store.

M. W. MILLER,

House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,

55 WILLIE STREET.

Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy,

Gorham Cor. Appleton St.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,

Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

Lager and Stock Ales

In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 348-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

Stained and Varnished interiors will soon be a thing of the past.

The latest style is to use

B. & K.

CLEAR TONED

INTERIOR PAINTS

The delicate party colors of which harmonize with the newest shades of wall papers.

They dry with flat finish and can be cleaned with soap and water.

SOLD ONLY AT

C. B. Coburn & Co.'s

63-71 Market Street.

Drain's Bargain Store.

Nearly everybody is obliged to buy DRY GOODS of some description. Why not patronize the place where there are real bargains.

DRAIN'S,

111 Gorham Street.

Summer is at Hand.

HOT WEATHER WILL PROVE TROUBLESOME.

Do you want your house cool and comfortable? Call at W. A. MACK'S and see his line of Oil and Gas Stoves.

Buy your Kitchen Utensiles here and get modern goods at lowest prices.

Biggest Stove Store in the City.

W. A. Mack & Co.,

25 SHATTUCK STREET.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852. --- CHARTERED 1866.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particular address The Superior.

What would Lowell be without the spindle? The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."

The Spindle Cigar

is made by HENRY FLOOD: best smoke in town.

JAMES MARREN,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

101 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

PULLMAN

Says He Did All He Could for Employes.

WORDS OF WARNING FROM PRESIDENT DEBS.

Violators of Law Are the Enemies of Labor.

CHICAGO, June 30.—George M. Pullman president of the Pullman Palace Car company, has issued a compr[illegible] statement to the public with regard to the efforts of the company to keep its works open and give employment to its men. Among other things he says:

At the commencement of the serious depression last year we were employing at Pullman 5816 men and paying out in wages there $305,000 a month. Negotiations with intending purchasers of railway equipment that were then pending for new work were stopped by them, orders already given by others were cancelled, and we were obliged to lay off a large number of men in every department, so that by Nov. 1, 1893, there were only about 2000 men in all departments, or about one-third of the normal number.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

I realized the necessity for the most strenuous exertions to procure work immediately, without which there would be great embarrassment, not only to the employes and their families at Pullman, but also those living in the immediate vicinity, including between 700 and 800 employes who had purchased homes and to whom employment was actually necessary to enable them to complete their payments.

I canvassed the matter thoroughly with the manager of the works, and the result of this discussion was a revision in piece work prices, which, in the absence of any information to the contrary, I supposed to be acceptable to the men under the circumstances. Under these conditions, and with lower prices upon all materials, I personally undertook the work of the letting of cars, and by making lower bids than any other manufacturers, I secured work enough to gradually increase our force from 2300 up to about 4200, the number employed, according to the April payrolls, in all capacities at Pullman.

This result has not been accomplished merely by reduction in wages, but the company has borne its full share by eliminating from its estimates the use of capital and machinery, and, in many cases, even going below that and taking work at considerable loss. During the night of May 10 a strike was decided upon, and accordingly next day about 2500 of the employes quit, leaving about 600 at work, of whom very few were skilled workmen.

As it was found impracticable to keep the shops in operation with a force thus diminished and disorganized, the next day those remaining were necessarily laid off, and no work has since been done in the shops. The payrolls at the time amounted to about $7000 a day, and were reduced $5500 by the strike, so that during the period of a little more than six weeks, which has elapsed, the employes who quit their work have deprived themselves and their comrades of earnings of more than $200,000.

ALL ASKED TO JOIN

In the Railway Union's Fight Against Railroad Companies.

CHICAGO, June 30.—President Debs has issued the following appeal to the railway employes of America: The struggle with the Pullman company has developed into a contest between the producing classes and the money power of the country.

We stand upon the ground that the workingmen are entitled to a just proportion of the proceeds of their labor. This the Pullman company denied them. Reductions had been made from time to time, until the employes earned barely sufficient wages to live, not enough to prevent them from sinking deeper and deeper into Pullman's debt, thereby mortgaging their bodies and souls, as well as their children, to the heartless corporation.

Up to this point the fight was between the American Railway union and the Pullman company. The American Railway union resolved that its members would refuse to handle Pullman cars and equipment. Then the railway corporations came to the rescue and declared to the world that they would go into partnership with the Pullman, so to speak, and stand by him in his devilish work of starving his employes to death.

The American Railway union accepted the gage of war, and thus the contest is now on between the railway corporations united solidly on the one hand and the labor forces on the other.

Every railway employe of the country should take this stand against the corporations in this fight, for if it should be lost corporations will have despotic sway, and all employes will be reduced to a condition scarcely removed above chattel slavery, but the fight will not be lost.

Corporate power, drunk with its own excesses, has presumed too far upon the forbearance of the American people, and, notwithstanding a subsidized press (to which there are many noble exceptions), public sympathy is with the strikers, who are merely contending for the right of their fellow toilers to receive living wages for their work.

I appeal to strikers everywhere to refrain from any act of violence. Let there be no interference with the affairs of the companies, and above all let there be no act of depredation. A man who will destroy property or violate law is an enemy and not a friend of the cause of labor. The great public is with us, and we need only to maintain a dignified, honest, straightforward policy to achieve victory.

An Act of Violence.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The engineer and fireman of an Illinois Central suburban train were driven from an engine yesterday afternoon by a mob of 200 men, who pelted them with rocks and bricks and chased them away. The train was stopped near the crossing at Burnside station. One striker drew the coupling pin connecting the locomotive with the train, and 12 others boarded the cab and forced the engineer and firemen to jump out. As they did so the mob began to pelt them with stones. The engineer and fireman fled for their lives, pursued by a portion of the mob, while others backed the engine into a roundhouse, close at hand, leaving the cars standing on the main track. A short time later a northbound surburban train appeared, and it, too, was stopped, the engine detached and taken to the roundhouse, and the cars left standing on the northbound tracks. The news was sent to the police station, and a force of 25 men hastened to the scene and scattered the mob.

Meat May Go Up.

CHICAGO, June 30.—Many of the commission houses at the yards regard the situation as serious, and have notified their clients in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Texas and other states not to ship stock unless the railroad companies agree to deliver the shipment and to be responsible for long delays or responsible if there are any losses on account of delay. The result is that the shipments have been stopped in many instances and the price of meat is expected to take a rapid jump upward before many days.

Extended to Stock Yards.

CHICAGO, June 30.—All the trainmen at the Union stock yards struck last night, in obedience to Debs' order calling out all American Railway union men. The number of strikers is only 300, but no cars can be switched in or out of the yards, and all are practically at a standstill at the yards. About 6000 men will be thrown out of employment at once.

Threats of Strikers.

TOPEKA, June 30.—General Manager J. J. Fry said regarding the situation on the Santa Fe: "One of our train dispatchers was chased by a mob of about 500 men, and he was compelled to leave the city and flee to the hills to save his life. The mob then notified the chief night train dispatcher that if he went on duty they would kill him."

Railroad Directors' Attitude.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—At a meeting of the officers of the railways centering here, resolutions were adopted declaring that the boycott is unjustifiable and unwarranted; that it is the duty of the railway companies to resist the same in the interest of their existing contracts, and "that we will act unitedly to that end."

A Change at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, June 30.—The attitude of the railroad employes here seems to have undergone a change. It is now believed that should the Pullman strike continue to spread they will consent to join in the the refusal to handle Pullman cars, and it is possible this may happen in the early part of next week.

Buffalo Not Affected.

BUFFALO, June 30.—No effects of the boycott of Pullman cars are apparent here, except that orders have been received to cease selling tickets over certain blockaded railroads. Little through traffic is handled here with Pullman cars, the Wagner coaches carrying the bulk of it.

Will It Hold Good?

KANSAS CITY, June 30.—Judge Phillips, in the United States circuit court, has issued an order restraining the Santa Fe employes from interfering with the running of Pullman cars and admonishing the employes not to quit the service of the company.

Chicago and Alton Tied Up.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., June 30.—The Pullman boycott struck the Chicago and Alton yesterday, when an order was received for the men to go out upon the Alton's refusal to stop the Pullman service. All is at a standstill in the freight service.

Officials Appear Unconcerned.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The baggagemen at Dearborn street station, the terminus of the Erie, Wabash, Grand Trunk, Eastern Illinois, Western Indiana and Santa Fe roads, have gone out. Officials say they can fill their places in a few hours.

Mails Not Suffering.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Few delays on account of the Pullman boycott were reported to the postoffice department. The story of a total blockade of the mails sent out from Chicago was denied in official dispatches.

To Be Tied Up Today.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The Rock Island road, which is about the only one here to have escaped thus far, will be tied up today. An order to that effect has been issued by President Debs.

Another Line Affected.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—Director Kern of the American Railway union has received word from President Debs that the strike has been declared on the entire Gould system.

Tie-Up Complete.

PORTLAND, Or., June 30.—The tie-up here is complete. Neither the Southern Pacific nor the Northern Pacific are taking out any trains.

Twelve Hundred Out.

KANSAS CITY, June 30.—Twelve hundred Santa Fe men are out in Argentine.

A Doomed Man.

LONDON, June 30.—The correspondent of The Telegraph, at Paris, says that two anarchists, representing themselves to be journalists, visited the man who arrested Santo, when he was trying to escape after stabbing President Carnot. After offering him flattering congratulations they induced him to give them his photograph. They then abandoned their disguise and told him that his fate was sealed.

Inducements to Cyclers.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 30.—The directors of the Springfield Bicycle club have arranged the program for the big annual tournament on Hampden park, Sept. 11 and 12. There will be an unpaced mile record international race in which the starters will be sent off at intervals to prevent pacing or tagging, and a mile invitation record race.

When Will It Be Completed.

PARIS, June 30.—The civil tribunal has ratified the agreement reached by the liquidators of the old Panama Canal company, by which the latter granted to a new company, having a capital of 60,000,000 francs, a concession which enables them to complete the interoceanic waterway.

THE SUN Job Print leads them all. Try us.

BUSINESS

PRICES OF IRON AND STEEL TOO HIGH.

The Cleaning Up Process in Mills Has Been Very Successfully Carried on.

NEW YORK, June 30.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: The great strike of coal miners has ended at most points, but another threatens to interrupt business more seriously for a time, though the number of hands engaged is comparatively small. Travel and traffic are well nigh arrested on about 20 western roads already, and strikes are threatened on all roads who use Pullman cars.

The resumption of work in mines and mills has made good progress, but the demand for products is as yet smaller and less urgent than was expected. Buyers apparently wait for lower prices of iron and steel products, which manufacturers are slow to give, in view of the increased cost of materials and production.

Shipments of boots and shoes from Boston were smaller for the week than last year, but for four weeks of June were 343,022 cases against 328,142 last year.

Waiting For Tariff Settlement.

Textile manufacturers are much embarrassed by the near approach of probble change in the tariff, the effect of which cannot yet be calculated. In spite of this reason for deferring orders and purchases, the number of mills quitting work is not yet as large as was expected, for there appears a little more demand from clothiers and jobbers.

The cleaning-up process has been accelerated with success by concessions in some cotton goods, but fall orders are still limited and the accumulation of goods continues.

Somewhat better orders in woolens, particularly in low-priced all-wool goods, and in clay diagonals and worsted cheviots, though not large in amount, give hope of larger trade. But the mills are buying cautiously, and sales of wool fell below last year 2,788,700 pounds for the week, against 3,142,900.

In four weeks of June two years ago sales were 23,769,250 pounds, last year only 9,759,876 and this year 11,657,784 pounds. Growers and other holders of wool seem disposed to demand higher prices than can now be paid, but receipts from the interior are liberal, and exceed the present demand.

Wheat has declined 2 cents, the year closing with insignificant exports, for four weeks of June only 2,920,620 bushels from Atlantic ports, against 9,917,549 last year, while western recipts have been 5,620,880 for the same weeks, against 8,910,942 last year, a much smaller decrease.

Corn has declined 7-8 cent, receipts being larger than of wheat, and a heavy crop is expected.

Pork products are also a shade lower. Cotton has yielded a sixteenth, as speculation against the enormous stocks in sight grows tiresome.

The Failures.

No correct statement of failures for June or the half year is yet possible, but our weekly returns show gratifying improvement over last year. In June the failures have been about 950 and in the half year about 7100. The aggregate has been $13,183,465 against $13,515,769 in May, $8,816,862 in April and $99,498,366 in the half year. The classified returns show about $41,000,000 of manufacturing and $52,000,000 of trading liabilities.

In Canada the failures, part of June lacking, were 1652, and the commercial liabilities over $24,000,000, about $6,200,000 being of trading concerns.

This week the failures have been 214 in the United States, against 307 and 35 in Canada, against 27 last year. Of late the number and importance of failures have increased a little, as is usual near the close of a half year.

Gubernatorial Plums.

BOSTON, June 30.—At a meeting of the executive council Governor Greenhalge made these nominations: Board of registration of physicians and surgeons—Edward J. Forster of Boston, seven years; Walter P. Bowers of Clinton, four years; Augustus C. Walker of Greenfield, one year; I. B. Whittier of Fitchburg, five years; S. H. Blodgett of Cambridge, three years; C. Edwin Miles of Boston, two years; Augustus I. Chase of Randolph, six years. Member of dairy bureau, Calvin L. Hartshorn of Worcester. Prison commissioner, J. Warren Bailey of Somerville. Commissioner of nautical training school, Joseph Fyffe, U. S. N., of Charlestown.

Vermont Sons of Veterans.

MORRISVILLE, Vt., June 30.—The 12th annual encampment, Vermont division, Sons of Veterans, was brought to a close yesterday: These officers were elected: Commander, Frank L. Greene, St. Albans; senior vice commander, Frank W. Sault, West Randolph; junior vice commander, H. L. Colegrove, Underhill; delegate at large to national encampment, W. E. Terrell, Underwood.

A Type-Setting Machine Muddle.

NEW YORK, June 30.—Judge Lacombe has granted a preliminary injunction against the Monoline Composing company, restraining them from manufacturing or selling their type-setting machines. The application for the injunction was made by the Mergenthaler Linotype company, the original patentees of such type-setting machines.

Favorite Resort For Suicides.

NEW YORK, June 30.—A Central park policeman yesterday found G. D. Fisher laid on the grass with a bullet wound in the left breast. Another policeman found an unknown man with a bullet wound at the back of the left ear.

Loss of Half a Million.

BROOKLYN, June 30.—Woodruff's stores were gutted by fire yesterday. It is difficult to get a correct estimate of the loss, but it will reach at least $500,000. At least two firemen were killed and two were seriously injured.

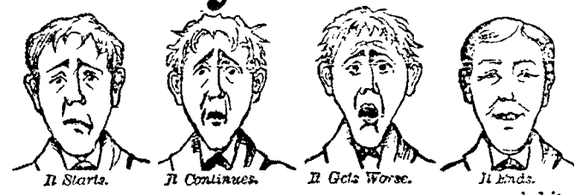
No Public Bequests.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—The will of ex-Lieutenant Governor Lapham was admitted to probate yesterday. No public bequests were made. The value of the property is estimated at $1,500,000.

Accepted by Deputies.

ROME, June 30.—The chamber of deputies by a vote of 180 to 74 adopted the entire financial proposals of the government.

History of a Pain.



Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER ended it, as it ends all pain.

Dose.—One teaspoonful in half glassful of water or milk (warm if convenient).

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION

Of Yesterday.

DICKINSON SUED

Ed. McNamara Puts in a Claim for $15,000.

WRIT RETURNABLE IN SUPERIOR COURT IN AUGUST.

What is Said About the Trouble of a License.

The following attachments have been recorded at the office of the registry of deeds: Edward J. McNamara against Watson A. Dickinson in the sum of $10,000 and another in the sum of $5000.

"Ned O'" McNamara is the ex-janitor of the city hall and was reported to be a worker for republican wire pullers.

Watson A. Dickinson, whose property is attached, is a republican alderman who granted or was supposed to have granted some licenses this spring.

"Ned O'" applied for a license and it is said put up his "stuff" to get it. He fitted up a place and was already to open up.

He hasn't opened yet, for he didn't get a license.

It is said also that Alderman Dickinson is the man who was to give "Ned O'" his license.

Alderman Dickinson didn't give him one it is known.

The attachment has been made, Hon. J. H. Morrison's name appearing on the records as McNamara's counsel. There are two actions mentioned, one of tort and the other of contract.

It is alleged that some one "saw" Alderman Dickinson and as a result of the "seeing" Ned O. was to land. He went to the expense of putting in a bar and fixtures. It is to recover damages for this expense and it is alleged for another expense that he sues.

The writ is returnable at the Superior court on the first Monday of August.

It is rumored that the firm of Marshall, Burke and Marshall will be retained by Alderman Dickinson.

It is also rumored that an attempt at a settlement was made unsuccessfully.

WILL DROP FOSS.

THIS IS THE TALK ON THE STREET TO-DAY.

Question is Who Will Mayor Pickman Appoint as the Third Member of the License Commission?

The senate knocked out the Foss bill, so called, yesterday, that is to say the bill which was to give Ether S. Foss the power to sit on the license commission.

Senator Shaw was to move a reconsideration of the vote today, but had not done so up till noon.

A prominent republican said this noon that Mayor Pickman will drop Mr. Foss rather than have his eligibility become a question upon which the attorney general was to pass.

STRIKE IS SPREADING.

Railway Men Continue to Refuse to Handle Pullman Cars.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CINCINNATI, June 29.—Five thousand railroad men went out on strike at noon. Across the river at Covington the men will refuse to brake Pullman cars.

Supt. Debs of the American union, at San Francisco, today reports a tie up on every road save Southern Pacific.

All roads centering at Denver are tied up save the Sante Fe road.

Suburban trains in Chicago are running all right today.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The election of officers of the Young Men's Catholic Institute, last evening, was a lively contest. About 125 members were present, and the election resulted as follows:

President, Daniel J. O'Brien; vice president, Timothy F. O'Sullivan; recording secretary, Wm. Cogger; financial secretary, Joseph Angelo; treasurer, Rev. J. J. Dacey, O. M. I; board of directors, James Burns, George Clark, Jeremiah Leary; literary committee, John King, John Clark, Wm. Buckley; board of examiners, Felix E. McCaffrey, Arthur McQuade, Joseph Meaney, Thomas McGinn, Wm. Sullivan; marshal, Thomas F. Quinn.

Bay State Colony, Pilgrim Fathers, elected the following officers last evening: Governor, O. C. Johnson; lieutenant governor, Mrs. Wm. Sawyer; chaplain, Mrs. Mary Tighe; sergeant-at-arms, Frank E. Sands; deputy sergeant-at-arms, Mrs. Geo. Bills; sentinel of inner gates, Mrs. Benjaman Williams; sentinel of outer gates, Wm. F. Sawyer; pianist, C. E. Corbett.

The Odd Ladies elected the following officers: Past lady, Mrs. Watson; noble lady, Mrs. Tuttle; vice lady, Mrs. Farnham; chaplain, Mrs. Gilman; recording secretary, Mrs. Schoolcraft; financial secretary, Mrs. Samuels; lady reporter, Mrs. Simpson; treasurer, Mrs. Collins; senior warden, Mrs. Symonds; junior warden, Mrs. Scott; conductor, Mrs. Bruce; guardian, Mrs. Winters.

Court Gen. Shields elected officers as follows: Chief ranger, John Hanley; subchief, Michael Moran; treasurer, John J. Lee; recording secretary, Thomas A. Green; financial secretary, James R. Sullivan; senior woodward, Michael Coen; junior woodward, Thomas Moss; senior beadle, Joseph Clare; junior beadle, James A. Lang.

The Burke's auxiliary will be governed as follows: President, James N. Miskella; vice president, Miss Mary O'Neill; recording secretary, Miss Mary Conway; financial secretary, Miss Annie Coughlin; treasurer, Miss Agnes Madden; trustees, Frank Clark, James F. Miskella, Agnes Madden, Edward Looney and Susie Donohoe; board of examiners, Alice Mahan, Thomas Keegan, Annie Carmichael and Wm. Dair; literary committee, John Tierney, Ella Fahey and Katie O'Donnell.

Loyal Wamesit lodge, M.U.O.F., elected the following officers last evening: Noble grand, John S. Jackson; vice grand, Robt. E. Murphy; elective secretary, Edward F. Leith; permanent secretary, John Orrell; treasurer, Isaac Tinker; warden, William Sharp; inside guard, J. C. Etienne; delegate to district meeting at Fall River, John Orrell; installing officer, P. P., G. M. Stewart McKay.

Washington Commandery elected these officers: Noble commander, Arthur L. Gray; vice commander, Annie V. Hibbard; prelate, Emma J. Richardson; keeper of records, George W. Poore; financial keeper of records, Harry Gray; treasurer, L. H. Butterfield; herald, Charles D. Batchelder; inner guard, Mrs. A. J. Howe; outer guard, Albert J. Ryan; past noble commander, Frank A. Carlson.

MILL VACATION.

TREMONT & SUFFOLK MILLS WILL SHUT DOWN.

Movement May Become General in the City—What the Agents Have to Say.

The Tremont & Suffolk mills will shut down on Tuesday evening next and start up again on the 18th of July, making a vacation of ten days.

Supt. Southworth said this afternoon that he knew of no proposition to close the mills next week.

Agent Cumnock was not in his office.

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY.

GOES INTO THE LEGISLATURE FOR A SECOND TIME.

New Bill Introduced This Afternoon in An Amended Form—Gov. Greenhalge Sent Down a Special Message.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 29.—A new bill was ready to be introduced in the legislature this afternoon for the Bell Telephone company, asking for an increase in capital stock of $30,000,000. This is identical with the former one except it is amended to allow of the sale of stock by auction. It was not known at noon in which branch the bill would be introduced.

Gov. Greenhalge sent a special message to the house asking for an appropriation to extend one wing of the state prison to build 60 separate working cells in which to confine incorrigible prisoners. The governor had a conference with the prison commissioners today. He believes in the Philadelphian system, wherein each prisoner works alone.

In the house Mr. Bliss of West Springfield obtained leave to introduce a bill to allow political parties to photograph voters at the polls in the interests of their party. The resolve to allow municipal investigation of the Ward 17 frauds was engrossed.

SOLON W. STEVENS

No Longer Internal Revenue Collector for This District.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 29.—Collector Donovan has revoked Solon W Stevens' commission as internal revenue collector. [Mr. Stevens belongs in Lowell.]

Vigilant's First Race.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

GLASGOW, June 29.—The Vigilant's first race on the Clyde will be for the Queen's cup July 7th.

Pleasant Church Picnics.

The members of the Kirk street church Sunday school to the number of 200 enjoyed a picnic at Willow Dale, yesterday. The program of sports included sack race, onion race, doughnut race, egg race, 100 yards dash, three legged race, ladies' and men's boat races, and a tug of war between the married and unmarried men. Music was furnished by McElroy's orchestra. The affair was a decided success and great credit is due Supt. Southworth and Treasurer Myers to whose untiring efforts the success of the occasion was due.

The Fifth Street Baptist church held a picnic at Mountain Rock, yesterday, and an enjoyable time was had by the large number who attended.

The members of the Central, Highland and St. Paul's Methodist churches held a delightful union picnic at Bailey's grove, Haggett's pond, yesterday. Over 400 people were present during the day, 13 barges being used to convey them back and forth. The churches were designated by the national colors, red, white and blue. The great event of the day was the base ball game between the St. Paul's nine and the Highland-Central nine. The game was won by the former team by a score of 20 to 7. The other events were won as follows:

Ladies' boat race, Miss Emma Coote, Central, first; Miss Mamie Goodale, St. Paul's second.

Men's boat race, Will Thomas, Highland, first; Thomas Atkinson, Central, second.

Boys' boat race, George Murkland, Highland, first; Fairfield Sawyer, St. Paul's, second.

Boys' potato race, James Charles, first, and Fairfield Sawyer, second, both of St. Paul's.

Girls' egg race, Miss Katie Riley, St. Paul's.

Ladies' egg race, Miss Lilla Holgate, St. Paul's.

100 yards dash, Will Thomas and Rupert Brissett, both of the Highland.

Fat men's race, O. E. Underhill, Highland, first; George Patten, St. Paul's, second.

Pie eating contest, C. S. Mansur, St. Paul's.

There was also a tug-of-war in which a team representing St. Paul's church won from one representing the Highlands, and another in which the Centrals won from the St. Paul's, the Centrals team being adjudged the winners of the triangular contest.

Refreshments were served during the day.

The Poker Case Decision.

Judge Hadley gave his decision in the poker case of Anthony Keefe against the members of the so-called Alpha club, today, finding for the plaintiff.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Leach of Fourth street are happy over the birth of a daughter.

There will be a meeting of the Immaculate Conception temperance society at the Y. M. C. I. hall, next Tuesday evening, when the annual election of officers will take place.

Marriage Intentions.

The following intentions were recorded at the city clerk's office to-day:

Auguste Simon 22, to Annie Martel 19.
Harry J. Gordon 37, to Nellie W. Carl 28.

Quality, Quantity, Delicacy, Purity, Strength. ALL YOURS

—— if you get ——

Knapp's ROOTBEER EXTRACT

One trial will convince any one that it is surely The Best.

At Grocers and Druggists, 25c.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, June 30th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department.

Gentlemen's List.

Barker, Tom
Bagley, Wm
Bennett, L F
Blancage, A
Bonin, Jos
Buckminster, Rollin
Cunningham, Chas
Chou, Harry
Clark, George
Card, Ed B
Carr, Joseph
Dupuis, Daniel
Dunn, Frank J
Desmarais, N
Descoteau, Anselima
Drew, Wallace
Denault, Paul
Erikson, Anders
El Haussau, Geo N
Fainelart, L
Fernley, Wm
Fox, Fred H
Foss, Gillis I Dr
Gashanson, A S
Gillon, Wm
Goodspeed, T H
Gosselin, A
Howes, C S
Hanchet, Chas
Hirbert, G
Hilton, D W
Hubbard, James H
Hughes, J J
Jones, Oliver E
Joly, Alphonse
Kelley, P
Knowles, John
Lashey, John P
Lord, Ludger
Lefevre, David
Leborgne, Edward
Lund, Frank M
McGovern, Thomas
Mercier, Emile
Meul, Joseph
McKean, C
Monks, John
Morris, Robert J
Mussey, Frank K
Murphy, J H
Myron, W H
Mulry, James
Newell, A J
Powell, James
Ryan, Michael
Shattuck, Jos
Seales, T L
Stevenson, Edward
Stebbins, M D
Smith, Robert
Vosburgh, Walter H 2
Williston, John E

Ladies' List.

Bartlett, Mrs A
Beaulieu, Mrs Henriette
Berry, Mrs E E
Best, Asenatti
Boucher, Mrs Napoleon
Callaghan, Miss Katie
Calkins, Miss Addie T
Clough, Mrs Eliza
Dyke, Mrs J Addie
Daley, Mrs Mary
Dion, Dodie Jenny
Doherty, Mrs Delia
Durkee, Miss Lydia
Folsom, Miss Maud G
Fawcett, Mary Ann
Fales, Miss Julia B
Girard, Marie
Griffin, Mrs Ella
Gillick, Miss Katie
Gone, Mrs Alice
Grimes, Miss Matilda
Healey, Mrs Frances
Howarth, Ann
Holden, Miss Clara B
Huppie, Melle Marie
Hunter, Miss Jesse
Ingalls, Mrs L E
Knowlton, Mrs R S
Labonte, Dame Severe
Ladd, Mrs Allice
Lane, Miss Eugenie
Levasseur, Miss Susie
Lewis, Mrs Lucy
Lovering, Mrs Lizzie
Murray, Mrs M A
Morse, Mrs Lydia
Morton, Mrs E Lena
Miller, Mrs E B
Meandre, Marie
McDonald, Mrs W
McCarthy, Miss
McNabb, Miss Gertie
McInerney, Mrs Sarah
McMahon, Annie
Mahoney, Mrs Margaret 2
Nadow, Miss Melvina
Nevins, Miss Mary
Nichols, Mrs S B
Openshaw, Miss Annie
O'Neil, Miss Kate
Pereira, Marie
Reilly, Mary
Richard, Miss Minnie
Riley, Miss Julia
Roke, Miss Margaret
Sargent, Mrs Mary A
St Arnauld Dame Azari
Sanger, Miss Blanche
Sweeney, Mrs Bridget
Smith, Mrs Aleather
Smith, Miss Mary
Snow, Miss Mary
Taylor, Mrs Martha 2
Tharesen, Miss Lena
Vernon, Miss Minnie
Walls, Miss Lucy E 2
Wilson, Mrs Fanny
Wilson, Mrs George
Whitney, Miss Julia
Wood, Mrs Vira P
Yetton, Mrs Laura A

From April 1, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

I like IVORINE WASHING powder very much and consider the cake of TOILET SOAP enclosed in each package worth more than the price of whole package.

MRS. F. A. SPRINGER, Sanford, Me.

Ivorine WASHING POWDER

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.

For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

THE BEST ROUTE GOES EVERYWHERE NO BODY WRECKS

HIRES ROOT BEER

The Great Health Drink

Safe, sure and reliable. Always on time. A pleasure and a delight. Comfortable, enjoyable.

HIRES' Rootbeer

A 25c. pkg. makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Send 2c. stamp for beautiful picture cards and book. The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.

Of Course You Will

Want one of those Crystal Vases we are offering at one half price at our store for the week ending June 30. We have them all the way from 19c. up.

The Vases are of handsome patterns, well made, and of the best material. They are all sizes and styles.

In this season of flowers and roses, a couple of these Vases will be found invaluable. Come in and look them over.

French & Puffer,

245 Central Street.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

One of the best GOLD HEART FLOUR, $4.75 per barrel. 65c. per bag.

A 10c. box of Boston Baking Powder given away with every bag or barrel sold this month. We recommend it.

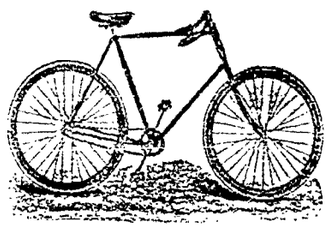
Just received another lot of Old Fashioned Dried Apples only 5c. per lb.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor



CLEVELAND WHEELS.

Callahan & Sanborn

Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—At Middlesex Village a tenement of six rooms and barn with large yard. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merr'k and Bridge streets.

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F. P. Law, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2500 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 434 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house; would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 60 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANO

Is characterized by that same Highest Standard of Excellence which has achieved a reputation for the Mason & Hamlin Organ as the standard of the world. The Mason & Hamlin Piano is constructed on an improved method of stringing, invented and patented in 1883, which piano experts pronounce "The Greatest Improvement in Pianos in Half a Century. The agency for these Pianos and Organs has been secured for Lowell and vicinity by

GEORGE GARDNER

45 PRESCOTT STREET.

JULY 4th, 1894.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Attention is called to chapter 19, section 1, of the Ordinances of the City of Lowell: "No person shall fire or discharge any gun or firearms within the limits of the city, under a penalty for every such offence not exceeding twenty dollars, provided, however, that this section shall not apply to the use of such weapons at any military exercise or review, or in the lawful defence of persons, family or property of any citizen."

Chief of Police.

Notice is hereby given that the above ordinance, and so much of chapter 102, sections 54 and 55, of the Public Statutes as relates to the discharge of FIREARMS AND FIREWORKS of any description, within the limits of the City of Lowell, before 4 o'clock in the morning of July 4th, 1894, and on the public streets at all hours during the day and night, will be strictly enforced, and all violation of the same will be punished according to said statutes and ordinances.

GEORGE B. DAVIS, Chief of Police.

June 30, 1894.

$5000 WORTH OF TRUNKS,

Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

LOWELL Trunk Manufactory

70-72 Middlesex Street.

Old Wooden Building.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

PULLMAN

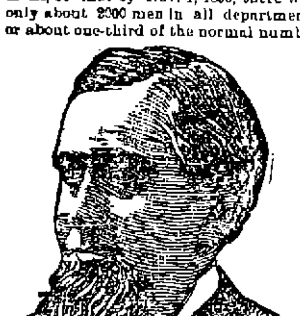
Says He Did All He Could for Employes.

WORDS OF WARNING FROM PRESIDENT DEBS.

Violators of Law Are the Enemies of Labor.

CHICAGO, June 30.—George M. Pullman, president of the Pullman Palace Car company, has issued a comprehensive statement to the public with regard to the efforts of the company to keep its works open and give employment to its men. Among other things he says:

At the commencement of the serious depression last year we were employing at Pullman 5816 men and paying out in wages there $305,000 a month. Negotiations with intending purchasers of railway equipment that were then pending for new work were stopped by them, orders already given by others were cancelled, and we were obliged to lay off a large number of men in every department, so that by Nov. 1, 1893, there were only about 2000 men in all departments, or about one-third of the normal number.



GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

I realized the necessity for the most strenuous exertions to procure work immediately, without which there would be great embarrassment, not only to the employes and their families at Pullman, but also those living in the immediate vicinity, including between 700 and 800 employes who had purchased homes and to whom employment was actually necessary to enable them to complete their payments.

I canvassed the matter thoroughly with the manager of the works, and the result of this discussion was a revision in piece work prices, which, in the absence of any information to the contrary, I supposed to be acceptable to the men under the circumstances. Under these conditions, and with lower prices upon all materials, I personally undertook the work of the letting of cars, and by making lower bids than any other manufacturers, I secured work enough to gradually increase our force from 2200 up to about 4200, the number employed, according to the April payrolls, in all capacities at Pullman.

This result has not been accomplished merely by reduction in wages, but the company has borne its full share by eliminating from its estimates the use of capital and machinery, and, in many cases, even going below that and taking work at considerable loss. During the night of May 10 a strike was decided upon, and accordingly next day about 2500 of the employes quit, leaving about 600 at work, of whom very few were skilled workmen.

As it was found impracticable to keep the shops in operation with a force thus diminished and disorganized, the next day those remaining were necessarily laid off, and no work has since been done in the shops. The payrolls at the time amounted to about $7000 a day, and were reduced $5500 by the strike, so that during the period of a little more than six weeks, which has elapsed, the employes who quit their work have deprived themselves and their comrades of earnings of more than $200,000.

ALL ASKED TO JOIN

In the Railway Union's Fight Against Railroad Companies.

CHICAGO, June 30.—President Debs has issued the following appeal to the railway employes of America: The struggle with the Pullman company has developed into a contest between the producing classes and the money power of the country.

We stand upon the ground that the workingmen are entitled to a just proportion of the proceeds of their labor. This the Pullman company denied them. Reductions had been made from time to time, until the employes earned barely sufficient wages to live, not enough to prevent them from sinking deeper and deeper into Pullman's debt, thereby mortgaging their bodies and souls, as well as their children, to the heartless corporation.

Up to this point the fight was between the American Railway union and the Pullman company. The American Railway union resolved that its members would refuse to handle Pullman cars and equipment. Then the railway corporations came to the rescue and declared to the world that they would go into partnership with the Pullman, so to speak, and stand by him in his devilish work of starving his employes to death.

The American Railway union accepted the gage of war, and thus the contest is now on between the railway corporations united solidly on the one hand and the labor forces on the other.

Every railway employe of the country should take this stand against the corporations in this fight, for if it should be lost corporations will have despotic sway, and all employes will be reduced to a condition scarcely removed above chattel slavery, but the fight will not be lost.

Corporate power, drunk with its own excesses, has presumed too far upon the forbearance of the American people, and, notwithstanding a subsidized press (to which there are many noble exceptions), public sympathy is with the strikers, who are merely contending for the right of their fellow toilers to receive living wages for their work.

I appeal to strikers everywhere to refrain from any act of violence. Let there be no interference with the affairs of the companies, and above all let there be no act of depredation. A man who will destroy property or violate law is an enemy and not a friend of the cause of labor. The great public is with us, and we need only to maintain a dignified, honest, straightforward policy to achieve victory.

An Act of Violence.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The engineer and fireman of an Illinois Central suburban train were driven from an engine yesterday afternoon by a mob of 200 men, who pelted them with rocks and bricks and chased them away. The train was stopped near the crossing at Burnside station. One striker drew the coupling pin connecting the locomotive with the train, and 12 others boarded the cab and forced the engineer and firemen to jump out. As they did so the mob began to pelt them with stones. The engineer and fireman fled for their lives, pursued by a portion of the mob, while others backed the engine into a roundhouse, close at hand, leaving the cars standing on the main track. A short time later a northbound surburban train appeared, and it, too, was stopped, the engine detached and taken to the roundhouse, and the cars left standing on the northbound tracks. The news was sent to the police station, and a force of 25 men hastened to the scene and scattered the mob.

Meat May Go Up.

CHICAGO, June 30.—Many of the commission houses at the yards regard the situation as serious, and have notified their clients in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Texas and other states not to ship stock unless the railroad companies agree to deliver the shipment and to be responsible for long delays or responsible if there are any losses on account of delay. The result is that the shipments have been stopped in many instances and the price of meat is expected to take a rapid jump upward before many days.

Extended to Stock Yards.

CHICAGO, June 30.—All the trainmen at the Union stock yards struck last night, in obedience to Debs' order calling out all American Railway union men. The number of strikers is only 900, but no cars can be switched in or out of the yards, and all are practically at a standstill at the yards. About 6000 men will be thrown out of employment at once.

Threats of Strikers.

TOPEKA, June 30.—General Manager J. J. Fry said regarding the situation on the Santa Fe: "One of our train dispatchers was chased by a mob of about 500 men, and he was compelled to leave the city and flee to the hills to save his life. The mob then notified the chief night train dispatcher that if he went on duty they would kill him."

Railroad Directors' Attitude.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—At a meeting of the officers of the railways centering here, resolutions were adopted declaring that the boycott is unjustifiable and unwarranted; that it is the duty of the railway companies to resist the same in the interest of their existing contracts, and "that we will act unitedly to that end."

A Change at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, June 30.—The attitude of the railroad employes here seems to have undergone a change. It is now believed that should the Pullman strike continue to spread they will consent to join in the the refusal to handle Pullman cars, and it is possible this may happen in the early part of next week.

Buffalo Not Affected.

BUFFALO, June 30.—No effects of the boycott of Pullman cars are apparent here, except that orders have been received to cease selling tickets over certain blockaded railroads. Little through traffic is handled here with Pullman cars, the Wagner coaches carrying the bulk of it.

Will It Hold Good?

KANSAS CITY, June 30.—Judge Phillips, in the United States circuit court, has issued an order restraining the Santa Fe employes from interfering with the running of Pullman cars and admonishing the employes not to quit the service of the company.

Chicago and Alton Tied Up.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills, June 30.—The Pullman boycott struck the Chicago and Alton yesterday, when an order was received for the men to go out upon the Alton's refusal to stop the Pullman service. All is at a standstill in the freight service.

Officials Appear Unconcerned.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The baggagemen at Dearborn street station, the terminus of the Erie, Wabash, Grand Trunk, Eastern Illinois, Western Indiana and Santa Fe roads, have gone out. Officials say they can fill their places in a few hours.

Mails Not Suffering.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Few delays on account of the Pullman boycott were reported to the postoffice department. The story of a total blockade of the mails sent out from Chicago was denied in official dispatches.

To Be Tied Up Today.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The Rock Island road, which is about the only one here to have escaped thus far, will be tied up today. An order to that effect has been issued by President Debs.

Another Line Affected.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—Director Kern of the American Railway union has received word from President Debs that the strike has been declared on the entire Gould system.

Tie-Up Complete.

PORTLAND, Or., June 30.—The tie-up here is complete. Neither the Southern Pacific nor the Northern Pacific are taking out any trains.

Twelve Hundred Out.

KANSAS CITY, June 30.—Twelve hundred Santa Fe men are out in Argentine.

A Doomed Man.

LONDON, June 30.—The correspondent of The Telegraph, at Paris, says that two anarchists, representing themselves to be journalists, visited the man who arrested Santo, when he was trying to escape after stabbing President Carnot. After offering him flattering congratulations they induced him to give them his photograph. They then abandoned their disguise and told him that his fate was sealed.

Inducements to Cyclers.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 30.—The directors of the Springfield Bicycle club have arranged the program for the big annual tournament on Hampden park, Sept. 11 and 12. There will be an unpaced mile record international race in which the starters will be sent off at intervals to prevent pacing or tagging, and a mile invitation record race.

When Will It Be Completed.

PARIS, June 30.—The civil tribunal has ratified the agreement reached by the liquidators of the old Panama Canal company, by which the latter granted to a new company, having a capital of 60,000,000 francs, a concession which enables them to complete the interoceanic waterway.

THE SUN Job Print leads them all. Try us.

BUSINESS

PRICES OF IRON AND STEEL TOO HIGH.

The Cleaning Up Process in Mills Has Been Very Successfully Carried on.

NEW YORK, June 30.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: The great strike of coal miners has ended at most points, but another threatens to interrupt business more seriously for a time, though the number of hands engaged is comparatively small. Travel and traffic are well nigh arrested on about 20 western roads already, and strikes are threatened on all roads who use Pullman cars.

The resumption of work in mines and mills has made good progress, but the demand for products is as yet smaller and less urgent than was expected. Buyers apparently wait for lower prices of iron and steel products, which manufacturers are slow to give, in view of the increased cost of materials and production.

Shipments of boots and shoes from Boston were smaller for the week than last year, but for four weeks of June were 343,822 cases against 328,142 last year.

Waiting For Tariff Settlement.

Textile manufacturers are much embarrassed by the near approach of probable change in the tariff, the effect of which cannot yet be calculated. In spite of this reason for deferring orders and purchases, the number of mills quitting work is not yet as large as was expected, for there appears a little more demand from clothiers and jobbers.

The cleaning-up process has been accelerated with success by concessions in some cotton goods, but fall orders are still limited and the accumulation of goods continues.

Somewhat better orders in woolens, particularly in low-priced all-wool goods, and in clay diagonals and worsted cheviots, though not large in amount, give hope of larger trade. But the mills are buying cautiously, and sales of wool fell below last year 2,788,700 pounds for the week, against 3,142,900.

In four weeks of June two years ago sales were 23,760,250 pounds, last year only 9,759,370 and this year 11,657,784 pounds. Growers and other holders of wool seem disposed to demand higher prices than can now be paid, but receipts from the interior are liberal, and exceed the present demand.

Wheat has declined 3 cents, the year closing with insignificant exports, for four weeks of June only 2,920,620 bushels from Atlantic ports, against 9,917,549 last year, while western recipts have been 5,620,830 for the same weeks, against 8,910,942 last year, a much smaller decrease.

Corn has declined 7-8 cent, receipts being larger than of wheat, and a heavy crop is expected.

Pork products are also a shade lower. Cotton has yielded a sixteenth, as speculation against the enormous stocks in sight grows tiresome.

The Failures.

No correct statement of failures for June or the half year is yet possible, but our weekly returns show gratifying improvement over last year. In June the failures have been about 950 and in the half year about 7100. The aggregate has been $13,183,465 against $13,515,760 in May, $8,816,662 in April and $90,498,366 in the half year. The classified returns show about $41,000,000 of manufacturing and $52,000,000 of trading liabilities.

In Canada the failures, part of June lacking, were 1032, and the commercial liabilities over $9,000,000, about $6,200,000 being of trading concerns.

This week the failures have been 214 in the United States, against 307 and 35 in Canada, against 27 last year. Of late the number and importance of failures have increased a little, as is usual near the close of a half year.

Gubernatorial Plums.

BOSTON, June 30.—At a meeting of the executive council Governor Greenhalge made these nominations: Board of registration of physicians and surgeons—Edward J. Forster of Boston, seven years; Walter P. Bowers of Clinton, four years; Augustus C. Walker of Greenfield, one year; L. B. Whittier of Fitchburg, five years; S. H. Blodgett of Cambridge, three years; C. Edwin Miles of Boston, two years; Angustus I. Chase of Randolph, six years. Member of dairy bureau, Calvin L. Hartshorn of Worcester. Prison commissioner, J. Warren Bailey of Somerville. Commissioner of nautical training school, Joseph Fyffe, U. S. N., of Charlestown.

Vermont Sons of Veterans.

MORRISVILLE, Vt., June 30.—The 12th annual encampment, Vermont division, Sons of Veterans, was brought to a close yesterday. These officers were elected: Commander, Frank L. Greene, St. Albans; senior vice commander, Frank W. Sault, West Randolph; junior vice commander, H. L. Colegrove, Underhill; delegate at large to national encampment, W. E. Terrell, Underwood.

A Type-Setting Machine Muddle.

NEW YORK, June 30.—Judge Lacombe has granted a preliminary injunction against the Monoline Composing company, restraining them from manufacturing or selling their type-setting machines. The application for the injunction was made by the Mergenthaler Linotype company, the original patentees of such type-setting machines.

Favorite Resort For Suicides.

NEW YORK, June 30.—A Central park policeman yesterday found G. D. Fisher laid on the grass with a bullet wound in the left breast. Another policeman found an unknown man with a bullet wound at the back of the left ear.

Loss of Half a Million.

BROOKLYN, June 30.—Woodruff's stores were gutted by fire yesterday. It is difficult to get a correct estimate of the loss, but it will reach at least $500,000. At least two firemen were killed and two were seriously injured.

No Public Bequests.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—The will of ex-Lieutenant Governor Lapham was admitted to probate yesterday. No public bequests were made. The value of the property is estimated at $1,500,000.

Accepted by Deputies.

ROME, June 30.—The chamber of deputies by a vote of 180 to 74 adopted the entire financial proposals of the government.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION Of Yesterday.

DICKINSON SUED

Ed. McNamara Puts in a Claim for $15,000.

WRIT RETURNABLE IN SUPERIOR COURT IN AUGUST.

What is Said About the Trouble of a License.

The following attachments have been recorded at the office of the registry of deeds: Edward J. McNamara against Watson A. Dickinson in the sum of $10,000 and another in the sum of $5000.

"Ned O'" McNamara is the ex-janitor of the city hall and was reported to be a worker for republican wire pullers.

Watson A. Dickinson, whose property is attached, is a republican alderman who granted or was supposed to have granted some licenses this spring.

"Ned O'" applied for a license and it is said put up his "stuff" to get it. He fitted up a place and was already to open up.

He hasn't opened yet, for he didn't get a license.

It is said also that Alderman Dickinson is the man who was to give "Ned O'" his license.

Alderman Dickinson didn't give him one it is known.

The attachment has been made, Hon. J. H. Morrison's name appearing on the records as McNamara's counsel. There are two actions mentioned, one of tort and the other of contract.

It is alleged that some one "saw" Alderman Dickinson and as a result of the "seeing" Ned O. was to land. He went to the expense of putting in a bar and fixtures. It is to recover damages for this expense and it is alleged for another expense that he sues.

The writ is returnable at the Superior court on the first Monday of August.

It is rumored that the firm of Marshall, Burke and Marshall will be retained by Alderman Dickinson.

It is also rumored that an attempt at a settlement was made unsuccessfully.

WILL DROP FOSS.

THIS IS THE TALK ON THE STREET TO-DAY.

Question is Who Will Mayor Pickman Appoint as the Third Member of the License Commission?

The senate knocked out the Foss bill, so called, yesterday, that is to say the bill which was to give Ether S. Foss the power to sit on the license commission.

Senator Shaw was to move a reconsideration of the vote today, but had not done so up till noon.

A prominent republican said this noon that Mayor Pickman will drop Mr. Foss rather than have his eligibility become a question upon which the attorney general was to pass.

STRIKE IS SPREADING.

Railway Men Continue to Refuse to Handle Pullman Cars.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CINCINNATI, June 29.—Five thousand railroad men went out on strike at noon. Across the river at Covington the men will refuse to brake Pullman cars.

Supt. Debs of the American union, at San Francisco, today reports a tie up on every road save Southern Pacific.

All roads centering at Denver are tied up save the Sante Fe road.

Suburban trains in Chicago are running all right today.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The election of officers of the Young Men's Catholic Institute, last evening, was a lively contest. About 125 members were present, and the election resulted as follows:

President, Daniel J. O'Brien; vice president, Timothy F. O'Sullivan; recording secretary, Wm. Cogger; financial secretary, Joseph Angelo; treasurer, Rev. J. J. Dacey, O. M. I.; board of directors, James Burns, George Clark, Jeremiah Leary; literary committee, John King, John Clark, Wm. Buckley; board of examiners, Felix E. McCaffrey, Arthur McQuade, Joseph Meaney, Thomas McGinn, Wm. Sullivan; marshal, Thomas F. Quinn.

Bay State Colony, Pilgrim Fathers, elected the following officers last evening: Governor, O. C. Johnson; lieutenant governor, Mrs. Wm. Sawyer; chaplain, Mrs. Mary Tighe; sergeant-at-arms, Frank E. Sands; deputy sergeant-at-arms, Mrs. Geo. Bills; sentinel of inner gates, Mrs. Benjamin Williams; sentinel of outer gates, Wm. F. Sawyer; pianist, C. E. Corbett.

The Odd Ladies elected the following officers: Past lady, Mrs. Watson; noble lady, Mrs. Tuttle; vice lady, Mrs. Farnham; chaplain, Mrs. Gilman; recording secretary, Mrs. Schoolcraft; financial secretary, Mrs. Samuels; lady reporter, Mrs. Simpson; treasurer, Mrs. Collins; senior warden, Mrs. Symonds; junior warden, Mrs. Scott; conductor, Mrs. Bruce; guardian, Mrs. Winters.

Court Gen. Shields elected officers as follows: Chief ranger, John Hanley; sub-chief, Michael Moran; treasurer, John J. Lee; recording secretary, Thomas A. Green; financial secretary, James R. Sullivan; senior woodward, Michael Coen; junior woodward, Thomas Moss; senior beadle, Joseph Clare; junior beadle, James A. Lang.

The Burke's auxiliary will be governed as follows: President, James N. Miskella; vice president, Miss Mary O'Neill; recording secretary, Miss Mary Conway; financial secretary, Miss Annie Coughlin; treasurer, Miss Agnes Madden; trustees, Frank Clark, James F. Miskella, Agnes Madden, Edward Looney and Susie Donohoe; board of examiners, Alice Mahan, Thomas Keegan, Annie Carmichael and Wm. Daly; literary committee, John Tierney, Ella Fahey and Katie O'Donnell.

Loyal Wamesit lodge, M.U.O.F., elected the following officers last evening: Noble grand, John S. Jackson; vice grand, Robt. E. Murphy; elective secretary, Edward F. Leith; permanent secretary, John Orrell; treasurer, Isaac Tinker; warden, William Sharp; inside guard, J. C. Etiene; delegate to district meeting at Fall River, John Orrell; installing officer, P. F., G. McStewart McKay.

Washington Commandery elected these officers: Noble commander, Arthur L. Gray; vice commander, Annie V. Hibbard; prelate, Emma J. Richardson; keeper of records, George W. Poore; financial keeper of records, Harry Gray; treasurer, L. H. Butterfield; herald, Charles D. Bachelder; inner guard, Mrs. A. J. Howe; outer guard, Albert J. Ryan; past noble commander, Frank A. Carlson.

MILL VACATION.

TREMONT & SUFFOLK MILLS WILL SHUT DOWN.

Movement May Become General in the City—What the Agents Have to Say.

The Tremont & Suffolk mills will shut down on Tuesday evening next and start up again on the 18th of July, making a vacation of ten days.

Supt. Southworth said this afternoon that he knew of no proposition to close the mills next week.

Agent Cumnock was not in his office.

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY.

GOES INTO THE LEGISLATURE FOR A SECOND TIME.

New Bill Introduced This Afternoon in An Amended Form—Gov. Greenhalge Sent Down a Special Message.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 29.—A new bill was ready to be introduced in the legislature this afternoon for the Bell Telephone company, asking for an increase in capital stock of $80,000,000. This is identical with the former one except it is amended to allow of the sale of stock by auction. It was not known at noon in which branch the bill would be introduced.

Gov. Greenhalge sent a special message to the house asking for an appropriation to extend one wing of the state prison to build 60 separate working cells in which to confine incorrigible prisoners. The governor had a conference with the prison commissioners today. He believes in the Philadelphian system, wherein each prisoner works alone.

In the house Mr. Bliss of West Springfield obtained leave to introduce a bill to allow political parties to photograph voters at the polls in the interests of their party. The resolve to allow municipal investigation of the Ward 17 frauds was engrossed.

SOLON W. STEVENS

No Longer Internal Revenue Collector for This District.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 29.—Collector Donovan has revoked Solon W Stevens' commission as internal revenue collector. [Mr. Stevens belongs in Lowell.]

Vigilant's First Race.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

GLASGOW, June 29.—The Vigilant's first race on the Clyde will be for the Queen's cup July 7th.

Pleasant Church Picnics.

The members of the Kirk street church Sunday school to the number of 200 enjoyed a picnic at Willow Dale, yesterday. The program of sports included sack race, onion race, doughnut race, egg race, 100 yards dash, three legged race, ladies' and men's boat races, and a tug of war between the married and unmarried men. Music was furnished by McElroy's orchestra. The affair was a decided success and great credit is due Supt. Southworth and Treasurer Myers to whose untiring efforts the success of the occasion was due.

The Fifth Street Baptist church held a picnic at Mountain Rock, yesterday, and an enjoyable time was had by the large number who attended.

The members of the Central, Highland and St. Paul's Methodist churches held a delightful union picnic at Bailey's grove, Haggett's pond, yesterday. Over 400 people were present during the day, 19 barges being used to convey them back and forth. The churches were designated by the national colors, red, white and blue. The great event of the day was the base ball game between the St. Paul's nine and the Highland-Central nine. The game was won by the former team by a score of 20 to 7. The other events were won as follows:

Ladies' boat race, Miss Emma Coote, Central, first; Miss Mamie Goudale, St. Paul's second.

Men's boat race, Will Thomas, Highland, first; Thomas Atkinson, Central, second.

Boys' boat race, George Murkland, Highland, first; Fairfield Sawyer, St. Paul's, second.

Boys' potato race, James Charles, first, and Fairfield Sawyer, second, both of St. Paul's.

Girls' egg race, Miss Katie Riley, St. Paul's.

Ladies' egg race, Miss Lilla Holgate, St. Paul's.

100 yards dash, Will Thomas and Rupert Brissett, both of the Highland.

Fat men's race, O. E. Underhill, Highland, first; George Patten, St. Paul's, second.

Pie eating contest, C. S. Mansur, St. Paul's.

There was also a tug-of-war in which a team representing St. Paul's church won from one representing the Highlands, and another in which the Centrals won from the St. Paul's, the Centrals team being adjudged the winners of the triangular contest.

Refreshments were served during the day.

The Poker Case Decision.

Judge Hadley gave his decision in the poker case of Anthony Keefe against the members of the so-called Alpha club, today, finding for the plaintiff.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Leach of Fourth street are happy over the birth of a daughter.

There will be a meeting of the Immaculate Conception temperance society at the Y. M. C. I. hall, next Tuesday evening, when the annual election of officers will take place.

Marriage Intentions.

The following intentions were recorded at the city clerk's office to-day:

Auguste Simon 22, to Annie Martel 19.
Harry J. Gordon 37, to Nellie W. Carl 28.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, June 30th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department.

Gentlemen's List.

Barker, Tom
Bagley, Wm
Bennett, L P
Blanchard, A
Bonin, Jos
Buckminster, Rollin
Cunningham, Chas
Chon, Harry
Clark, George
Card, Ed H
Carr, Joseph
Dupuis, Daniel
Dunn, Frank J
Desmarais, N
Descoteau, Anselme
Drew, Wallace
Dunault, Paul
Erikson, Anders
El Hauman, Geo N
Fumelart, L
Fernley, Wm
Fox, Fred H
Foss, Gillis I Dr
Gushanson, A S
Gibson, Wm
Goodspeed, T H
Gosselin, A
Howes, C S
Hanchet, Chas
Hirbert, G
Hilton, D W
Hubbard, James H
Hughes, J J
Jones, Oliver E
Joly, Alphonse
Kelley, P
Knowles, John
Lashey, John P
Lord, Ludger
Lefevre, David
Leborgne, Edward
Lund, Frank M
McGovern, Thomas
Mernier, Emile
Meul, Joseph
McKeon, C
Monks, John
Morris, Robert J
Mussey, Frank K
Murphy, J H
Myron, W H
Mulley, James
Nowell, A J
Powell, James
Ryan, Michael
Shattuck, Jos
Scales, T L
Stevenson, Edward
Stebbins, M D
Smith, Robert
Vosburgh, Walter H 2
Williston, John B

Ladies' List.

Bartlett, Mrs A
Beaulieu, Mrs Henriette
Berry, Mrs E E
Best, Assunta
Boucher, Mrs Napoleon
Callaghan, Miss Katie
Calkins, Miss Addie T
Clough, Mrs Eliza
Dyke, Mrs J Addie
Daley, Mrs Mary
Dion, Delle Jenny
Doherty, Mrs Delia
Durkee, Miss Lydia
Folsom, Miss Maud G
Fawcett, Mary Ann
Fales, Miss Julia B
Girard, Marie
Griffin, Mrs Ella
Gillick, Miss Katie
Gene, Mrs Alice
Grimes, Miss Matilda
Healey, Mrs Frances
Howarth, Ann
Holden, Miss Clara D
Hupple, Melle Marie
Hunter, Miss Jesse
Ingalls, Mrs L E
Knowlton, Mrs B S
Labonte, Dame Severe
Ladd, Mrs Allice
Lane, Miss Eugenie
Levasseur, Miss Susie
Lewis, Mrs Lucy
Lovering, Mrs Lizzie
Murray, Mrs M A
Morse, Mrs Lydia
Morton, Mrs E Lena
Miller, Mrs E B
Meandre, Marie
McDonald, Mrs W
McCarthy, Miss
McNabb, Miss Gertie
McInerney, Mrs Sarah
McMahon, Annie
Mahoney, Mrs Margaret 2
Nadow, Miss Melvina
Nevins, Miss Mary
Nichols, Mrs S D
Openshaw, Miss Annie
O'Neil, Miss Kate
Pereira, Maria
Reilly, Mary
Richard, Miss Minnie
Riley, Miss Julia
Roke, Miss Margaret
Sargent, Mrs Mary A
St Arnauld Dame Azari
Sanger, Miss Blanche
Sweeney, Mrs Bridget
Smith, Mrs Aleathor
Smith, Miss Mary
Snow, Miss Mary
Taylor, Mrs Martha 2
Thoreson, Miss Lena
Vernon, Mrs Minnie
Walls, Miss Lucy E 2
Wilson, Mrs Fanny
Wilson, Mrs George
Whitney, Miss Julia
Wood, Mrs Vira P
Yetton, Mrs Laura A

From April 1, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

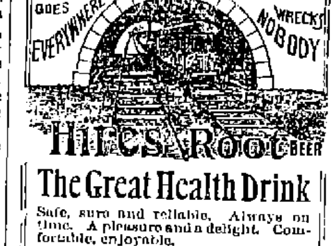
I like IVORINE WASHING powder very much and consider the cake of TOILET SOAP enclosed in each package worth more than the price of whole package.

MRS. F. A. SPRINGER, Sanford, Me.

IVORINE WASHING POWDER

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.

For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.



The Great Health Drink

Safe, sure and reliable. Always on time. A pleasure and a delight. Comfortable, enjoyable.

HIRES' Rootbeer

A 25c. pkg. makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Send 2c. stamp for beautiful picture cards and book. The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.

Of Course You Will

Want one of those Crystal Vases we are offering at one half price at our store for the week ending June 30. We have them all the way from 19c. up.

The Vases are of handsome patterns, well made, and of the best material. They are all sizes and styles.

In this season of flowers and roses, a couple of these Vases will be found invaluable. Come in and look them over.

French & Puffer,

245 Central Street.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

One of the best GOLD HEART FLOUR, $4.75 per barrel, 65c. per bag.

A 10c. box of Boston Baking Powder given away with every bag or barrel sold this month. We recommend it.

Just received another lot of Old Fashioned Dried Apples only 5c. per lb.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 485.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-8, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH, Proprietor

Quality, Quantity, Delicacy, Purity, Strength.

ALL YOURS

— if you get —

Knapp's ROOTBEER EXTRACT

One trial will convince any one that it is surely The Best.

At Grocers and Druggists, 25c.

CLEVELAND WHEELS.

Callahan & Sanborn

Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

History of a Pain.

Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER ended it, as it ends all pain.

Dose.—One teaspoonful in half glassful of water or milk (warm if convenient).

WANT COLUMN

Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—At Middlesex Village a tenement of six rooms and barn with large yard. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merr'k and Bridge streets.

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1500. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 177 Merrimack street, F. P. Lee, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 434 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 434 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $25 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 131 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house; would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

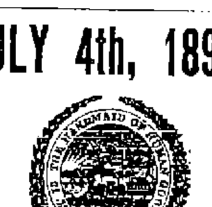
THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANO

Is characterized by that same Highest Standard of Excellence which has achieved a reputation for the Mason & Hamlin Organ as the standard of the world. The Mason & Hamlin Piano is constructed on an improved method of stringing, invented and patented in 1883, which piano experts pronounce "The Greatest Improvement in Pianos in Half a Century. The agency for these Pianos and Organs has been secured for Lowell and vicinity by

GEORGE GARDNER

45 PRESCOTT STREET.

JULY 4th, 1894.



TO THE PUBLIC:

Attention is called to chapter 19, section 1, of the Ordinances of the City of Lowell: "No person shall fire or discharge any gun or firearms within the limits of the city, under a penalty for every such offence not exceeding twenty dollars, provided, however, that this section shall not apply to the use of such weapons at any military exercise or review, or in the lawful defence of persons, family or property of any citizen."

Chief of Police.

Notice is hereby given that the above ordinance, and so much of chapter 102, sections 54 and 55, of the Public Statutes as relates to the discharge of FIREARMS AND FIREWORKS of any description, within the limits of the City of Lowell, before 4 o'clock in the morning of July 4th, 1894, and on the public streets at all hours during the day and night, will be strictly enforced, and all violation of the same will be punished according to said statutes and ordinances.

GEORGE B. DAVIS, Chief of Police.
June 30, 1894.

$5000 WORTH OF TRUNKS,

Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

LOWELL Trunk Manufactory

70-72 Middlesex Street.

Old Wooden Building.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year $3.00 - - - Per Month. 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 39	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 55	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 06	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 33
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 44
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 28	7 15	6 15	7 28
§6 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 56
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 30	8 25
8 15	9 18	8 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 23
3 25	4 30	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 26	5 03	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 16
§6 55	8 03	6 35	7 45
§9 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 30	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 20	11 45	12 56
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 26
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

PLAYED OUT.

The idea that any kind of a paper will do for one cent, is played out. The reader who buys a cent paper is entitled to his money's worth. We give it to you by printing the news, the whole news and nothing but the news.

THE Foss bill has been killed by the senate. Try again, Mr. Mayor.

THE LEGISLATURE dies hard. Massachusetts is a wonderful place for legislative longevity.

THE SENATE bill is now complete and the question comes on its passage. All in favor say aye p.—q.

SENATOR HILL'S opposition to the income tax had no other effect than to solidify the democrats in its favor.

PRESIDENT CARNOT wished that he might be succeeded by Casimir Perier and by the irony of fate his wish has been fulfilled by his own assassination.

PRES. ELIOT took occasion on commencement day to compliment Mr. Greenhalge for killing the telephone bill. He likes to dwell upon the best deeds of some of his best graduates.

THE RETURNS made on statements in accordance with the statutes show that the cost of the state election in 1892 was a round half million dollars. How much of this was for legitimate work?

Governor Greenhalge must have had trouble with "Central" at some time or other.—Nashua Telegraph.

Yes Central wanted to use both ends of the line and be paid for so doing.

NEW ENGLAND would be satisfied, it seems, with a higher tariff on carpets than that proposed by the Wilson bill. Why not try the effect of free wool before making any other radical change in the woolen schedule?

LAWRENCE is getting ready a lot of red lemonade at 5 cents a glass for Lowell people on the Fourth. Do they imagine we're country folks going to a circus? We're used to something better than lemonade and peanuts.

THE NEW Meigs bill has been introduced in the senate and will be referred to the people of Boston. It is an improvement upon the original bill, and the use of the referendum will prove the best way of deciding the matter.

THE BELL Telephone company is to make another attempt to get that $30,000,000. The chief change in the new bill is that the stock is to be sold at auction. That bill should be killed also. The legislature ought to go home.

THE REMOVAL of the statue of Liberty on Monument square is one that concerns all citizens. Every citizen is interested in the sacred dust of Ladd and Whitney, the protomartyrs of the war, there entombed, but their memory is not honored by such a burlesque upon art.

MORE AND more as the days pass is Gov. Greenhalge praised for his veto of the Bell Telephone bill. It shows that he is not in favor of special legislation in favor of monopolies, and that he can be relied up. on to protect the interests of the masses. His veto of the Telephone bill will be one of the brightest pages in the record of his administration.

IT IS well that some citizen of Lowell had the liberality to offer a free site for the new normal school. The location may not be the best; but the offer is nevertheless to be appreciated. It is not often that any Lowell citizen shows so much public spirit. The great trouble with Lowell in this regard is, that the owners of her principal factories reside outside the city, and have no interest in her affairs further than their dividends are concerned.

EXCITING SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

The house of commons and the sycophants of royalty were shocked at the vigorous protest of Mr. Hardie, on Thursday, against the motion to offer congratulations to the queen on the birth of an heir to the Duke of York. Mr. Hardie was unsparing in his denunciation of the fripperies of royalty. He was even more severe than was Henry Labouchere in denouncing royal grants. It is but a short time since such expressions of opinion would be regarded as rank treason. But the world moves and gradually the thraldom of reigning dynasties is disappearing. They are steadily becoming more democratic.

IT IS not often that anybody feels disposed to drown a boy, but there are times and occasions in which the actions of the average urchin suggests that extreme penalty. There was such an occasion the other day, when a couple of urchins from sheer deviltry raised an alarm of a boy drowned, knowing it to be false, and gathered a crowd of rescuers to the scene. When divers failed to find any boy, they went to break the sad news to the drowned boy's parents. The mother heard the intelligence of her boy's death with strange complacency and then called her son "Johnny" who was supposed to be drowned, and he served as a living witness to the falsity of the report. The men who were deceived thought it was a pity that the boy who had fooled them had not been drowned instead of "Johnny."

It is all very well to talk about police corruption in New York and all that sort of thing. Bribery is very wicked where a policeman is concerned, but are the alleged respectable business men who bribed the police in order that they might violate the law, one whit better than the man who took the money?—Haverhill Gazette.

How's that? Suppose the whole list of witnesses who gave such detailed evidence to the Lexow committee would be adjudged guilty of a criminal offence. Jemmy wouldn't they howl when sentenced on their own statements. If those who offer bribes for the granting of liquor licenses are amenable to the law why not those who bribe policemen for connivance at violations of various laws? What a fix these people may find themselves in some day.

IT IS strange the circuit court should refuse naturalization papers to Japanese because they are, without exception, by far the most progressive of Asiatic tribes. They furthermore come here and copy the laws and institutions of the country; they copy our factories and bring Americans to Japan to establish industries. They are a better class of immigrants than many who come from Europe and it is rank injustice to put them under the Chinese ban. They are a 1000 years in advance of the Chinese. The naturalization act draws the line at the colored and on this ground the Japs are excluded. If any exception should be made or any modification in the provisions of the act, it should be in favor of allowing the Japanese to become citizens same as whites.

THE WEAVERS bill will become law but no new inspectors will be appointed to enforce its provisions.

NO CELEBRATION on the Fourth. Let everybody go to Lawrence.

LIONS AND TIGERS.

How They Differ In Strength, Quickness, Fierceness and Cunning.

It is the opinion of tamers that the tiger is more to be feared than the lion. One will kill a man with as much ease as the other, but the lion gives fair warning of his murderous intention by rushing at his victim with a roar, whereas the tiger, true representative of the cat tribe, comes sneaking up with the semblance of an affectionate pur, only to set his fangs, with sudden spring, into the very life of his victim. The lion has somewhat greater muscular power than the tiger, but the latter has greater quickness. In intelligence they are about equal.

If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease, but if the lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction and were allowed to exert his strength in backing he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling. A lion springing through the air from a distance of six feet would knock down a horse or bullock with a single blow of his forearm, backed by the momentum of his 300 pounds weight.

A full grown lion in the jungles will jump 25 or 30 feet on the level from a running start. In captivity the same lion would clear a distance about half as great. A lion can jump over a fence 8 or 10 feet high, but not at a bound. He catches first with his fore legs and drags his body after him. I have repeatedly watched the lion Yellow Prince jump over the tigers with a bound which would have cleared an obstacle 4 or 5 feet above the floor. Tigers will jump a trifle higher than this. But of all wild animals the leopards are the greatest jumpers, being able to hurl their lithe and beautiful bodies, curled up almost into a ball, extraordinary heights. They bound with ease, for instance, from the floor of the cage so as to touch a ceiling 12 feet high.

For a short distance a lion or a tiger can outrun a man and can equal the speed of a fast horse, but they lose their wind at the end of half a mile at the most. They have little endurance and are remarkably weak in lung power. Their strength is the kind which is capable of a terrific effort for a short time. It would take six men to hold a lion down, even after his legs were tied so that he could not use his paws.—Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine.

Fluctuations.

"I understand there is no such sudden rising and falling in real estate in your section as there used to be."

"No, we haven't had a real smart earthquake in more than a year."—Detroit Tribune.

A SURGEON'S KNIFE

gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that

RUPTURE or Breach, is now *radically* cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

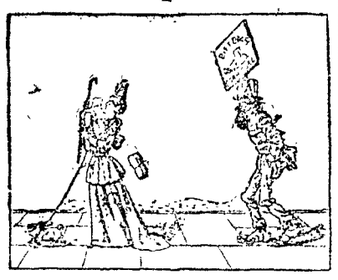
STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 19 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

SUNBEAMS.

Misplaced Gallantry.

I.



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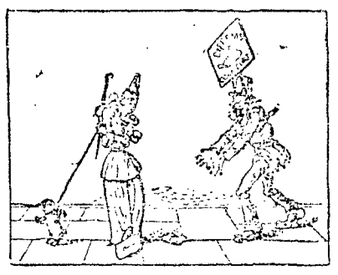

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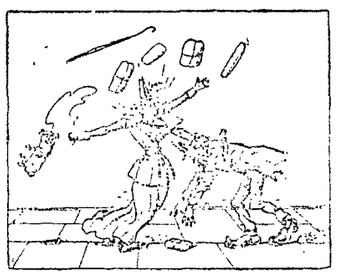

IV.

—Scribner's Magazine.

No Chance to Call Him.

Inquisitive people sometimes find satisfaction in catechising little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious bodies of Lockport recently fared:

"Hello, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as dad's," said the boy.

"What's your dad's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me to breakfast."

"Why don't they?"

"'Cause I allus git there first."—Quips.

WHERE IT WAS.

She Saved the $10, but Blobbs Didn't See It.

It was late when Mr. Blobbs got up yesterday morning, and he hustled around his bedroom like a wild man. When it came time to put on his trousers, he plunged into a wardrobe and pulled down all the garments that were on the hooks. Then he fell on his knees and pawed the pile over nervously. He handled every garment twice and did not find what he wanted. He swore three separate and distinct times and then shouted, "Mary!"

There was no reply. Blobbs poked his head out of the door and yelled again, "Mary!"

"What is it, dear?" asked some one at the rear end of the flat.

"Come here, and get a move on too."

Mrs. Blobbs came into the room. Her face was flushed from breakfast preparations and there was a frown on her nose. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Where's them gray pants of mine?"

"What gray pants?"

"Them gray ones that's been hanging in that closet for two months."

"Aren't they in there?"

"No; they ain't in there. Now, what have you done with them?"

"Were they gray, with a little red stripe in them?"

"You know well enough that they were. Don't stand there chewing about them any longer. Where are they?"

"Gray ones with red stripes," mused Mrs. Blobbs. "I'm sure I don't know—oh, yes, I do too. I traded them to a man for a lovely kettle."

"You what?" gasped Mr. Blobbs.

"Traded them for a kettle. You didn't want them, did you?"

Mr. Blobbs was so mad that he frothed at the mouth. He raved and shouted around the room. He kept this up for 10 minutes. Then he saw that Mrs. Blobbs didn't care and he tried other tactics. "I'm sorry you sold them," he said, "not because I needed them but because you did yourself an injury."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Blobbs interestedly.

"Why, I had $10 in one of the pockets of those pants that I was going to use to get you a birthday present next week. I kept it here so I would have no opportunity to spend it. Now aren't you sorry you sold the pants?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mrs. Blobbs sweetly, for she saw through the scheme immediately. "You see, I went through the pockets and found the money. I went shopping with it yesterday."

Do you wonder that Blobbs would not eat his breakfast?—Buffalo Express.

Dogs In War.

A very interesting history might be written of the part played by living creatures, other than human beings, in war. As far as we are aware, no convention or conference has pronounced either for or against this means of injuring an enemy. Where dogs are used as sentinels, or pigeons in carrying dispatches, the injury done by the dumb creatures is not direct. The service rendered to their own side may be no less great than that of the geese which saved the capital or of the dog which foiled Aurangzeb in his siege of Golconda and was rewarded with a golden collar, but in neither of these cases is the attack confided to bird or animal.

But dogs have been used, and by ourselves, to attack an enemy. The Celts used them, the Gauls used them, Columbus used them. Queen Elizabeth is said to have given Essex 600 fighting dogs for purposes of war, and late in the eighteenth century 100 bloodhounds were landed in Jamaica by our government to attack the Maroons. Fortunately it was destined that the disgrace of using them should be spared us, for the enemy, hearing of the dogs, surrendered without a blow.

Effectively as dogs may be trained to destroy human beings, it has been well said in this connection that, in the words of Pascal, "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connoist pas."—Saturday Review.

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EXCURSION TO LAWRENCE, July 4th.

The steamer "Startled Fawn" will leave Varnum's Landing (Belle Grove) on the morning of the Fourth at 5 and 7 o'clock, arriving in Lawrence in time for the Horribles parade.

Regular trips to Lawrence at 10 and 12 a. m., 3, 5 and 7 p. m. Returning at 9 and 11 a. m., 2, 4 and 6 p. m.

FARE, (Round Trip), 25 CENTS.

Teacher of Music.

Miss Ethel O'Heir is now forming classes for Piano and Organ. For further particulars call at

COR. LANE AND HORN STS. (No. 68)

N. B.—Would accept position as organist at reasonable terms.

MULLIN & WINSLOW,

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At Summer Prices

1018 Gorham Street.

Telephone 21-6.

Great Removal Sale.

We are about to remove to more commodious quarters and find it necessary to close out our present stock of Harnesses of every description. The greatly reduced prices will place our stock within reach of everybody in need of Harnesses. Have leased for a term of years the "Old Brabrook Stand," established in 1827.

J. C. DONOVAN,
57 Market street.

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GROCER.

446 Gorham Street.

Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour, the best in the city.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

AFRICA AND COLUMBUS.

But His Unwilling Listener Wasn't Interested.

In the waiting-room of the Fort Street depot the other afternoon there was a man with a satchel between his feet, who was nodding and napping and now and then almost jerking his hat off as his head bobbed forward or back. By and by an old man with a long goatee and a benign expression of countenance went over to him and slapped him on the knee and said:

"Stranger, I feel just like talkin with some one. Hev you ever been in Africa?"

"Did you hit me on the leg?" demanded the sleeper as he roused up.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll thank you to keep your paws off'n me. How dare you come over and hit me?"

"I jest teched you lightly to wake you up. Have you ever been in Africa?"

"Africa! Africa! None o' your business, sir! What right had you to come over here and paw me around?"

"I didn't paw! If you are so mighty pertickler that a man can't tech you on the knee, you'd better git in a corner. How would anybody go to Africa from Detroit?"

"In a balloon, if he wanted to!" growled the man with the satchel as he rose up and took another seat.

"How fur is it?" asked the old man as he followed him and stood before him.

"You go away from me, or there'll be a row!"

"Littin mad, eh? That's the way with some folks. They can't even answer a civil question. I n glad I haven't got to ask you fur a match or a chaw of terbacker. Why can't you answer a feller about Africa?"

"What in Texas do I know about Africa?" shouted the other.

"Hain't you never been there?"

"No, of course not."

"Waal, you needn't snap my head off! I've had a hundred different men ask me if I'd been in Africa, and I never got mad about it. It hain't agin a man that he was never in Africa. That country is a long ways off, and we can't git away from home every day in the week. I was jest a-wonderin about Columbus. Must have bin a joyful hour fur him when he diskivered America, eh?"

"What has Columbus got to do with me?" howled the touchy man.

"There you go agin! If I had your fat on me, I'd be afraid of the apoplexy. You'll git so mad you'll bust some day. What did Columbus have to do with you? That's a purty answer for a grown man to make."

"I want you to go away."

"Yes, I know, but I want to talk a little first. What was the date of the discovery of America?"

"I don't care when it was."

"You don't, eh? Perfectly indifferent as to whether America was discovered or not? Some men love their country and are willing to die fur her, while some others don't keer a continental whether they live in America or the cannibal islands.

"If you don't go away from me, I'll twist your old goatee!" said the man who had been pawed as he rose up and assumed a threatening attitude.

"Yes of course," replied the other. "Just because we can't agree you want to do me bodily injury. Waal, I don't want no row and I'll go away. I don't want to talk to no man who don't want to talk to me. I could tell you more about Columbus in 10 minits than you have learned in 40 years, but you don't want to hear it. You want to go around wonderin whether you belong to Kamchatka or the United States."

He went off and sat down, but presently returned to add:

"And, say, if I ever catch you in my town, I'll hop right on to you and lick you blind in two minits!"

Then he sat down, pulled an 1894 almanac from his coattail pocket and was soon deeply immersed in the moon's phases.—Detroit Free Press.

COST IS SLIGHT.

Expert Medical Treatment Available to All.

Many Advantages of Dr. Pearson's Light-Fee System for the Care of the Sick—$3 a Month, Including Medicines, the Only Charge.

Have you ever thought how little it costs to accomplish a cure of any chronic disease with Drs. Pearson and Carroll? No drug bill to pay. No $3 to $5 visits to pay for. No expensive examinations to be charged extra. Three dollars a month covers everything. Suppose it takes five months—$15. How long could you take treatment with your family physician for $15, counting your drug bills? Drs. Pearson and Carroll are curing others; they can cure you. Why not go have a talk with them? It will cost you nothing for careful examination and professional advice. Can you afford to neglect your health when the cost of a cure is so slight? Don't abuse the choicest blessing of life. Don't allow disease to run on until it reaches an incurable stage. Don't put off this matter a single day. Start now and get rid of the trouble while the conditions are favorable.

STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

Mr. Garrison's Case Proves That the Cures Effected by Dr. Pearson Are Permanent.

Many will recall the announcement one year ago of the remarkable cure of Mr. Amos Garrison, of Tewksbury, after years of suffering from acute dyspepsia. His friends will be pleased and the public interested to hear that his cure has proved permanent and that he is still in excellent health.

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

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HAMMOCKS,

All makes, colors, and sizes.

Ice Cream Freezers.

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Lawn Swings and Mowers, Express Wagons, Base Balls and Bats, Bicycles, etc.

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Attorney at Law.
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New Faces.

Catching Music.

Exquisite Costumes

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

SERENA, the Pasha's daughter, Miss Jennie Corea.

ALTI, Queen of Altara, Miss Carrie Carroll.

BALAH SOJAH, Alti's stepmother, Miss Kate Powers.

SERGEANT OF TURKISH PATROL, Miss Edith Cinqmars.

SAID PASHA, a Turkish diplomat, Frank Edwards.

HASSEN BEY, Officer of the Turkish patrol, Frank Emerson.

TERAN, a Mexican nobleman, John Lloyd.

RAJAH, the Commander of Altara, Peter Depew.

HADAD, an Adventurer, Tom Callahan.

NOCKEY, a Companion of Hadad, Raymond Hitchcock.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes.

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It is the Best and is Warranted.

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TEETH

$5 TO $10 A SET.

To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noon time, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING.

Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON, Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

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YOUNG'S

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And Save from 10 to 33 per cent. on every Dollar. We have no misleading advertisements. Once a customer there always a customer.

Special Bargains for This Week.

2 pairs Ladies' Hose for 5c.
2 pairs Men's Seamless Hose for 10c.
Ladies' 12½c. Seamless Hose now 10c. pair.
Ladies' Fast Black and Tan Seamless Hose 12 1-2c, regular price 15c. a pair.
50 dozen Ladies' Full Fashioned Hose, Gordon dye, now 20c, worth 29c a pair.
50 dozen Gent's Summer Merino Hose 12 1-2c. a pair, regular price 20c. pair.
Boys' and Girls' Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, all sizes, only 10c. a pair.
24 doz. 12c. Leather Belts, now 5c. each.
1 lot All Silk Windsor Ties, worth 15, now 12 1-2c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 25c., now 17c. each.
50 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs 3c. each, regular price 5c.
25 doz. Gent's Fancy Embroidered Suspenders, 15c. a pair, regular price 25c.
1 lot of Children's Sun Hats 10c. each, just half price.
Mosquito Netting, best quality, full measure, 37c. a piece, not 45c.
25 doz. Ladies' Summer Corsets 39c. a pair, Merrimack price 49c.
Our line of Shirt Waists at 25, 35, and 49c. have no equal.
Ladies' Jersey Undervests, 25 per cent. under Merrimack street prices.

LACES. LACES. LACES.

All kinds of White, Ecru, and Butter Color Laces reduced 20 per cent.
Black Silk, Spanish, and Border Laces and insertions 33 per cent. under regular prices.

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This is a certain and speedy cure for Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramps in the Stomach, Painters' Colic and all Internal Pains.

Every bottle warranted to check the disease, relieve the patient and perform a radical cure if used in due season and according to directions. Price 50 cents per bottle.

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Farrell & Conaton

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Sanitary Engineers.

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First-class Gas Cooking Stoves set up and rented at a low rate per year, piping included. COKE, broken, screened and delivered at $4.50 per chaldron, $2.25 per half chaldron, cash.

No charge made for the use of meters.

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Of frames he has the latest styles—
Their fame has spread for many miles
The most aesthetic taste he pleases;
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8 01	1 58	8 00	9 21
8 18	8 02	8 35	9 11
8 37	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 43	8 35	9 05	10 16
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
8 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	12 20	12 09
11 00	12 06	1 00	1 55
11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 43	2 59	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 45
4 02	4 45	4 20	5 33
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 41
5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
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12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
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4 15	5 30	5 00	6 20
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7 30	8 00		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

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Leve.	Arr.	Leve.	Arr.
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9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

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PLAYED OUT.

The idea that any kind of a paper will do for one cent, is played out. The reader who buys a cent paper is entitled to his money's worth. We give it to you by printing the news, the whole news and nothing but the news.

THE FOSS bill has been killed by the senate. Try again, Mr. Mayor.

THE LEGISLATURE dies hard. Massachusetts is a wonderful place for legislative longevity.

THE SENATE bill is now complete and the question comes on its passage. All in favor say aye p.—q.

SENATOR HILL's opposition to the income tax had no other effect than to solidify the democrats in its favor.

PRESIDENT CARNOT wished that he might be succeeded by Casimir Perier and by the irony of fate his wish has been fulfilled by his own assassination.

PRES. ELIOT took occasion on commencement day to compliment Mr. Greenhalge for killing the telephone bill. He likes to dwell upon the best deeds of some of his best graduates.

THE RETURNS made on statements in accordance with the statutes show that the cost of the state election in 1892 was a round half million dollars. How much of this was for legitimate work?

Governor Greenhalge must have had trouble with "Central" at some time or other.—Nashua Telegraph.

Yes Central wanted to use both ends of the line and be paid for so doing.

NEW ENGLAND would be satisfied, it seems, with a higher tariff on carpets than that proposed by the Wilson bill. Why not try the effect of free wool before making any other radical change in the woolen schedule?

LAWRENCE is getting ready a lot of red lemonade at 5 cents a glass for Lowell people on the Fourth. Do they imagine we're country folks going to a circus? We're used to something better than lemonade and peanuts.

THE NEW Meigs bill has been introduced in the senate and will be referred to the people of Boston. It is an improvement upon the original bill, and the use of the referendum will prove the best way of deciding the matter.

THE BELL Telephone company is to make another attempt to get that $30,000,000. The chief change in the new bill is that the stock is to be sold at auction. That bill should be killed also. The legislature ought to go home.

THE REMOVAL of the statue of Liberty on Monument square is one that concerns all citizens. Every citizen is interested in the sacred dust of Ladd and Whitney, the protomartyrs of the war, there entombed, but their memory is not honored by such a burlesque upon art.

MORE AND more as the days pass is Gov. Greenhalge praised for his veto of the Bell Telephone bill. It shows that he is not in favor of special legislation in favor of monopolies, and that he can be relied upon to protect the interests of the masses. His veto of the Telephone bill will be one of the brightest pages in the record of his administration.

IT IS well that some citizen of Lowell had the liberality to offer a free site for the new normal school. The location may not be the best; but the offer is nevertheless to be appreciated. It is not often that any Lowell citizen shows so much public spirit. The great trouble with Lowell in this regard is, that the owners of her principal factories reside outside the city, and have no interest in her affairs further than their dividends are concerned.

EXCITING SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

The house of commons and the sycophants of royalty were shocked at the vigorous protest of Mr. Hardie, on Thursday, against the motion to offer congratulations to the queen on the birth of an heir to the Duke of York. Mr. Hardie was unsparing in his denunciation of the frippery of royalty. He was even more severe than Mr. Henry Labouchere in denouncing royal grants. It is but a short time since such expressions of opinion would be regarded as rank treason. But the world moves and gradually the thraldom of reigning dynasties is disappearing. They are steadily becoming more democratic.

IT IS not often that anybody feels disposed to drown a boy, but there are times and occasions in which the actions of the average urchin suggests that extreme penalty. There was such an occasion the other day, when a couple of urchins from sheer devilry raised an alarm of a boy drowned, knowing it to be false, and gathered a crowd of rescuers to the scene. When divers failed to find any boy, they went to break the sad news to the drowned boy's parents. The mother heard the intelligence of her boy's death with strange complacency and then called her son "Johnny" who was supposed to be drowned, and he served as a living witness to the falsity of the report. The men who were deceived thought it was a pity that the boy who had fooled them had not been drowned instead of "Johnny."

It is all very well to talk about police corruption in New York and all that sort of thing. Bribery is very wicked where a policeman is concerned, but are the alleged respectable business men who bribed the police in order that they might violate the law, one whit better than the man who took the money?—Haverhill Gazette.

How's that? Suppose the whole list of witnesses who gave such detailed evidence to the Lexow committee would be adjudged guilty of a criminal offence. Jemimy wouldn't they howl when sentenced on their own statements. If those who offer bribes for the granting of liquor licenses are amenable to the law why not those who bribe policemen for connivance at violations of various laws? What a fix these people may find themselves in some day.

IT IS strange the circuit court should refuse naturalization papers to Japanese because they are, without exception, by far the most progressive of Asiatic tribes. They furthermore come here and copy the laws and institutions of the country; they copy our factories and bring Americans to Japan to establish industries. They are a better class of immigrants than many who come from Europe and it is rank injustice to put them under the Chinese ban. They are a 1000 years in advance of the Chinese. The naturalization act draws the line at the colored and on this ground the Japs are excluded. If any exception should be made or any modification in the provisions of the act, it should be in favor of allowing the Japanese to become citizens same as whites.

THE WEAVERS bill will become law but no new inspectors will be appointed to enforce its provisions.

NO CELEBRATION on the Fourth. Let everybody go to Lawrence.

LIONS AND TIGERS.

How They Differ In Strength, Quickness, Fierceness and Cunning.

It is the opinion of tamers that the tiger is more to be feared than the lion. One will kill a man with as much ease as the other, but the lion gives fair warning of his murderous intention by rushing at his victim with a roar whereas the tiger, true representative of the cat tribe, comes sneaking up with the semblance of an affectionate pur, only to set his fangs, with sudden spring, into the very life of his victim. The lion has somewhat greater muscular power than the tiger, but the latter has greater quickness. In intelligence they are about equal.

If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease, but if the lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction and were allowed to exert his strength in backing he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling. A lion springing through the air from a distance of six feet would knock down a horse or bullock with a single blow of his forearm, backed by the momentum of his 800 pounds weight.

A full grown lion in the jungles will jump 25 or 30 feet on the level from a running start. In captivity the same lion would clear a distance about half as great. A lion can jump over a fence 8 or 10 feet high, but not at a bound. He catches first with his fore legs and drags his body after him. I have repeatedly watched the lion Yellow Prince jump over the tigers with a bound which would have cleared an obstacle 4 or 5 feet above the floor. Tigers will jump a trifle higher than this. But of all wild animals the leopards are the greatest jumpers, being able to hurl their lithe and beautiful bodies, curled up almost into a ball, extraordinary heights. They bound with ease, for instance, from the floor of the cage so as to touch a ceiling 12 feet high.

For a short distance a lion or a tiger can outrun a man and can equal the speed of a fast horse, but they lose their wind at the end of half a mile at the most. They have little endurance and are remarkably weak in lung power. Their strength is the kind which is capable of a terrific effort for a short time. It would take six men to hold a lion down, even after his legs were tied so that he could not use his paws.—Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine.

Fluctuations.

"I understand there is no such sudden rising and falling in real estate in your section as there used to be."

"No, we haven't had a real smart earthquake in more than a year."—Detroit Tribune.

A SURGEON'S KNIFE

gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that

RUPTURE or Breach, is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

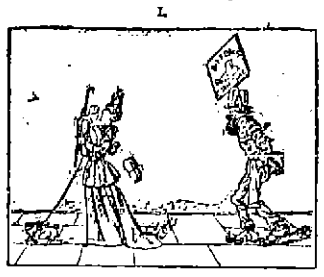
PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

SUNBEAMS.

Misplaced Gallantry.



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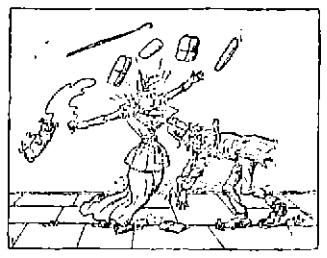

III.

IV.

—Scribner's Magazine.

No Chance to Call Him.

Inquisitive people sometimes find satisfaction in catechising little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious bodies of Lockport recently fared:

"Hello, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as dad's," said the boy.

"What's your dad's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me to breakfast."

"Why don't they?"

"'Cause I allus git there fust."—Quips.

WHERE IT WAS.

She Saved the $10, but Blobbs Didn't See It.

It was late when Mr. Blobbs got up yesterday morning, and he hustled around his bedroom like a wild man. When it came time to put on his trousers, he plunged into a wardrobe and pulled down all the garments that were on the hooks. Then he fell on his knees and pawed the pile over nervously. He handled every garment twice and did not find what he wanted. He swore three separate and distinct times and then shouted, "Mary!"

There was no reply. Blobbs poked his head out of the door and yelled again, "Mary!"

"What is it, dear?" asked some one at the rear end of the flat.

"Come here, and get a move on too."

Mrs. Blobbs came into the room. Her face was flushed from breakfast preparations and there was flour on her nose. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Where's them gray pants of mine?"

"What gray pants?"

"Them gray ones that's been hanging in that closet for two months."

"Aren't they in there?"

"No; they ain't in there. Now, what have you done with them?"

"Were they gray, with a little red stripe in them?"

"You know well enough that they were. Don't stand there chewing about them any longer. Where are they?"

"Gray ones with red stripes," mused Mrs. Blobbs. "I'm sure I don't know—oh, yes, I do too. I traded them to a man for a lovely kettle."

"You what?" gasped Mr. Blobbs.

"Traded them for a kettle. You didn't want them, did you?"

Mr. Blobbs was so mad that he frothed at the mouth. He raved and shouted around the room. He kept this up for 10 minutes. Then he saw that Mrs. Blobbs didn't care and he tried other tactics. "I'm sorry you sold them," he said, "not because I needed them but because you did yourself an injury."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Blobbs interestedly.

"Why, I had $10 in one of the pockets of those pants that I was going to use to get you a birthday present next week. I kept it here so I would have an opportunity to spend it. Now aren't you sorry you sold the pants?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mrs. Blobbs sweetly, for she saw through the scheme immediately. "You see, I went through the pockets and found the money. I went shopping with it yesterday."

Do you wonder that Blobbs would not eat his breakfast?—Buffalo Express.

Dogs In War.

A very interesting history might be written of the part played by living creatures, other than human beings, in war. As far as we are aware no convention or conference has pronounced either for or against this means of injuring an enemy. Where dogs are used as sentinels, or pigeons in carrying dispatches, the injury done by the dumb creatures is not direct. The service rendered to their own side may be no less great than that of the geese which saved the capital or of the dog which foiled Aurungzeb in his siege of Golconda and was rewarded with a golden collar, but in neither of these cases is the attack confided to bird or animal.

But dogs have been used, and by ourselves, to attack an enemy. The Celts used them, the Gauls used them, Columbus used them, Queen Elizabeth is said to have given Essex 800 fighting dogs for purposes of war, and late in the eighteenth century 100 bloodhounds were landed in Jamaica by our government to attack the Maroons. Fortunately it was decreed that the disgrace of using them should be spared us, for the enemy, hearing of the dogs, surrendered without a blow.

Effectively as dogs may be trained to destroy human beings, it has been well said in this connection that, in the words of Pascal, "Le cour a des raisons que la raison ne connoist pas."—Saturday Review.

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AFRICA AND COLUMBUS.

But His Unwilling Listener Wasn't Interested.

In the waiting room of the Fort Street depot the other afternoon there was a man with a satchel between his feet, who was nodding and napping and now and then almost jerking his hat off as his head bobbed forward or back. By and by an old man with a long goatee and a benign expression of countenance went over to him and slapped him on the knee and said:

"Stranger, I feel just like talkin' with some one. Hev you ever been in Africa?"

"Did you hit me on the leg?" demanded the sleeper as he roused up.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll thank you to keep your paws off'n me. How dare you come over and hit me?"

"I just teched you lightly to wake you up. Have you ever been in Africa?"

"Africa! Africa! None o' your business, sir! What right had you to come over here and paw me around?"

"I didn't paw! If you are so mighty perticklerr that a man can't tech you on the knee, you'd better git in a corner. How would anybody go to Africa from Detroit?"

"In a balloon, if he wanted to!" growled the man with the satchel as he rose up and took another seat.

"How fur is it?" asked the old man as he followed him and stood before him.

"You go away from me, or there'll be a row!"

"Gittin mad, eh? That's the way with some folks. They can't even answer a civil question. I'm glad I haven't got to ask you fur a match or a chaw of terbacker. Why can't you answer a feller about Africa?"

"What in Texas do I know about Africa?" shouted the other.

"Hain't you never been there?"

"No, of course not."

"Waal, you needn't snap my head off! I've had a hundred different men ask me if I'd been in Africa, and I never got mad about it. It hain't agin a man that he was never in Africa. That country is a long ways off, and we can't git away from home every day in the week. I was jest a-wonderin about Columbus. Must have bin a joyful hour fur him when he diskivered America, eh?"

"What has Columbus got to do with me?" howled the touchy man.

"There you go agin! If I had your fat on me, I'd be afraid of the apoplexy. You'll git so mad you'll bust some day. What did Columbus have to do with you? That's a purty answer for a grown man to make."

"I want you to go away."

"Yes, I know, but I want to talk a little first. What was the date of the discovery of America?"

"I don't care when it was."

"You don't, eh? Perfectly indifferent as to whether America was discovered or not? Some men love their country and are willing to die fur her, while some others don't leer a continental whether they live in America or the cannibal islands.

"If you don't go away from me, I'll twist your old goatee!" said the man who had been pawed as he rose up and assumed a threatening attitude.

"Yes of course," replied the other. "Jest because we can't agree you want to do me bodily injury. Waal, I don't want no row and I'll go away. I don't want to talk to no man who don't want to talk to me. I could tell you more about Columbus in 10 minits than you have learned in 40 years, but you don't want to hear it. You want to go around wondrin whether you belong to Kamchatka or the United States."

He went off and sat down, but presently returned to add:

"And, say, if I ever catch you in my town, I'll hop right on to you and lick you blind in two minits!"

Then he sat down, pulled an 1891 almanac from his coattail pocket and was soon deeply immersed in the moon's phases.—Detroit Free Press.

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The steamer "Startled Fawn" will leave Varnum's Landing, Belle Grove, on the morning of the Fourth at 5 and 7 o'clock, arriving in Lawrence in time for the Horribles parade.

Regular trips to Lawrence at 10 and 12 a. m., 3, 5 and 7 p. m. Returning at 9 and 11 a. m., 2, 4 and 6 p. m.

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STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

Mr. Garrison's Case Proves That the Cures Effected by Dr. Pearson Are Permanent.

Many will recall the announcement one year ago of the remarkable cure of Mr. Amos Garrison, of Tewksbury, after years of suffering from acute dyspepsia. His friends will be pleased and the public interested to hear that his cure has proved permanent and that he is still in excellent health.

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BALAH SOJAH, Alti's stepmother, Miss Kate Powers.

SERGEANT OF TURKISH PATROL, Miss Edith Cingmars.

SAID PASHA, a Turkish diplomat, Frank Edwards.

HASSEN BEY, Officer of the Turkish patrol, Frank Emerson.

TERAN, a Mexican nobleman, John Lloyd.

RAJAH, the Commander of Allara, Peter Depew.

HADAD, an Adventurer, Tom Callahan.

NOCKEY, a Companion of Hadad, Raymond Hitchcock.

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Special Bargains for This Week.

2 pairs Ladies' Hose for 5c.

2 pairs Men's Seamless Hose for 10c.

Ladies' 12½c. Seamless Hose now 10c. pair.

Ladies' Fast Black and Tan Seamless Hose 12 1-2c., regular price 15c. a pair.

50 dozen Ladies' Full Fashioned Hose, Gordon dye, now 20c, worth 29c a pair.

50 dozen Gent's Summer Merino Hose 12 1-2c. a pair, regular price 20c. pair.

Boys' and Girls' Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, all sizes, only 10c. a pair.

24 doz. 12c. Leather Belts, now 5c. each.

1 lot All Silk Windsor Ties, worth 15, now 12 1-2c. each.

1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 25c., now 17c. each.

50 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs 3c. each, regular price 5c.

25 doz. Gent's Fancy Embroidered Suspenders, 15c. a pair, regular price 25c.

1 lot of Children's Sun Hats 10c. each, just half price.

Mosquito Netting, best quality, full measure, 3½c. a piece, not 45c.

25 doz. Ladies' Summer Corsets 39c. a pair, Merrimack price 49c.

Our line of Shirt Waists at 25, 35, and 49c. have no equal.

Ladies' Jersey Undervests, 25 per cent. under Merrimack street prices.

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THE KAISER'S TREE.

Being a Story of the Love and Triumph of an Artist.

He Followed the Instructions of Good Kaiser Maximilian and Became the Inspired Carver of His Day—He Fulfilled His Oath and Won His Bride.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

It was in the year of grace 1511. Two men were crossing the turf of the quiet minster square in Breisach. One was somewhat advanced in years, with fine, aquiline nose, full blond beard verging on gray, and long hair that escaped in heavy locks from under a red velvet beretta. He walked with so majestic a tread that it was very evident he was no common man, but one on whose broad shoulders rested an invisible world. Handsome, tall and noble, he was indeed a king among men—a kaiser—a German kaiser from crown to toe. A poet too, he was, and a hero in the true sense of the word—Anastasius Grun's "Last Knight," Maximilian I.

Here in Breisach—his city, as he called it—the kaiser escaped from all affairs of state, and here he wrote those tender letters to his daughter, Margaret, in the Netherlands. But in 1511 threatening clouds hung low and shadowed the kaiser's brow, for they presaged a storm that was to carry him away forever from the quiet spot of earth he loved so well. His eyes swept sadly over the bright landscape that lay at his feet. And suddenly turning to his companion he asked:

"Whose children are those?" pointing, as he spoke, to a niche in the wall where a boy and girl knelt and with great industry were planting a rosebush. The girl was about 8 years old and the boy some four years her senior, and so absorbed were they in their work that they did not hear the kaiser's approach. When he stood beside them, the boy looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, it is the kaiser!"

"What are you doing there?" asked Maximilian, his artist eye feeding the while upon the charming little pair.

"We are planting a rose tree to the dear God," said the lad fearlessly.

"And do you think the dear God will be much pleased?"

"It is the best we have," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

The kaiser smiled as he asked, "What is your name?"

"Hans Liefrink."

"And is the little girl your sister?"

"No; she is our little neighbor, Councilor Ruppacher's Maria."

"Ah, indeed! And you love each other very much?"

"Yes; when I grow up—and have a knife—I am going to marry her." The kaiser looked astonished.

"Must you have a knife to get married?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the lad. "Without a knife I cannot cut, and if I cannot cut I cannot earn money, and I must have a great deal to marry Mailie, because she is a councilor's daughter."

"But what will you cut?"

"I will cut wood."

"Ah, I understand now; you want to be a wood carver. Was that your father's art?"

"Yes. When I was little, I watched him carve, and now I want to learn myself, but father is dead, and mother cannot buy me a knife."

"Will this do?" And the kaiser drew a magnificent, many bladed one from his pocket.

The hot color rushed into the boy's face, and one could almost see his heart beat with joy through the little, coarse, torn shirt.

"Yes, yes," he stammered; "it is splendid!"

"It is yours. Be diligent with it," said the kaiser.

Hans took it timidly. "Thank you, very, very much," was all he could say, but a bright fire glowed in the dark eyes that showered sparks of love and gratitude upon the kaiser.

"Now you can go to Nuremberg."

"I should love to go there to Durer's, for I will never carve plates. I can't bear such flat work. I mean to carve figures that are natural and that one can take hold of."

"The genuine sculptor!" exclaimed the kaiser. "You are right, Hans Liefrink. Hold to what is natural, and you will never fail." He drew a leathern purse from his doublet, and handing it to the lad said: "Only have patience, Hans. Keep these guldens until you are old enough to travel, then go to Durer and tell him that as his sister once held the ladder for him so shall he hold it now for you to mount as high as he. Will you promise me all this?"

"Yes, dear Herr Kaiser," cried Hans enthusiastically, and he took the kaiser's hand and kissed it in his sudden joy. "If I ever carve the dear God," he exclaimed, "I will make him look just like you."

"Farewell," laughed the kaiser as he strode down the mountain with his companion.

The boy stood as in a dream, while Mailie chewed a hole in her apron. A maid came in search of her, and to her Mailie told the story of the kaiser and the knife. It soon became the gossip of all Breisach. "Hans Liefrink was such a bold fellow. It was no marvel that he should have been prattling to the kaiser"—and every one wanted to see the wonderful knife and the contents of the leathern purse. But the latter Hans was prudent enough to show to no one.

* * * * * * *

Years passed. Hans Liefrink lost his mother. Mailie both, and the orphan children were drawn closer together. In the evening after work Hans would brush through the hedge that separated the gardens and would carve lovely figures for Mailie, such as no one in all Breisach possessed, and she listened in open eyed wonder and admiration while he told her of the wonderful pictures and wood carvings he had seen in the Freiburg cathedral. Whenever they could they ran up to the minster and watered the rose tree—the kaiser's tree. Hans had named it—and there they loved to linger, hoping always that their kind friend might come again. Often they called aloud, "Herr Kaiser, dear Herr Kaiser, come again," but the childish voices echoed and re-echoed in vain under the blue sky, and the kaiser came no more.

The little ones grew up, and the kaiser's tree grew with them, and they seemed more and more drawn to it and to each other, as though its tender roots had reached out silver threads of love into each heart and bound them close with ties that held them fast. But, alas! this one true friend was not strong enough to hold together what men would keep apart.

The lovely, stately Ruppacherin, the councilor's daughter, dared no longer be friendly with the poor woodcarver. Her father strongly forbade it and put a high wall between the two gardens, so that Hans and Mailie lost all chance of meeting save at the "kaiser's tree," and here but rarely when the minster was deserted.

But this only made the stream of love that coursed in their hearts overflow their lips, and one evening when Mailie had long been absent from the "kaiser's tree" Hans sang his first love song under her window that overlooked the little garden:

My heart is mine no longer.
'Tis stolen quite away
By a maiden, sweet and lovely,
Who listens to my lay.

There grows a slender rose tree
Within the minster's shade,
And underneath its branches
A sign of love is laid.

Early the next morning Mailie came to the rose tree and found a tiny golden heart hidden in the moist grass. She listened with sparkling eyes and burning cheeks to Hans' words of love and laid the tiny golden heart on her own fast beating one and swore never to let it go, while Hans, half mad with joy, cried, "Ah, if only the kaiser would come now," but the kaiser came no more.

The fall passed, winter came, and the young people saw each other more rarely than ever, but Hans often sang the song of the rose tree and many another, all telling of his love for Mailie, till at last her father noticed it and threatened her with his curse if she did not stop all intercourse with the "good for nothing artist."

So one day Hans and Mailie stood for the last time beside the rose tree they had planted many years before. Mailie had told Hans of her father's threat, and now she stood silent, her hand resting in his, while tears coursed slowly down her cheeks.

"Mailie, tell me that you do not think me such a worthless fellow."

Her blue eyes looked full into his brown ones, and a smile of love and trust crept over her face.

"No, Hans, indeed I do not. No one shall ever make me think that. They do not know you as I do. You have taught me all that I know that is great and beautiful. Your have molded me and made me what I am even as your artist hand forms an image from a shapeless piece of wood," and she took his strong hand and pressed it to her soft, warm lips, then folded her white fingers over his brown ones and added. "I will believe in you always, for you honor God with your art, and whoever does that cannot be evil."

"And will you be true to me, Mailie, till I have brought my art and myself to honor, and till I come back to claim you for my bride?"

"Yes, Hans, I will never leave my father's house but to go to you—or to the cloister. And if I should die before you come I will ask them to bury me here under the kaiser's tree, where we have been so happy. Then, if you come back and lie here in the sunshine to rest you from your toil and sorrow, every rose leaf that falls on you shall be a kiss from me," and she wept on his breast, their tired hearts beating against each other in the pain of parting, while the promise of spring—of buds and roses—pulsed and throbbed in the rose tree with the rising sap.

"Don't cry, Mailie," Hans said, trying to be strong. "I am going to Durer's, and when I have learned to do something of worth I will seek the kaiser and ask him to use his influence with your father."

"Oh, yes, if the dear kaiser would but come."

"He will certainly come, my love," said Hans, "for we will pray the good God to bring him to us—or me to him." They knelt together in the cool, damp grass, and it seemed to their trusting hearts that God must work a miracle and change the kaiser's tree into his own loved presence.

Suddenly the sound of the great minster bell smote upon their ears—full of forebodings, mournfully, slowly it tolled. People began to climb the hill that led to the church, and Hans ran to them with eager inquiry.

"Where have you been? Have you not heard that our kaiser is dead?"

The kaiser dead! Poor Hans stood as if turned to stone. Where were all his hopes now? He rested his burning brow against the cool stem of the rose tree and groaned aloud.

The knell had ceased, and all of nature was so still and dead it seemed as though spring and life could never come again. A light hand rested on his bowed head. Mailie had come to be his comforter.

"Oh, Mailie, the kaiser will never come again!"

"But God is with us," said Mailie softly. As she stood before Hans in her maiden purity and beauty the light of inspiration overspread his face, and he whispered low:

"Mailie, God is truly with us. He shows me now, as in a vision, the queen of heaven surrounded by holy angels, and if I can but carve all that he shows me I shall be great myself and need a kaiser's help no longer."

Next morning at daybreak Hans set out. As he passed Ruppacher's house loud and clear his voice rang out:

My heart is mine no longer.
'Tis stolen quite away.

Softly one of the lower windows was raised, and a white handkerchief waved a last farewell through the dusky light, the song went on, but the voice grew tremulous and uncertain—full of unshed tears—then ceased, and all was still once more.

Years passed and nothing was heard of Hans Liefrink, and no one thought of him save Mailie, in whose gentle, loving heart he was ever present and ever dear and who watched for him till at last hope was almost dead, and the roses faded in her cheeks, and a dumb sorrow looked out of the sweet blue eyes. Breisach was trembling for its old faith, and Duke Ferdinand, Kaiser Maximilian's nephew and successor, counseled her children to do all they could to strengthen the Catholic faith by means of votive offerings and ideal paintings and sculptures in their churches. The minster had long lacked a high altar worthy of it, and notices were sent broadcast bidding all German artists to send in their plans, that the best might be chosen and the work begun.

Mailie heard but little of all this, for she never went about among the people and lived alone in her little bay windowed room waiting for Hans to come. But she was growing weak and weary with waiting, and the eyes she turned toward the Christ that Hans had carved for her were often full of tears. Five long years had passed since she had seen him, when one evening

There grows a slender rose tree
Within the minster's shade.

echoed softly as a summer zephyr under her window. She sprang to the casement and looked out, but could see no one in the darkness. Love lent wings to her feet, and like an escaped bird she flew up the mountain side to the kaiser's tree, where two strong arms clasped her and held her close, while her head swam, and it seemed as if the waters of the Rhine were closing in about her. They held each other long in silent embrace, for true love needs no words to tell its depths. Hans was the first to speak.

"How pale you are, sweetheart! Are you ill?"

She shook her head, with a happy laugh. "Oh, no, not now. But you were gone so long. Why did you not come sooner?"

"I would not, little one. If I had come back a poor, unknown fellow, your father would have dismissed me again. So I staid and feasted my eyes on all the art treasures of the great cities and worked in Durer's studio till my name was mentioned with honor among his pupils, and I said to myself, 'Now you may woo the lovely Mailie.' And when I heard there was to be a new altar put in our minster I hastened here to make application, and if I am found worthy to do the work what can your father have against me then?"

Mailie shook her head doubtfully, but Hans was full of joy.

"How the kaiser's tree has grown!" he cried in wonder. "It seems to have taken all the warm blood out of your cheeks, its roses are so red. Give my love's roses back to her," he said, playfully brushing her cheek with a flower, but they were pale and white. "That is not good paint. Let us try this," and he pressed a kiss on her cheek. "Aye, that is better," he laughed, and laid her blushing face against his breast. "Bloom out, my little rose. The spring is almost here."

The next morning the usher of the high gabled town hall came into the council chamber with hesitating steps.

"Your honorable body will be graciously pleased to pardon, but there is one without who insists upon coming into your presence."

"Who is it?" asked the burgomaster.

"It is Hans Liefrink," said the usher, "but so much changed I hardly knew him. He wants to compete for the new altar and submit his plans."

"What should we have to do with such a scapegrace as he? Let him go back where he came from," was the decision. "We want no such bunglers as he."

The kindly old messenger left the room, with a somewhat crestfallen air, but returned almost immediately, bringing a paper of draftings with him, which he presented with many bows and apologies.

"Liefrink begs you will examine these, your worships, and you can inquire of Durer, in Nuremberg, as to his ability."

"If the fellow don't take himself off we will have the jailer after him," cried Ruppacher, in a rage.

"Softly, softly, Master Ruppacher; the draft represents the coming of the Mother of God in heaven and is right fancifully thought out, it seems to me."

"But to imagine a thing is much easier than to do it. Liefrink never could do such a thing," said one of the councilors. Besides, it was simply ridiculous to give such a work into the hands of a Breisacher child, whom some had even looked askance upon. So Hans was summarily dismissed.

The authorities finally decided to send their plans to Albrecht Durer and to let him be their judge. And at the same time with the letter from the council went a letter from Hans to his great teacher and good friend.

Weeks slipped by in alternate anxiety and sweet stolen happiness for the lovers. They met as formerly at the kaiser's tree, for the struggles of 1521 drew Ruppacher's attention from his daughter, and Mailie grew bright and rosy in this springtime of love. At last Durer's answer came, but who can describe the amazement of the council when it was found that the letter contained Hans Liefrink's despised plan and these words, "I can recommend nothing more beautiful than this plan of my friend and pupil, Hans Liefrink, whose ability to execute it I fully guarantee."

A half hour later a crowd of people pressed up the narrow street and stopped before Hans Liefrink's little house. He came to the door, and to his astonishment saw a deputation from the council, one of whom stepped up and told him with great pomp that his plan had been approved by Durer and he had been chosen by the council to execute the high altar for the minster.

Hans clapped his hands for joy. Was it really true or only a beautiful dream? When the deputation had departed, he hastened over to Ruppacher's, for this was his time to speak.

Mailie opened the door for him—a low cry of happy fright, a quick kiss—and she disappeared into her own room, where, with beating heart, she sank before her crucifix and implored the blessed Virgin's help. Hans stepped fearlessly into Ruppacher's presence, who cried, with flaming eyes:

"What do you want?"

"Herr Ruppacher, I know an honest man who loves your daughter and who would marry her, and I want to bring him to you."

"So—and who may he be?"

"Myself, Herr Councilor."

"You! Did any one ever hear such impudence. The beggar dares"——

"Herr Councilor," Hans cried out, "I never was a beggar. My father was poor, but he supported us with his wood carving, and after his death my mother took care of herself and me by the honest labor of her hands. The only things I ever received in my life were the knife and the purse from Kaiser Max, and those I did not beg—he gave them to a poor boy in whom he recognized an aspiration for better things. I have worked hard with the knife and educated myself with the money, and both have yielded me good interest. I am no beggar, Herr Councilor, and for the next two years the commission I have just received will enable me to abundantly provide for a wife."

"Two years, and what then?" sneered Ruppacher.

"Then new commissions will come!"

"Oh, you think you are something fine, no doubt, but you belong to a race of star gazers and loafers, who do nothing but spin dreams and are too lazy to work."

Hans was burning with indignation, but he controlled himself for Mailie's sake and only said:

"A kaiser's child held the ladder for Albrecht Durer—the ladder on which he paints—and a town councilor of Breisach, whose dust will soon be scattered to the winds, insults his best loved pupil. There I tasted all the honor of my reputation. Here I must be insulted and trampled upon!"

"Then go back to your honor! Why did you come here with your silly art?"

"Because I love your daughter so truly that no sacrifice is too great to be made for her, and because I want her for my wife."

"Well, then I will tell you that you are as likely to marry a wife as far above you as my daughter is as you are to build an altar in the minster higher than the minster itself."

"Is that all you have to say, Herr Councilor?"

He laughed contemptuously. "Carve an altar that is higher than the church in which it stands, and you shall have my daughter—not before—so help me God!"

A piteous cry came from the next room. Ruppacher opened the door. Mailie lay unconscious before the crucifix. Hans hastened to her, but the angry man raised his hand against him. For a moment it seemed to him that the sacred knife must leap from his pocket, but he struggled with himself and rushed out of the house, up the hill to the minster, to his friend, the kaiser's tree."

It was a perfect noonday. A cloudless sky arched the shadowless earth. The castle of Sponeck was outlined against a background of gold, like some fairy palace, and the Rhine broke in foaming surf on her steep rocks. He could never win Mailie now, no one could help him, not even Kaiser Max, if he should come back from the grave, for had not Ruppacher sworn a terrible oath that he should never have her till he had made an altar higher than the church?

Suddenly something struck him sharply on the back. He started and turned quickly, but it was only the little rose tree that had at last, by its own strength, broken forth from the niche where Mailie's hand had bound it, and in escaping had struck him as if in greeting. There it stood tall and straight, and he saw for the first time how much higher it was than the niche in which it grew. Quick as lightning a thought shot through his tired brain. A moment of reflection—a cry of triumph—then he fell on his knees in joyful thanksgiving. "Lord God, thou art great, even in thy small things, and thy wonders never cease!" What was it that the little tree had taught him? What was it that made him kiss its rough bark in a wild transport of joy?

* * * * * * *

Hans saw Mailie no more. Her father had sent her to the convent at Marienau, yet her prison walls were not so strong but that a song, a greeting from Hans sometimes reached her. He too lived like a hermit in his cell, working from early dawn till the last faint streaks of light tinged the western sky. Curiosity ran high, but every request to see his work received the same answer: That was not included in the contract. They must wait.

At last, after two years of patient labor, he declared the work done, and three days later, on the Feast of the Assumption, the new altar was to be dedicated. Great was the excitement, and that morning an unusual crowd of worshipers climbed the minster hill. The doors were opened, the crowd streamed in and a cry of surprise wonder and admiration echoed through the church. The altar lay in the full rays of the morning sun, and the whole glorious vision stood out before their eyes in perfect rounded forms. In the center was the blessed Mother, with her arms crossed over her bosom and head meekly bowed to receive the crown that God the Father and God the Son held above her. A storm of joy seemed sweeping through heaven that stirred the locks and garments of the celestial choir chanting "Alleluiah." Was it possible that this could be hard, unyielding wood? And the simple country folk, who had never before seen anything so beautiful, stood in childlike awe and silent wonder. When the service was over, all pressed forward to see the master of the great work. He came from behind the altar, modest and deeply moved, but so handsome and so full of unconscious pride that every eye hung on him in admiration. One by one the members of the council shook him heartily by the hand, all but Ruppacher, who leaned glowering against a pillar. Mailie was with him. She had left the convent for this festival, and stood beside him, a holy light in her sweet, pale face.

"Is not the Ruppacherin like the blessed mother of God?" whispered one in the crowd.

And God the Father is like Kaiser Max," said an old man. "Tis his face exactly."

Like a train of fire, it ran through the crowd that Liefrink had put Mailie Ruppacher and Kaiser Max in his work.

"Yes, dear friends," said Hans quietly, "you are right, and I have done it because I know of nothing in the world more beautiful and good than the Ruppacherin and our dear dead kaiser."

"Well said! He is right," was heard on all sides. Now Hans went fearlessly to where Ruppacher stood.

"Herr Ruppacher," he said, "two years ago you promised me your daughter for my wife when I should have fulfilled a strange condition made by you. I was to build an altar higher than the church—an impossible thing you thought—but look up, Master Ruppacher, the altar is a foot higher than the place in which it stands. I have only bent the top."

The councilor looked up and grew pale. He had not thought of that. A moment of applause ran through the crowd.

"I have done my part, Herr Councilor. Now do yours and give me your daughter for my wife."

Ruppacher tottered as if struck by a heavy blow. Hans had taken him at his word, and he was not the man to trifle with his oath. He took Mailie's hand and placed it in her lover's.

Three weeks later Hans and Mailie were betrothed before the altar. Breisach had never seen so magnificent an affair, and Father Ruppacher was no longer so testy as one might think, for he had now more respect for the worthless art of his son-in law.—Adapted From the German of Wilhelmine von Hellern For Short Stories.

There Was No Hurry.

Barker—I am sorry dere vos so many ahead of you, sir.

Greene Goers—Oh, that's all right. I've got plenty of time. My wife and I are going out tonight, and she was just getting ready to adjust her bonnet as I left the house.—Brandon Bucksaw.

Praiseworthy.

"How do you like your new watchdog?"

Bragg—He's first class. The least little noise attracts his notice, and instead of barking like most dogs he just crawls under the bed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cautious.

She had kissed the baby for the last time until she returned and then kissed him again. She had carefully locked every door in the house and all the windows. She had turned the gas to the exact point at which it was to be left until her return. She had attended to the furnace and warned Bridget not to meddle with it for fear of fire. She had explained to that functionary the [illegible] the burglar alarm, the fire alarm and the watchman's rattle. She had put the [illegible] dog in the cellar and had wrapped [illegible] paper around the [illegible] it a gossamer [illegible] her new [illegible] although it was starlight, because as she informed her husband, "She never expected to get another one—they would end in the poorhouse she knew." And then she was ready.

She locked the inside door and tried it.

Then she locked the outside door and tried it.

Then she opened the outside door and tried the inside door again.

Then she locked the outside door again, tried it, and they started.

They had proceeded two blocks, and her husband had almost forgotten his craving for a good round swear, when she suddenly stopped.

"John," she said, "I must go back and tell Bridget to be sure not to wake the baby up unless he wakes himself."—Life.

Retrogression.

Talkum—Professor Garner says that monkeys do not actually converse, but confine themselves to single remarks on matters of importance.

Thinkum—Dear me! How man has degenerated!—New York Weekly.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

A CLOSE CALL FOR AN ADVENTURE ON A RAILROAD.

Mysterious Bumping and Jolting That Bothered the Passengers—A Man Hunt In the Woods—The Long Conductor and His Murderous Weapon.

There are adventures and adventures. This one is the mildest of adventures—a parlor adventure, a schoolgirl adventure, an adventure to be taken at breakfast along with oatmeal and other ingenious imitations of food. But adventures can't be ordered like roast beef and pie at a restaurant, but must be taken as they come, like the weather.

The train was hurrying along close to the river, smoothly and quietly enough, with only an occasional flourish of the whistle or irruption of the trainboy selling "John Smith, Backslider;" "Peter Brown, Greenlander;" "Polly Perkins, Woman;" "Hollow Mindo, Novelist," or some other stirring work of contemporaneous fiction. No one was thinking of danger, as is always the case just before an adventure—indeed the time was ripe for an adventure of magnitude, such as they used to have many years ago or still have many miles away, but it didn't come, for we live in fallen days and in an evil quarter of the earth.

Nevertheless as we glided along the train began to hump and jolt in an alarming manner. Then it went smoothly enough again for a little way; then again it had a spasm of jolting and pitching about as if it were a Fifth avenue stage or some such athletic apparatus rather than a vehicle.

"Broken rail," said one foolish man.

"Off on the ties," said another weak fellow.

Then all was quiet again, followed by more humps.

"This seems to be the corduroy line," said the foolish man.

"There are pieces broken out of the wheels," said the weak fellow. "I saw them when I got on. They look like broken nosed pitchers."

"Then why doesn't it jolt all the time?" asked the foolish man, which broke up the friendship and made them enemies.

But the train went on, and for half an hour continued to have occasional paroxysms of jolting. Then it came to a little station, which consisted of a platform and a dog, and stopped. Three men—evident scoundrels, self heralding enemies of society—were seen running from the train along a little stream toward the woods, with a half dozen of the trainmen close behind. Then there was a struggle among the bushes, and shocking bad language, and the noble trainmen came back with one of the desperadoes and put him in the baggage car with the trunks, while the other two men ran away and disappeared in the underbrush.

But our blood was up, and we held the train and had a man hunt. The bellcord was taken out and all hands mustered, except the baggage master and the porter of the sleeping car, which latter individual staid at his post of duty, "sah, gua'ding the property of me passengahs, sah." The forces were marshaled under the train conductor, a man whom nature had found so ductile that she had drawn him out to such an extent that the thought occurred that if the bellcord was lost he could be put up in its place. So leaving those two desperate men in the baggage car—that is, the train robber and the baggage master—our forces set out, the conductor, with the bell rope over his shoulder, presenting the exact appearance of a bamboo fishpole and line, at the head of the company.

For the next half hour there was a dodging in and out of men among the bushes and small trees of a 160 acre field beside the train. At last the men were surrounded on a little patch of turf near the stream. The train hands closed in, the conductor waving like a reed at the front. Then there was another struggle, and the chief bent like a weeping willow, wound his arms half a dozen times around one of the men and held him, while the other knocked down a brakeman, kicked the engineer in the stomach and again ran off. The more substantial bellcord was substituted for the arms of the conductor, and the prisoner was brought in and put into the baggage car with the other outlaw.

Once more the army moved. This time the conductor had reached down and borrowed a revolver from a passenger, a little nickel plated, pocket popgun affair, intended perhaps for defense against Jersey mosquitoes, but in no way designed for hunting that noble animal—man. But he took it up with him, and they were off. More dodging, running, deploying, shouting, and again the hardened individual was surrounded. He seemed to have become tired of the game, and now produced a long knife. The men paused and took astronomical observations of the upper end of the conductor. He was clearly seen to produce the pistol, and then, floating down through the still evening air, there came, one after the other, six times, a peevish pop, which indicated that the thing was going off. He might as well have held up a nickel plated clock and allowed it to strike 6. With a derisive laugh, which was quite the proper thing, the outlaw turned, flourished his knife and ran away across the open field toward the river. The men came back, the passenger who owned the revolver fastened it to his watch chain, a half dozen young lady bicyclists who had been watching the proceedings flopped themselves onto their machines and rolled away, the train started, and we, too, rolled away, taking our prisoners with us.

In a little while the conductor came back into the sleeper to wash off the smoke of battle. It seems that the three men had boarded the train some time during the afternoon, getting on the rear of the tender. As the observing traveler knows, there is situated here a long box in which is kept various overgrown tools for repairs, such as a 10 pound monkey wrench, an absurd hammer, extra coupling links and pins, some chain with links like sausages and similar things. It appears that this box was not locked, and these amiable tourists had amused themselves by dropping out these articles on the rails, their intention evidently being to throw the following cars off the track. Asked as to his opinion of the object which the men had in view in wrecking the train, the conductor leaned down near his questioner, while he wiped each finger repeatedly with a furious twisting motion, as if trying to unscrew it from the hand, and hissed the one word, "Plunder!"

So it was not much of an adventure, but it might have been.—New York Tribune.

Twelve thousand infants are annually received at a foundling asylum in Moscow. The boys are trained for the navy.

No Better.

"Henry, I have something to say to you."

"Go ahead, my dear. I am all ears."

"I know you are, but that doesn't alter matters at all."—Harper's Bazar.

It Would Be Necessary.

Friend—Do you think you will marry a rich girl?

Poet—I'll have to if I keep on in this business.—Life.

TURGENEFF'S MOTHER.

A Female Counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. Her Treatment of Her Serfs.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, who has frequently confessed his great admiraton for Ivan Turgeneff, and who has written charmingly of his intimate friendship with the novelist, gives an entertaining account of the latter's mother in The Century. His life was clouded, Mr. Boyesen believes, by an unhappy childhood and by the tyranny and abuse of his mother. Turgeneff referred to his mother but twice in the presence of Mr. Boyesen, once when he declared that she was the typical noble lady of Russia, and afterward when he said, "The utter irresponsibility of the master in his intercourse with the serf has the most detrimental effect upon character—as I saw exemplified in the case of my own mother."

Mr. Boyesen writes:

"I concluded from this that his mother had been a hard and tyrannical woman, and that he was unable to cherish her memory. But never did I dream, until his sister's narration fell into my hands, that she was the female counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. She delighted in the most arbitrary exercise of power, and from sheer ennui tormented every one who came within the reach of her authority. She had herself been cruelly maltreated in her childhood—nay, she had been direfully insulted by her stepfather and compelled in consequence to flee from home and seek refuge with a relative. By the death of her uncle, Ivan Loutovinoff, she inherited an immense fortune, on the receipt of which she characteristically remarked, 'Now I can do anything I like' ('Maintenant, je peux tout'). Among the many suitors who competed for her favor, she chose for a husband Sergius Nicolaevitch Turgeneff because of his extraordinary beauty. She established herself in princely opulence on her estate of Spasskoe, and as she was determined upon keeping the reins of authority in her own hands her husband thought it wiser to indulge her caprices and refrain as far as possible from interfering with her wishes. Probably he had by this time discovered with whom he had to deal. He was too prudent a man to provoke a quarrel with a woman of so formidable a temperament.

"It was, in fact, not only he whom she governed, but she insisted upon regulating the affairs of every one who approached her or entered into any sort of relation with her, however remote. Her autocratic will did not tolerate even a suspicion of criticism, far less opposition, and the devices she hit upon for humiliating those who manifested what she regarded as a spirit of insubordination were worthy of her imperial prototype Catherine, misnamed the Great. When her daughter was ill with typhoid fever, she gave the physician, who was a highly educated serf, the choice between a complete cure and Siberia. A favorite serf, whom it pleased her from sheer caprice to persecute, she degraded from the position of a waiter to that of a field laborer and made him exchange his fine livery for the coarse garb of a peasant. Her major domo, Paliakoff, she assaulted in a fit of uncontrollable fury with a crutch and would have killed him if her brother-in-law had not interfered. She separated him from his wife and children, to whom he was warmly devoted, and exercised a diabolical ingenuity in devising new tortures for the unhappy man. His offense was that he had out of love for his young master, Nicholas Turgeneff, deceived her regarding the latter's relation to a certain beautiful German governess with whom Nicholas was deeply in love and whom he had secretly married."

A Lost Novel.

A good many years ago a historical novel by Mr. Hoffman was announced as soon to appear under the title of "The Red Spur of Ramapo." But the book never was published, and the cause of its nonappearance may well be set down among the calamities which befall authors.

Mr. Hoffman had been employed more than six months upon his romance. He had taken unusual care in its composition, and an eminent book publisher had contracted with him for the copyright. The novel was nearly completed, the public was talking about it and romance readers were anticipating a treat. The author, as he wrote it, placed the manuscript sheets in a large portfolio by the side of his writing table, so that none of them should be lost. One day, on looking into his literary subtreasury, he discovered to his astonishment and dismay that only a few sheets of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" were to be found.

Not many men could have acted so calmly as did the author of "Greyslaer" on this occasion and as the great Newton is reported to have done on a similar one. He called the chambermaid who had been intrusted with the care of his room and said:

"Mary, have you ever taken any papers from this place?"

"Sure, it's meself that has, sorr," she replied with perfect frankness.

"For what purpose did you take them?" inquired the author, with a sinking heart.

"Sure, sorr, to kindle the foire," replied the guileless Mary, "an many's the toime Oi've thought how good yo was to put 'em there for me."

"And how long have you been in the habit of taking papers from this place?" groaned the poor author.

"Oi couldn't say jist how long, sorr," returned Mary, seeing at last that something was amiss, "but Oi niver misthrusted there was any good to 'em, for they was all scribbled over, sorr."

And with sobs and wild protestations of sorrow the destroyer of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" fled from the room, leaving the afflicted author to console himself for his loss as best he might.—Youth's Companion.

Spiders' Threads.

Some interesting experiments were made last summer on spiders' threads. A thread having been obtained, one end was carefully fixed with gum to a support, and to the other end small weights were gradually attached till it broke. In order to compare from these tests the strength of the thread with, say, steel thread of the same thickness, it was necessary to determine its diameter. This was done by means of a powerful microscope, and it was found that it would require 25,000 threads to make a sheet an inch broad.

When it is remembered that each of these threads is composed of some 4,000 strands the tenuity is seen to be almost inconceivable, as it would require 100,000,000 to make an inch. As a result of these tests it was found, incredible as it may seem, that spiders' thread is, thickness for thickness, actually stronger than cast iron, nearly as strong as copper, gold, platinum, silver, and about one-fifth as strong as steel. It may not be generally known that spiders' threads are used to support small weights in several delicate scientific instruments, and for this purpose they are much more suitable than any other material.—Chambers' Journal.

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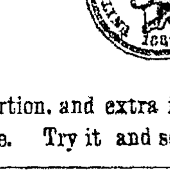

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THE KAISER'S TREE.

Being a Story of the Love and Triumph of an Artist.

He Followed the Instructions of Good Kaiser Maximilian and Became the Inspired Carver of His Day—He Fulfilled His Oath and Won His Bride.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

It was in the year of grace 1511. Two men were crossing the turf of the quiet minster square in Breisach. One was somewhat advanced in years, with fine, aquiline nose, full blond beard verging on gray, and long hair that escaped in heavy locks from under a red velvet beretta. He walked with so majestic a tread that it was very evident he was no common man, but one on whose broad shoulders rested an invisible world. Handsome, tall and noble, he was indeed a king among men—a kaiser—a German kaiser from crown to toe. A poet, too, he was, and a hero in the true sense of the word—Annstasius Grün's "Last Knight," Maximilian I.

Here in Breisach—his city, as he called it—the kaiser escaped from all affairs of state, and here he wrote those tender letters to his daughter, Margaret, in the Netherlands. But in 1511 threatening clouds hung low and shadowed the kaiser's brow, for they presaged a storm that was to carry him away forever from the quiet spot of earth he loved so well. His eyes swept sadly over the bright landscape that lay at his feet. And suddenly turning to his companion he asked:

"Whose children are those?" pointing, as he spoke, to a niche in the wall where a boy and girl knelt and with great industry were planting a rosebush. The girl was about 8 years old and the boy some four years her senior, and so absorbed were they in their work that they did not hear the kaiser's approach. When he stood beside them, the boy looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, it is the kaiser!"

"What are you doing there?" asked Maximilian, his artist eye feeding the while upon the charming little pair.

"We are planting a rose tree to the dear God," said the lad fearlessly.

"And do you think the dear God will be much pleased?"

"It is the best we have," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

The kaiser smiled as he asked, "What is your name?"

"Hans Liefrink."

"And is the little girl your sister?"

"No; she is our little neighbor, Councilor Ruppacher's Marie."

"Ah, indeed! And you love each other very much?"

"Yes; when I grow up—and have a knife—I am going to marry her." The kaiser looked astonished.

"Must you have a knife to get married?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the lad. "Without a knife I cannot eat, and if I cannot eat I cannot earn money, and I must have a great deal to marry Mallie, because she is a councilor's daughter."

"But what will you eat?"

"I will eat wood."

"Ah, I understand now; you want to be a wood carver. Was that your father's art?"

"Yes. When I was little, I watched him carve, and now I want to learn myself, but father is dead, and mother cannot buy me a knife."

"Will this do?" And the kaiser drew a magnificent, many bladed one from his pocket.

The hot color rushed into the boy's face, and one could almost see his heart beat with joy through the little, coarse, torn shirt.

"Yes, yes," he stammered; "it is splendid!"

"It is yours. Be diligent with it," said the kaiser.

Hans took it timidly. "Thank you, very, very much," was all he could say, but a bright fire glowed in the dark eyes that showered sparks of love and gratitude upon the kaiser.

"Now you can go to Nuremberg."

"I should love to go there to Durer's, for I will never carve plates. I can't bear such flat work. I mean to carve figures that are natural and that one can take hold of."

"The genuine sculptor!" exclaimed the kaiser. "You are right, Hans Liefrink. Hold to what is natural, and you will never fail." He drew a leathern purse from his doublet, and handing it to the lad said: "Only have patience, Hans. Keep these guldens until you are old enough to travel, then go to Durer and tell him that as his sister once held the ladder for him so shall he hold it now for you, to paint as high as he. Will you promise me all this?"

"Yes, dear Herr Kaiser," cried Hans enthusiastically, and he took the kaiser's hand and kissed it in his sudden joy. "If I ever serve the dear God," he exclaimed, "I will make him look just like you."

"Farewell," laughed the kaiser as he strode down the mountain with his companion.

The boy stood as in a dream, while Mallie chewed a hole in her apron. A maid came in search of her, and to her Mallie told the story of the kaiser and the knife. It soon became the gossip of all Breisach. "Hans Liefrink was such a bold fellow. It was no marvel that he should have been patting to the kaiser"—and every one wanted to see the wonderful knife and the contents of the leathern purse. But the latter Hans was prudent enough to show to no one.

* * * * * * *

Years passed. Hans Liefrink lost his mother, Mallie hers, and the orphan children were drawn closer together. In the evening after work Hans would break through the hedge that separated the gardens and would carve lovely figures for Mallie, such as no child in all Breisach possessed, and she listened in open eyed wonder and admiration while he told her of the wonderful pictures and wood carvings he had seen in the Freiburg cathedral. Whenever they could they ran up to the minster and watered the rose tree—the kaiser's tree, Hans had named it—and there they loved to linger, hoping always that their kind friend might come again. Often they called aloud, "Herr Kaiser, dear Herr Kaiser, come again," but the childish voices echoed and reechoed in vain under the blue sky, and the kaiser came no more.

The little ones grew up, and the kaiser's tree grew with them, and they seemed more and more drawn to it and to each other, as though its tender roots had reached out silver threads of love into each heart and bound them close with ties that held them fast. But, alas! this one true friend was not strong enough to hold together what men would keep apart.

The lovely, stately Ruppacherin, the councilor's daughter, dared no longer be friendly with the poor woodcarver. Her father strongly forbade it and put a high wall between the two gardens, so that Hans and Mallie lost all chance of meeting save at the "kaiser's tree," and here but rarely when the minster was deserted.

But this only made the stream of love that coursed in their hearts overflow their lips, and one evening when Mallie had long been absent from the "kaiser's tree" Hans sang his first love song under her window that overlooked the little garden:

My heart is mine no longer.
'Tis stolen quite away
By a maiden, sweet and lovely,
Who listens to my lay.

There grows a slender rose tree
Within the minster's shade,
And underneath its branches
A sign of love is laid.

Early the next morning Mallie came to the rose tree and found a tiny golden heart hidden in the moist grass. She listened with sparkling eyes and burning cheeks to Hans' words of love and laid the tiny golden heart on her own fast beating one and swore never to let it go, while Hans, half mad with joy, cried, "Ah, if only the kaiser would come now," but the kaiser came no more.

The fall passed, winter came, and the young people saw each other more rarely than ever, but Hans often sang the song of the rose tree and many another, all telling of his love for Mallie, till at last her father noticed it and threatened her with his curse if she did not stop all intercourse with the "good for nothing artist."

So one day Hans and Mallie stood for the last time beside the rose tree they had planted many years before. Mallie had told Hans of her father's threat, and now she stood silent, her hand resting in his, while tears coursed slowly down her cheeks.

"Mallie, tell me that you do not think me such a worthless fellow."

Her blue eyes looked full into his brown ones, and a smile of love and trust crept over her face.

"No, Hans, indeed I do not. No one shall ever make me think that. They do not know you as I do. You have taught me all that I know that is great and beautiful. Your have molded me and made me what I am even as your artist hand forms an image from a shapeless piece of wood," and she took his strong hand and pressed it to her soft, warm lips, then folded her white fingers over his brown ones and added, "I will believe in you always, for you honor God with your art, and whoever does that cannot be evil."

"And will you be true to me, Mallie, till I have brought my art and myself to honor, and till I come back to claim you for my bride?"

"Yes, Hans, I will never leave my father's house but to go to you—or to the cloister. And if I should die before you come I will ask them to bury me here under the kaiser's tree, where we have been so happy. Then, if you come back and lie here in the sunshine to rest you from your toil and sorrow, every rose leaf that falls on you shall be a kiss from me," and she wept on his breast, their tired hearts beating against each other in the pain of parting, while the promise of spring—of buds and roses—pulsed and throbbed in the rose tree with the rising sap.

"Don't cry, Mallie," Hans said, trying to be strong. "I am going to Durer's, and when I have learned to do something of worth I will seek the kaiser and ask him to use his influence with your father."

"Oh, yes, if the dear kaiser would but come."

"He will certainly come, my love," said Hans, "for we will pray the good God to bring him to us—or me to him." They knelt together in the cool, damp grass, and it seemed to their trusting hearts that God must work a miracle and change the kaiser's tree into his own loved presence.

Suddenly the sound of the great minster bell smote upon their ears—full of forebodings, mournfully, slowly it tolled. People began to climb the hill that led to the church, and Hans ran to them with eager inquiry.

"Where have you been? Have you not heard that our kaiser is dead?"

The kaiser dead! Poor Hans stood as if turned to stone. Where were all his hopes now? He rested his burning brow against the cool stem of the rose tree and groaned aloud.

The knell had ceased, and all of nature was so still and dead it seemed as though spring and life could never come again. A light hand rested on his bowed head. Mallie had come to be his comforter.

"Oh, Mallie, the kaiser will never come again!"

"But God is with us," said Mallie softly. As she stood before Hans in her maiden purity and beauty the light of inspiration overspread his face, and he whispered low:

"Mallie, God is truly with us. He shows me now, as in a vision, the queen of heaven surrounded by holy angels, and if I can but carve all that he shows me I shall be great myself and need a kaiser's help no longer."

Next morning at daybreak Hans set out. As he passed Ruppacher's house loud and clear his voice rang out:

My heart is mine no longer.
'Tis stolen quite away.

Softly one of the lower windows was raised, and a white handkerchief waved a last farewell through the dusky light, the song went on, but the voice grew trembling and uncertain—footsteps of unshod feet—then ceased, and all was still once more.

Years passed and nothing was heard of Hans Liefrink, and no one thought of him save Mallie, in whose gentle, loving heart he was ever present and ever dear and who watched for him till at last hope was almost dead, and the roses faded in her cheeks, and a dumb sorrow looked out of the sweet blue eyes. Breisach was trembling for its old faith, and Duke Ferdinand, Kaiser Maximilian's nephew and successor, counseled her children to do all they could to strengthen the Catholic faith by means of votive offerings and ideal paintings and sculptures in their churches. The minster had long lacked a high altar worthy of it, and notices were sent broadcast bidding all German artists to send in their plans, that the best might be chosen and the work begun.

Mallie heard but little of all this, for she never went about among the people and lived alone in her little bay windowed room waiting for Hans to come. But she was growing weak and weary with waiting, and the eyes she turned toward the Christ that Hans had carved for her were often full of tears. Five long years had passed since she had seen him, when one evening

There grows a slender rose tree
Within the minster's shade.

echoed softly as a summer zephyr under her window. She sprang to the casement and looked out, but could see no one in the darkness. Love lent wings to her feet, and like an escaped bird she flew up the mountain side to the kaiser's tree, where two strong arms clasped her and held her close, while her head swam, and it seemed as if the waters of the Rhine were closing in about her. They held each other long in silent embrace, for true love needs no words to tell its depths. Hans was the first to speak.

"How pale you are, sweetheart! Are you ill?"

She shook her head, with a happy laugh. "Oh, no, not now. But you were gone so long. Why did you not come sooner?"

"I could not, little one. If I had come back a poor, unknown fellow, your father would have dismissed me again. So I staid and feasted my eyes on all the art treasures of the great cities and worked in Durer's studio till my name was mentioned with honor among his pupils, and I said to myself, 'Now you may woo the lovely Mallie.' And when I heard there was to be a new altar put in our minster I hastened here to make application, and if I am found worthy to do the work what can your father have against me then?"

Mallie shook her head doubtfully, but Hans was full of joy.

"How the kaiser's tree has grown!" he cried in wonder. "It seems to have taken all the warm blood out of your cheeks, its roses are so red. Give my love's roses back to her," he said, playfully brushing her cheek with a flower, but they were pale and white. "That is not good paint. Let us try this," and he pressed a kiss on her cheek. "Aye, that is better," he laughed, and laid her blushing face against his breast. "Bloom out, my little rose. The spring is almost here."

The next morning the usher of the high gabled town hall came into the council chamber with hesitating steps.

"Your honorable body will be graciously pleased to pardon, but there is one without who insists upon coming into your presence."

"Who is it?" asked the burgomaster.

"It is Hans Liefrink," said the usher, "but so much changed I hardly knew him. He wants to compete for the new altar and submit his plans."

"What should we have to do with such a scapegrace as he? Let him go back where he came from," was the decision. "We want no such bunglers as he."

The kindly old messenger left the room, with a somewhat crestfallen air, but returned almost immediately, bringing a paper of draftings with him, which he presented with many bows and apologies.

"Liefrink begs you will examine these, your worships, and you can inquire of Durer, in Nuremberg, as to his ability."

"If the fellow don't take himself off we will have the jailer after him," cried Ruppacher, in a rage.

"Softly, softly, Master Ruppacher; the draft represents the coming of the Mother of God in heaven and is right fancifully thought out, it seems to me."

"But to imagine a thing is much easier than to do it. Liefrink never could do such a thing," said one of the councilors. Besides, it was simply ridiculous to give such a work into the hands of a Breisacher child, whom some had even looked askance upon. So Hans was summarily dismissed.

The authorities finally decided to send their plans to Albrecht Durer and to let him be their judge. And at the same time with the letter from the council went a letter from Hans to his great teacher and good friend.

Weeks slipped by in alternate anxiety and sweet stolen happiness for the lovers. They met as formerly at the kaiser's tree, for the struggles of 1024 drew Ruppacher's attention from his daughter, and Mallie grew bright and rosy in this springtime of love. At last Durer's answer came, but who can describe the amazement of the council when it was found that the letter contained Hans Liefrink's despised plan and these words, "I can recommend nothing more beautiful than this plan of my friend and pupil, Hans Liefrink, whose ability to execute it I fully guarantee."

A half hour later a crowd of people pressed up the narrow street and stopped before Hans Liefrink's little house. He came to the door, and to his astonishment saw a deputation from the council, one of whom stepped up and told him with great pomp that his plan had been approved by Durer and he had been chosen by the council to execute the high altar for the minster.

Hans clapped his hands for joy. Was it really true or only a beautiful dream? When the deputation had departed, he hastened over to Ruppacher's, for this was his time to speak.

Mallie opened the door for him—a low cry of happy fright, a quick kiss—and she disappeared into her own room, where, with beating heart, she sank before her crucifix and implored the blessed Virgin's help. Hans stepped fearlessly in to Ruppacher's presence, who cried, with flaming eyes:

"What do you want?"

"Herr Ruppacher, I know an honest man who loves your daughter and who would marry her, and I want to bring him to you."

"So—and who may he be?"

"Myself, Herr Councilor."

"You! Did any one ever hear such impudence. The beggar dares"——

"Herr Councilor," Hans cried out, "I never was a beggar. My father was poor, but he supported us with his wood carving, and after his death my mother took care of herself and me by the honest labor of her hands. The only things I ever received in my life were the knife and the purse from Kaiser Max, and those I did not beg—he gave them to a poor boy in whom he recognized an aspiration for better things. I have worked hard with the knife and educated myself with the money, and both have yielded me good interest. I am no beggar, Herr Councilor, and for the next two years the commission I have just received will enable me to abundantly provide for a wife."

"Two years, and what then?" sneered Ruppacher.

"Then new commissions will come!"

"Oh, you think you are something fine, no doubt, but you belong to a race of star gazers and loafers, who do nothing but spin dreams and are too lazy to work."

Hans was burning with indignation, but he controlled himself for Mallie's sake and only said:

"A kaiser held the ladder for Albrecht Durer—the ladder on which he painted—and a town councilor of Breisach, whose dust will soon be scattered to the winds, insults his best loved pupil. There I insisted all the honor of my reputation. Here I must be insulted and trampled upon!"

"Then go back to your honor! Why did you come here with your silly art?"

"Because I love your daughter so truly that no sacrifice is too great to be made for her, and because I want her for my wife."

"Well, then I will tell you that you are as likely to marry a wife as far above you as my daughter is as you are to build an altar in the minster higher than the minster itself."

"Is that all you have to say, Herr Councilor?"

He laughed contemptuously. "Carve an altar that is higher than the church in which it stands, and you shall have my daughter—not before—so help me God!"

A piteous cry came from the next room. Ruppacher opened the door. Mallie lay unconscious before the crucifix. Hans hastened to her, but the angry man raised his hand against him. For a moment it seemed to him that the sacred knife must leap from his pocket, but he struggled with himself and rushed out of the house, up the hill to the minster, to his friend, the "kaiser's tree."

It was a perfect noonday. A cloudless sky arched the shadowless earth. The castle of Sponeck was outlined against a background of gold, like some fairy palace, and the Rhine broke in foaming surf on her steep rocks. He could never win Mallie now, no one could help him, not even Kaiser Max, if he should come back from the grave, for had not Ruppacher sworn a terrible oath that he should never have her till he had made an altar higher than the church?

Suddenly something struck him sharply on the back. He started and turned quickly, but it was only the little rose tree that had at last, by its own strength, broken forth from the niche where Mallie's hand had bound it, and in escaping had struck him as if in greeting. There it stood tall and straight, and he saw for the first time how much higher it was than the niche in which it grew. Quick as lightning a thought shot through his tired brain. A moment of reflection—a cry of triumph—then he fell on his knees in joyful thanksgiving. "Lord God, thou art great, even in thy small things, and thy wonders never cease!" What was it that the little tree had taught him? What was it that made him kiss its rough bark in a wild transport of joy?

* * * * * * *

Hans saw Mallie no more. Her father had sent her to the convent at Marienau, yet her prison walls were not so strong but that a song, a greeting, from Hans sometimes reached her. He, too, lived like a hermit in his cell, working from early dawn till the last faint streaks of light tinged the western sky. Curiosity ran high, but every request to see his work received the same answer: "That was not included in the contract. They must wait." At last, after two years of patient labor, he declared the work done, and three days later, on the Feast of the Assumption, the new altar was to be dedicated. Great was the excitement, and that morning an unusual crowd of worshipers climbed the minster hill. The doors were opened, the crowd streamed in and a cry of surprise wonder and admiration echoed through the church. The altar lay in the full rays of the morning sun, and the whole glorious vision stood out before their eyes in perfect rounded forms. In the center was the blessed Mother, with her arms crossed over her bosom and head meekly bowed to receive the crown that God the Father and God the Son held above her. A storm of joy seemed sweeping through heaven that stirred the locks and garments of the celestial choir chanting "Alleluiah." Was it possible that this could be hard, unyielding wood? And the simple country folk, who had never before seen anything so beautiful, stood in childlike awe and silent wonder. When the service was over, all pressed forward to see the master of the great work. He came from behind the altar, modest and deeply moved, but so handsome and so full of unconscious pride that every eye hung on him in admiration. One by one the members of the council shook him heartily by the hand, all but Ruppacher, who leaned glowering against a pillar. Mallie was with him. She had left the convent for this festival, and stood beside him, a holy light in her sweet, pale face.

"Is not the Ruppacherin like the blessed mother of God?" whispered one in the crowd.

"And God the Father is like Kaiser Max," said an old man. "'Tis his face exactly."

Like a train of fire, it ran through the crowd that Liefrink had put Mallie Ruppacher and Kaiser Max in his work.

"Yes, dear friends," said Hans quietly, "you are right, and I have done it because I know of nothing in the world more beautiful and good than the Ruppacherin and our dear dead kaiser."

"Well said! He is right," was heard on all sides. Now Hans went fearlessly to where Ruppacher stood.

"Herr Ruppacher," he said, "two years ago you promised me your daughter for my wife when I should have fulfilled a strange condition made by you. I was to build an altar higher than the church—an impossible thing you thought—but look up, Master Ruppacher, the altar is a foot higher than the place in which it stands. I have only hewn the top."

The councilor looked up and grew pale. He had not thought of that. A moment of applause ran through the crowd.

"I have done my part, Herr Councilor. Now do yours and give me your daughter for my wife."

Ruppacher tottered as if struck by a heavy blow. Hans had taken him at his word, and he was not the man to trifle with his oath. He took Mallie's hand and placed it in her lover's.

Three weeks later Hans and Mallie were betrothed before the altar. Breisach had never seen so magnificent an affair, and Father Ruppacher was no longer so testy as one might think, for he had now more respect for the worthless art of his son-in-law.—Adapted From the German of Willhelmine von Hillern For Short Stories.

There Was No Hurry.

Barber—I am sorry dere vas so many ahead of you, sir.

Greene Gates—Oh, that's all right. I've got plenty of time. My wife and I are going out tonight, and she was just getting ready to adjust her bonnet as I left the house.—Brooklyn Bucksaw.

Praiseworthy.

"How do you like your new watchdog?"

Bragg—He's first class. The least little noise attracts his notice, and instead of barking like most dogs he just crawls under the bed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cautious.

She had kissed the baby for the last time until she returned and then kissed him again. She had carefully locked every door in the house and all the windows. She had turned the gas to the exact point at which it was to be left until her return. She had attended to the furnace and warned Bridget not to meddle with it for fear of fire. She had explained to that functionary the use of the burglar alarm, the fire alarm and the watchman's rattle. She had put the cat and dog in the cellar and had wrapped a newspaper around the canary's cage. She had put a gossamer over her new seersucker sacque, although it was starlight, because as she informed her husband, "She never expected to get another one—they would end in the poorhouse she knew." And then she was ready.

She locked the inside door and tried it.

Then she locked the outside door and tried it.

Then she opened the outside door and tried the inside door again.

Then she locked the outside door again, tried it, and then they started.

They had proceeded two blocks, and her husband had almost forgotten his craving for a good round swear, when she suddenly stopped.

"John," she said, "I must go back and tell Bridget to be current to wake the baby up unless he wakes himself."—Life.

Retrogression.

Talkum—Professor Garner says that monkeys do not actually converse, but confine themselves to single remarks on matters of importance.

Thinkum—Dear me! How man has degenerated!—New York Weekly.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

A CLOSE CALL FOR AN ADVENTURE ON A RAILROAD.

Mysterious Bumping and Jolting That Bothered the Passengers—A Man Hunt In the Woods—The Long Conductor and His Murderous Weapon.

There are adventures and adventures. This one is the mildest of adventures—a parlor adventure, a schoolgirl adventure, an adventure to be taken at breakfast along with oatmeal and other ingenious imitations of food. But adventures can't be ordered like roast beef and pie at a restaurant, but must be taken as they come, like the weather.

The train was hurrying along close to the river, smoothly and quietly enough, with only an occasional flourish of the whistle or irruption of the trainboy selling "John Smith, Buckskinner," "Peter Brown, Greenlander," "Polly Perkins, Woman," "Hollow Minds, Novelist," or some other stirring work of contemporaneous fiction. No one was thinking of danger, as is always the case just before an adventure—indeed the time was ripe for an adventure of magnitude, such as they used to have many years ago or still have many miles away, but it didn't come, for we live in fallen days and in an evil quarter of the earth.

Nevertheless as we glided along the train began to hump and jolt in an alarming manner. Then it went smoothly enough again for a little way; then again it had a spasm of jolting and pitching about as if it were a Fifth avenue stage or some such athletic apparatus rather than a vehicle.

"Broken rail," said one foolish man.

"Off on the ties," said another weak fellow.

Then all was quiet again, followed by more humps.

"This seems to be the corduroy line," said the foolish man.

"There are places broken out of the wheels," said the weak fellow. "I saw them when I got on. They look like broken nosed pitchers."

"Then why doesn't it jolt all the time?" asked the foolish man, which broke up the friendship and made them enemies.

But the train went on, and for half an hour continued to have occasional paroxysms of jolting. Then it came to a little station, which consisted of a platform and a dog, and stopped. Three men—evident scoundrels, self heralding enemies of society—were seen running from the train along a little stream toward the woods, with a half dozen of the trainmen close behind. Then there was a struggle among the bushes, and shocking bad language, and the noble trainmen came back with one of the desperadoes and put him in the baggage car with the trunks, while the other two men ran away and disappeared in the underbrush.

But our blood was up, and we held the train and had a man hunt. The bellcord was taken out and all hands mustered, except the baggage master and the porter of the sleeping car, which latter individual staid at his post of duty, "sah, guarding the property of the passengahs, sah." The forces were marshaled under the train conductor, a man whom nature had found so ductile that she had drawn him out to such an extent that the thought occurred that if the bellcord was lost he could be put up in its place. So leaving those two desperate men in the baggage car—that is, the train robber and the baggage master—our forces set out, the conductor, with the bell rope over his shoulder, presenting the exact appearance of a lumbago lishpole and line, at the head of the company.

For the next half hour there was a dodging in and out of men among the bushes and small trees of a 160 acre field beside the train. At last the men were surrounded on a little patch of turf near the stream. The train hands closed in, the conductor waving like a reed at the front. Then there was another struggle, and the chief bent like a weeping willow, wound his arms half a dozen times around one of the men and held him, while the other knocked down a brakeman, kicked the engineer in the stomach and again ran off. The more substantial bellcord was substituted for the arms of the conductor, and the prisoner was brought in and put into the baggage car with the other outlaw.

Once more the army moved. This time the conductor had reached down and borrowed a revolver from a passenger, a little nickel plated, pocket popgun affair, intended perhaps for defense against Jersey mosquitoes, but in no way designed for hunting that noble animal—man. But he took it up with him, and they were off. More dodging, running, deploying, shouting, and again the hardened individual was surrounded. He seemed to have become tired of the game, and now produced a long knife. The men paused and look astronomical observations of the upper end of the conductor. He was clearly seen to produce the pistol, and then, floating down through the still evening air, there came, one after the other, six times, a peevish pop, which indicated that the thing was going off. He might as well have held up a nickel plated clock and allowed it to strike 6. With a derisive laugh, which was quite the proper thing, the outlaw turned, flourished his knife and ran away across the open field toward the river. The men came back, the passenger who owned the revolver fastened it to his watch chain, a half dozen young lady bicyclists who had been watching the proceedings flopped themselves onto their machines and rolled away, the train started, and we, too, rolled away, taking our prisoners with us.

In a little while the conductor came back into the sleeper to wash off the smoke of battle. It seems that the three men had boarded the train some time during the afternoon, getting on the rear of the tender. As the observing traveler knows, there is situated here a long box in which is kept various overgrown tools for repairs, such as a 10 pound monkey wrench, an absurd hammer, extra coupling links and pins, some chain with links like sausages and similar things. It appears that this box was not locked, and these amiable tourists had amused themselves by dropping out these articles on the rails, their intention evidently being to throw the following cars off the track. Asked as to his opinion of the object which the man had in view in wrecking the train, the conductor leaned down near his questioner, while he wiped each finger repeatedly with a furious twisting motion, as if trying to unscrew it from the hand, and hissed the one word, "Plunder!"

So it was not much of an adventure, but it might have been.—New York Tribune.

Twelve thousand infants are annually received at a foundling asylum in Moscow. The boys are trained for the navy.

No Better.

"Henry, I have something to say to you."

"Go ahead, my dear. I am all ears."

"I know you are, but that doesn't alter matters at all."—Harper's Bazar.

It Would Be Necessary.

Friend—Do you think you will marry a rich girl?

Poet—I'll have to if I keep on in this business.—Life.

TURGENEFF'S MOTHER.

A Female Counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. Her Treatment of Her Serfs.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, who has frequently confessed his great admiration for Ivan Turgeneff, and who has written charmingly of his intimate friendship with the novelist, gives an entertaining account of the latter's mother in The Century. His life was clouded, Mr. Boyesen believes, by an unhappy childhood and by the tyranny and abuse of his mother. Turgeneff referred to his mother but twice in the presence of Mr. Boyesen, once when he declared that she was the typical noble lady of Russia, and afterward when he said, "The utter irresponsibility of the master in his intercourse with the serf has the most detrimental effect upon character—as I saw exemplified in the case of my own mother."

Mr. Boyesen writes:

"I concluded from this that his mother had been a hard and tyrannical woman, and that he was unable to cherish her memory. But never did I dream, until his sister's narration fell into my hands, that she was the female counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. She delighted in the most arbitrary exercise of power, and from sheer ennui tormented every one who came within the reach of her authority. She had herself been cruelly maltreated in her childhood—nay, she had been directly insulted by her stepfather and compelled in consequence to flee from home and seek refuge with a relative. By the death of her uncle, Ivan Lontovinoff, she inherited an immense fortune, on the receipt of which she characteristically remarked, 'Now I can do what I like' ('Maintenant je peux tout'). Among the many suitors who competed for her favor, she chose for a husband Serglus Nicolaevitch Turgeneff because of his extraordinary beauty. She established herself in princely opulence on her estate of Spasskoe, and as she was determined upon keeping the reins of authority in her own hands her husband thought it wise to indulge her caprices and refrain as far as possible from interfering with her wishes. Probably he had by this time discovered with whom he had to deal. He was too prudent a man to provoke a quarrel with a woman of so formidable a temperament.

"It was, in fact, not only he whom she governed, but she insisted upon regulating the affairs of every one who approached her or entered into any sort of relation with her, however remote. Her autocratic will did not tolerate even a suspicion of criticism, far less opposition, and the devices she hit upon for humiliating those who manifested what she regarded as a spirit of insubordination were worthy of her imperial prototype Catherine, nicknamed the Great. When her daughter was ill with typhoid fever, she gave the physician, who was a highly educated serf, the choice between a complete cure and Siberia. A favorite serf, whom it pleased her from sheer caprice to persecute, she degraded from the position of a waiter to that of a field laborer and made him exchange his fine livery for the coarse garb of a peasant. Her major domo, Palitskoff, she assaulted in a fit of uncontrollable fury with a crutch and would have killed him if her brother-in-law had not interfered. She separated him from his wife and children, to whom he was warmly devoted, and exercised a diabolical ingenuity in devising new tortures for the unhappy man. His offense was that he had out of love for his young master, Nicholas Turgeneff, deceived her regarding the latter's relation to a certain beautiful German governess with whom Nicholas was deeply in love and whom he had secretly married."

A Lost Novel.

A good many years ago a historical novel by Mr. Hoffman was announced as soon to appear under the title of "The Red Spur of Ramapo." But the book never was published, and the cause of its non-appearance may well be set down among the calamities which befall authors.

Mr. Hoffman had been employed more than six months upon his romance. He had taken unusual care in its composition, and an eminent book publisher had contracted with him for the copyright. The novel was nearly completed, the public was talking about it and romance readers were anticipating a treat. The author, as he wrote it, placed the manuscript sheets in a large portfolio by the side of his writing table, so that none of them should be lost. One day, on looking into his literary subtreasury, he discovered to his astonishment and dismay that only a few sheets of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" were to be found.

Not many men could have acted so calmly as did the author of "Greysliver" on this occasion and as the great Newton is reported to have done on a similar one.

He called the chambermaid who had been intrusted with the care of his room and said:

"Mary, have you ever taken any papers from this place?"

"Sure, it's mesiff that has, sorr," she replied with perfect frankness.

"For what purpose did you take them?" inquired the author, with a sinking heart.

"Sure, sorr, to kindle the fohre," replied the guileless Mary, "an many's the toime Oi've thought how good yo was to put 'em there for me."

"And how long have you been in the habit of taking papers from this place?" groaned the poor author.

"Oi couldn't say jist how long, sorr," returned Mary, seeing at last that something was amiss, "but Oi niver misthrusted there was any good to 'em, for they was all scribbled over, sorr."

And with sobs and wild protestations of sorrow the destroyer of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" fled from the room, leaving the afflicted author to console himself for his loss as best he might.—Youth's Companion.

Spiders' Threads.

Some interesting experiments were made last summer on spiders' threads. A thread having been obtained, one end was carefully fixed with gum to a support, and to the other end small weights were gradually attached till it broke. In order to compare from these tests the strength of the thread with, say, steel thread of the same thickness, it was necessary to determine its diameter. This was done by means of a powerful microscope, and it was found that it would require 25,000 threads to make a sheet an inch broad.

When it is remembered that each of these threads is composed of some 4,000 strands the tenacity is seen to be almost inconceivable, as it would require 100,000,000 to make an inch. As a result of these tests it was found, incredible as it may seem, that spiders' thread is, thickness for thickness, actually stronger than cast iron, nearly as strong as copper, gold, platinum, silver, and about one-fifth as strong as steel. It may not be generally known that spiders' threads are used to support small weights in several delicate scientific instruments, and for this purpose they are much more suitable than any other material.—Chambers' Journal.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Mate Leroy on the Revival of the Tea Gown.

The Princess a Favorite With Women of Good Figure—Novelties in Fancy Corsages—New Styles in Summer Sleeves—Variegated Straw Hats.

AN OUTFIT FOR TRAVELING.

The traveling dress on the left is of snuff brown cloth, triple skirt, tailor finished. The waist is of striped silk. The cape is of the cloth. The central figure is of slate cheviot with stitching. The waist is of the same and the pretty blazer coat is lined with tan silk. The little girl's dress is of diagonal wool in two shades. The waist is of red and white plaid flannel.

Tea gowns had such a sudden and violent rage that for a year they were worn at all hours of the day, and often they were slightly modified and worn as evening and reception dresses. They were loaded with the richest trimmings and made of the most sumptuous materials, and the amount of lace and ribbons used to decorate them must have made many a man's hair stand on end. Then they became too common to please those fastidious ladies

TEA GOWN AND WALKING DRESS.

who like to have something that everybody else does not, and they grew scarce for a season, but now the tea gown has with one fell swoop come down upon us again, more graceful and elegant than before, and is trimmed with even greater elaboration than ever.

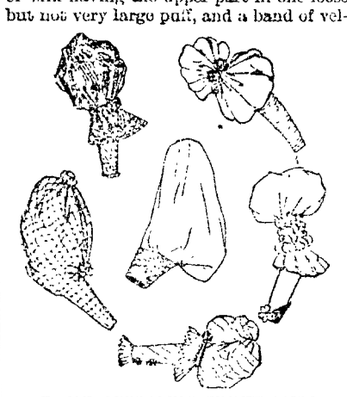
I saw one yesterday that was most beautiful. It was of cream white camel's hair of the finest quality. The gown was cut princess shape, with extremely full back. The front opened over a panel of pink satin lavishly beaded in fine cut jet with a five inch fringe of the same. The side portions of the gown were embroidered with black velvet applique in arabesques and palm leaf pattern, all the outlining being done in very small gold beads. Where the palm leaf came at the bottom of the front it formed a scallop, and this was followed all around the bottom, and beneath the black velvet scallop formed by the leaf there was a narrow plaited ruffle of pink satin. The sleeves hung open in the old-new bell shape, and they were embroidered in a similar manner, though in a smaller pattern. The sleeves were lined with pink satin. The neck was finished with scallops at the top formed by the palm leaves, which were set upside down, and a narrow quilling of black lace laid against the white neck. There was no collar of any description, as the neck was cut down quite to the collar bone. There was a bow with deep loops and long ends set at the back of the neck made of rich pink moire ribbon.

Another exquisite tea gown was of cigale green crepon, the back laid in deep godet plaits, which fell from the seams in the princess back. The neck was cut out square and had a black velvet yoke cut in points on the lower side. From this came a vandyked accordion plaited ruffle of cigale green silk muslin. There was a ruffle of the same style around the bottom of the skirt, headed by a row of black velvet ribbon. The front of the dress was loose, of cigale-green silk muslin, and had four rows of black lace insertion laid down the front, each ended with a rich fringe of jet. Along the bottom of the front was a fine row of beaded work, with imitation emeralds, black jet and gold beads mingled, sewed directly on the material, and beneath this was a fringe of chenille and the mingled beads. The upper portion of the sleeves was of faille to match the crepon, with lace falls. They reached only to the elbow.

There was another gown made almost exactly like this, but of oyster white bengaline, with Lincoln green velvet yoke and lace jabots down the sides of the front, which was made of apple green crepe du Japon. The black lace insertion was laid down the front in the same manner, but the flounce was of fine black chantilly. There is really no limit to the elegant designs shown in the new tea gowns. With each there is a tiny mite of a fancy cap.

The princess shape always was a favorite with women who have good figures, [illegible]

sleeves, but these have so evidently been specially ordered on account of the heat, and possibly because the wearer has dainty wrists, that I think they could hardly be called a style. But the others seem to me to have a better claim to the name of new styles. There is the new Duse, which has a stiff turned up cuff covered with velvet or embroidery, and one was made so that the material in the sleeve drooped over the elbow and sagged deeply, while the shoulder part was narrow and brought down in straight lines. The upper part is much narrower than the lower portion. The new leg o' mutton sleeve is not so large as it was, and the wrist and forearm are as narrow as they can be. Some have queer little rosettes of silk or ribbon set on the shoulder and also on the bend of the elbow. A more graceful sleeve is made of silk having the upper part in one loose but not very large puff, and a band of vel-



FANCY SLEEVES FOR SUMMER GOWN.

vet ribbon at the elbow, and a flounce of the same falling half way over the forearm, edged with flat insertion. The forearm is trimmed in the same way.

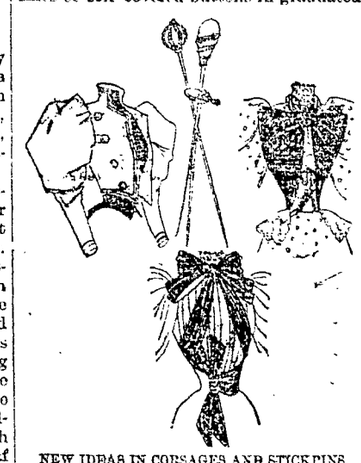
The fancy sleeves for evening dresses or afternoon, for dressy occasions, are puffed and otherwise ornamented in ways almost impossible to describe. One was of white and blue line silk on the forearm, to match the dress. The upper part was a puff of white silk crape, arranged so that one portion drooped downward, and the other was pulled upward in a sort of shell-like series of puffs and fastened by a band and bow of mazarin blue velvet ribbon.

Another fancy sleeve was all of white silk crape—the stiff crisp kind—and this was a series of six puffs, the upper one standing up and the lower one drooping. The four center ones were smaller, though unequal in size. The forearm was plain, but had a black velvet cuff turned upward to a point and having a rosette of narrow black velvet ribbon on the wrist. This kind of sleeve was worn with a white china silk dress, where there was a marguerite puff around the bottom of the waist. One more fancy sleeve, and I shall say no more about them this time for fear they become monotonous. This sleeve was to wear with a very pretty dress of striped and crinkled crepon. There was one large balloon puff, and the fullness of this was gathered down to the lining on the upper side and held in, leaving a division. Below this was an accordion plaited frill, headed by a band of jet passementerie. There was another plaited frill at the wrist and two fancy jet buttons. I may mention that I have seen several slashed sleeves. These were generally of velvet or very rich silk, with the slashes filled in with silk or crape of a contrasting color.

Some of the new straw hats have crowns of one color and brims of another, like purple and green or red and blue. Some have rough effects made by straws of different color woven in, but with so much trimming as is placed on them and the facings of shirred tulle or Italian crape one sees very little of the hat itself. One hat where the rough straw was made of green and white strands had a mass of trimming consisting of green moire ribbon of the exact silvery green of the under side of poplar leaves. There was besides a grape vine, with its creamy white tuffs of blossoms, its tendrils and finally two bunches of green grapes of different sizes. This was placed artistically on the top of the hat, and just under the bent part of the brim was a small cluster of ripe grapes and the faded leaves. The whole hat was really poetic.

I have noticed that the different shades of green appear to be very popular. They begin in grays, where the green is scarcely more than a suggestion, and then they are seen in sage, a frosty whitish tint overcasting it; then in reseda, which is of a rusty tinge. There is grasshopper green, lettuce, cabbage, poplar, apple, nile, and then it strays into the mosses, myrtles, olives and lastly the emeralds, the Lincoln and hunters' green and bottle green. I think more than likely I have left out several distinct shades. Green is certainly a pleasing color, but the wearer must know how to treat it. There are greens that dark or sallow persons should keep at a distance from face, neck or hands, and then there are others that make such persons look fair They must be studied.

MATE LEROY.



NEW IDEAS IN CORSAGES AND STICK PINS.

sizes, four on each side, and beginning at the shoulder to end at the bottom. There were two rows of fine soutache all around the edge and the standing collar. The fronts were made to button, or to hang open, or to fold back like revers. It was altogether a stylish design. Around the bottom of the skirt was a band of the gray cloth edged with black soutache. The band was four inches wide.

A very dainty and girlish bodice was a waist gathered very full in front and back and the fullness all brought in to the bottom of the waist in front and back, leaving the sides smooth, as they were cut princess shape. There was a double bow of ribbon at the throat, the two lower ones setting out to the shoulders. From under this two ends crossed the bust in figaro shape and went plainly around the back directly across it, as though it was a real figaro. From the left side seam there was brought forward a drapery made of three rows of ribbon sewed together, ending a little to the right side under loops and ends of ribbon. This trimming can be adapted to almost any waist and can be separated so as to be added to any gown at short notice. Such a trimming would be suitable and pretty for any of the light woolens, figured or plain, or the pretty cotton goods of the season. It is a dressy caprice. Velvet always looks well as an accessory over any kind of a waist.

A novelty in a velvet additional corsage was cut like a cutaway basque, reaching only to the waist line. The upper portion was cut away as though for a guimpe and piped with black silk. In front there was a large drooping bow of the velvet, and a drapery of the same around the neck ended in a sailor knot. There was a frill of lace around the bottom, and a jabot in the opening of the waist. This is made to slip on over any kind of a plain waist and is very novel and affective. It tones down a high colored dress and gives a brightness to a dull colored one, and it is particularly rich over white.

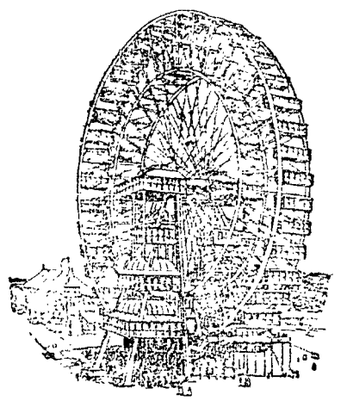
There are several novelties in sleeves to summer gowns. I notice a number of cl-

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THE GRAYDON WHEEL AND ITS CONSTRUCTION.

Remedy for Damp Walls—Why the Horse is an Easy Victim.

The Ferris wheel of our World's fair is to be outdone by one which, though constructed by John Bull for the Earls' Court Industrial exhibition at London, is from plans drawn by an American—Lieutenant Graydon. The Graydon wheel will exceed the Ferris in diameter by 50 feet. It ro-



THE GRAYDON WHEEL.

tates on a tubular axle 7 feet in diameter, composed of bars and plates, and power is applied to it by means of two steel hawsers that run as belting.

A feature which adds to the attractions of the wheel are four platforms or balconies arranged at different heights upon each of the legs or supports on which the ends of the axle rest, where visitors can stop for refreshment or amusement, as in the Eiffel tower.

The number of cars on this gigantic wheel is expected to be 40—that is, four more than the Ferris—and it is estimated that they will accommodate 1,600 people.

Remedy For Damp Walls.

The process consists in using two washes or solutions for covering the surface of the walls—one composed of castile soap and water and one of alum and water. The proportions are three-quarters of a pound of soap to a gallon of water and a half a pound of alum to 4 gallons of water, both substances to be perfectly dissolved in water before being used. The walls should be perfectly clean and dry and the temperatures of the air not above 50 degrees F. when the compositions are applied. The first, or soap, wash should be laid on when boiling hot, with a flat brush, taking care to form a froth on the brickwork. This wash should remain 24 hours, so as to become dry and hard before the second, or alum, wash is applied, which should be done in the same manner as the first. The temperature of this wash, when applied, may be 60 or 70 degrees F., and this should remain 24 hours before a second coat of the soap wash is put on. These coats are to be applied alternately until the walls are made impervious to water. The alum and soap thus combined form an insoluble compound, says Architect and Builder, filling the pores of the masonry and entirely preventing the water from entering the wall.

Why the Horse Is an Easy Victim.

Why the horse should prove a much easier victim to the electric current than man does is thus explained by The Lancet. The hoof, and more particularly its crust and sole, is a good insulator, but the shoe presents to the ground a large metallic contact, and this contact is in connection with metallic conductors in the shape of nails, which pierce the strongest part of the insulation and afford an easy electrical path into the body. The contact with earth is further improved by the great superincumbent weight of the animal, and it may often happen that in passing over wet ground the external surface of the hoof and the wet fetlock, especially in the case of untrimmed horses, may become sufficiently wet to form a good surface conductor and so carry a current directly from the earth to the upper part of the body. In this way the safety of the natural "resistance" of the hoof is neutralized. A horse, too, covers more ground than a man and runs greater risk from being in contact with points of ground farther apart.

Refrigerating With Natural Gas.

It is a well established law in physics that rarefaction cools a gas, while compression heats it. This principle is extensively used in certain icemaking machines and in cold storage establishments. Ammonia gas is first squeezed down to many times its normal density, and the warmth generated thereby is allowed to escape altogether. With subsequent liberation comes expansion, and hence intense cold. The New York Tribune reports that it is proposed in Indiana to use natural gas in the same way, but with this important difference: Ammonia is compressed in existing apparatus by steam or other power, costing money. But that important preliminary process has already been performed by nature with natural gas, which, it is asserted, comes out of some wells under a pressure of 20 atmospheres, or 300 pounds to the square inch. This is more than is commonly employed in ammonia machines. Consequently the expansion of the natural gas should produce greater cold.

National Sentiment.

The early Christians for a long time actually despised patriotism. They not only saw and felt that on this earth they had no abiding city, but they claimed to owe their allegiance to a higher power. This was a notion that prevailed until the growth of national sentiment became strong enough to make a Christian a patriot as well. Machiavelli, who had a lively appreciation of the pagan virtues, was one of the first writers of renown to exalt patriotism to a high place among the virtues. In his eyes, all was fair in war, if not in love, and he openly declared his admiration for those who loved their country better than the safety of their souls.

Patriotism was, in short, an old world virtue, which, at the time of the renaissance, was dragged out of its recess and refurbished for the use of the modern world. Eclipsed for a season, it has shone as bright again as ever it did in Greece or Rome. Many a citizen has since been cast in the mold of Aristides or of Regulus. But it is curious to observe that when national sentiment was weak there was in some respects a greater sense of the brotherhood of man than there is today.

Amid all its wars and turmoil, Europe made a near approach to solidarity and union. Christianity was a great welding force. The dreams of a universal church were in some slight degree realized, and the holy Roman empire was a stupendous fact which formed a cementing bond between many disorganized races.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Stage Dogs.

We regret that the nature of the book prevents the appearance of Shakespeare's two stage dogs, who played their parts with the others, as his best tribute to their qualities—Launce's delightful little possession and the "this dog, my dog" of Pyramus and Thisbe. The present writer once saw the latter part performed by an animal who got by far the best applause of the day. He was a little terrier who in private life belonged to the actor who played Pyramus and came on with him at a matinee. He looked at the audience and wagged his tail. Then he turned to his master and watched him as he declaimed the famous fustian with due exaggeration. His opinion was soon formed—that that master was making a fool of himself. He yapped once shortly and contemptuously, turned his back on him and faced the audience again in a sitting posture, which he retained. The contempt was perfect. But stage dogs should have a volume to themselves.

One very fine fellow was wont to come on the stage with his mistress during a very long run. He grew so accustomed to his work that he missed it like an unemployed player when the play was withdrawn, and after a vain period of restlessness he pined and died. Mr. Irving is credited with the possession of a shrewd beast that knows all his master's characters and what he is going to play when he begins to dress. Some he watches from the wings, others he abandons at particular points which offend him. Some, like Hamlet, for instance, nothing will induce him to "sit out" at all. He stays in the dressing room under the sofa.—London Spectator.

Practical.

James Payn, speaking in The Independent of individual interpretations of general rules, says that in going the rounds one night with the officer on guard at one of the English dockyards he heard the original views of the Irish sentry on this point.

"If you see a convict escaping," said the officer, "what is it your duty to do?"

"Sure, sir, and I'm not to fire till the last extremity."

"Quite right, but what would you consider the last extremity to be?"

"Just round the corner of the dockyard there, sir," was the practical reply.

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Ladies' Summer Suits.

They are Cool, Comfortable and Nobby, and at lowest prices. Just what you want this Summer. Below we quote OUR PRICES.

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100 Ladies' Duck Suits,	Price $1.89 each
250 Ladies' Tuxedo Suits,	Price $2.75 each
100 Fancy Trimmed Tuxedo Suits,	Price $3.50 each
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75 Plain Linen Suits,	Price $4.50 each
100 Fancy Braided Linen Suits,	Price $4.50 each
100 Serge Suits, SILK-FACED,	Price $4.99 each
100 Tuxedo Suits, Fancy Trimmed,	Price $6.00 each

SHIRT WAISTS.

60 dozen Percale Shirt Waists, In every imaginable design and color.	Price 49c. each
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150 dozen Black and Colored French Satine Waists,	98c. each
100 dozen of the celebrated Mull House Satine Waists,	$1.25 each
10 dozen Fancy Spotted Muslin Waists, Lace Trimmed.	
50 dozen Chambray Waists, with Laundered Collars and Cuffs,	$1 each

N. B.—We have all sizes in the above Waists. No extra charge made for large sizes.

Full stock of Plain and Fancy Colored Silk Waists, prices from $2.69 to $8.50 each.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

Another bargain in Summer Dress Material.

Twilled Satines, some 3000 yards and somewhere about 40 patterns, the colorings are beautiful, the ground is cream color, the width is 32 inches, the regular price is 20 cents a yard, while they last our price is 12 1-2c. a yard.

Palmer Street, Centre Aisle.

The principal odors of Hudnut's Richest Perfume can be found at our Toilet Counter in 1-2 oz., 1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. bottles and in bulk. A list of them:

Lily of the Nile,	White Lilac,
White Jessamine,	Chypre,
Locust Blossoms,	Jockey Club,
Peau d'Espange,	Preciosa,
Carnation Pink,	Frangipanni,
Lily of the Valley,	English Violet,
White Heliotrope,	White Hyacinth,
Crab Apple Blossoms,	White Rose.

This manufacturer can not be excelled of the lasting qualities of Toilet Waters.

Russian Violet,	Sweet Violet,
White Heliotrope,	Florida Water,

Lavender Water.

Merrimack Street, Right Aisle.

Kayser's Patent Finger-Tipped Silk Gloves are guaranteed. If the tips wear out before the Gloves you get a new pair.

Merrimack Street, Rear.

Chenille Draperies in an abundance of patterns and colors, and think you would do well to take a look through our stock before buying, as you may learn something to your benefit.

A complete line of

Nottingham Curtains,
Swiss Lace Curtains,
Irish Point Curtains,
Point d'Esprite Curtains.

You will find just what you want for Sash Curtains.

Swiss Lace,
Tambo Muslin,
Spotted Muslin,
Irish Point Lace,
Schlifli Lace,
Madras Lace,
China Lace,
Cloud Figured Muslin.
Silkaline.

Palmer Street, Center Aisle.

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Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING CO. ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL MASS.

GIVEN AWAY,

The Big House

FLAGS

for the 4th.

To inculcate the proper Spirit of Loyalty and Patriotism into the boys of our time and to make Independence day an occasion of rejoicing and gladness to the young people whose allowance of pocket money may be stinted this year, we have decided to give a way a great number of AMERICAN FLAGS 9x14 in size, and already mounted on staffs so that they may be set up or carried in the hand.

Every person desiring can procure it by making a small purchase of 25c worth.

We point to our immense values in our own make boys' Knee Pants for 25c a pair.

Hot weather goods at cut prices light Color Suits at $5, $6.29, $10.00, $15.00.

Keep cool by wearing our light Shirts and Underwear 20c. to $3.00 a garment.

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Fine Claret

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Boston and Maine Railroad.

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Commencing January 21, 1894.

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For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.33, 7.30, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40 3.25, 5 10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m. 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell.

For Boston—5 45, 6 30, ¶6 50, *7 45, *850, ¶9 25, *9 50, 11 00 a. m.; *12 10, 1 35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, §5 40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7 45, 8 45, *9 15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowel as follows:

For Boston.—5 46, 6 34, ¶6 53, 7 01, *7 18, *7 27, *7 48, *8 37, 9 28, *9 35, *9 58, 11 03, 11 44 a. m., *12 17, 1 38, 2 13, §3 03, 4 02, 4 33, *5 33, §5 43, *6 28, 7 52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7 17, *7 27, ¶7 48, §8 48, *9 20 a. m.; §4 25, 6 03 p. m.

or Woburn, § 30, §7 01, 7 35, *7 45, 11 00 a.m.; 1 35, 4 20, *§5 33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m. §4 25, §6 03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.50 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.15 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.43, (5.04 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.09, a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), ¶8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.47p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 and ¶8.43.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, ¶8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; ¶8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞ ¶Daily for Montreal.

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THE SIZE Of a newspaper is no guarantee of its excellence. The public wants quality, not quantity, in a newspaper. News that is old is not improved by spreading it over a large number of pages, where the reader must hunt to find it. You can read in the padded sheets tomorrow much of what you see in THE SUN today.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

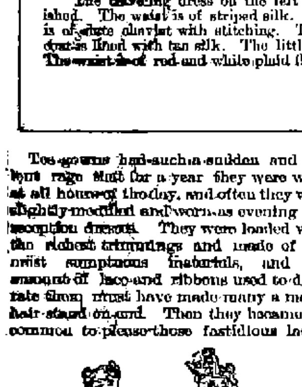
Mate Leroy on the Revival of the Tea Gown.

The Princess a Favorite With Women of Good Figure—Novelties in Fancy Corsages—New Styles in Summer Sleeves—Variegated Straw Hats.

AN OUTFIT FOR TRAVELING.

The traveling dress on the left is of snuff brown cloth, triple skirt, tailor finished. The waist is of striped silk. The cape is of the cloth. The central figure is of slate cheviot with stitching. The waist is of the same and the pretty blazer coat is lined with tan silk. The little girl's dress is of diagonal wool in two shades. The waist is of red and white plaid flannel.

Tea gowns had such a sudden and violent rage that for a year they were worn at all hours of the day, and often they were slightly modified and worn as evening and reception dresses. They were loaded with the richest trimmings and made of the most sumptuous materials, and the amount of lace and ribbons used to decorate them must have made many a man's hair stand on end. Then they became too common to please those fastidious ladies



TEA GOWN AND WALKING DRESS.

who like to have something that everybody else does not, and they grew scarce for a season, but now the tea gown has with one fell swoop come down upon us again, more graceful and elegant than before, and is trimmed with even greater elaboration than ever.

I saw one yesterday that was most beautiful. It was of cream white camel's hair of the finest quality. The gown was cut princess shape, with extremely full back. The front opened over a panel of pink satin lavishly beaded in fine cut jet with a five inch fringe of the same. The side portions of the gown were embroidered with black velvet applique in arabesques and palm leaf pattern, all the outlining being done in very small gold beads. Where the palm leaf came at the bottom of the front it formed a scallop, and this was followed all around the bottom, and beneath the black velvet scallop formed by the leaf there was a narrow plaited ruffle of pink satin. The sleeves hung open in the old-new bell shape, and they were embroidered in a similar manner, though in a smaller pattern. The sleeves were lined with pink satin. The neck was finished with scallops at the top formed by the palm leaves, which were set upside down, and a narrow quilling of black lace laid against the white neck. There was no collar of any description, as the neck was cut down quite to the collar bone. There was a bow with deep loops and long ends set at the back of the neck made of rich pink moire ribbon.

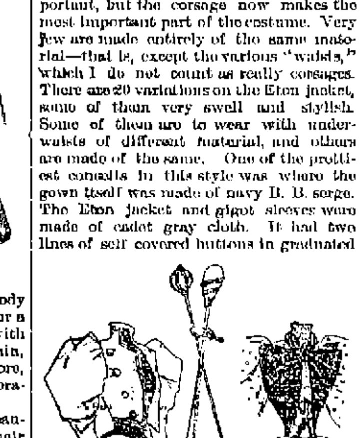
Another exquisite tea gown was of cigale green crepon, the back laid in deep godet plaits, which fell from the seams in the princess back. The neck was cut out square and had a black velvet yoke cut in points on the lower side. From this came a vandyked accordion plaited ruffle of cigale green silk muslin. There was a ruffle of the same style around the bottom of the skirt, headed by a row of black velvet ribbon. The front of the dress was loose, of cigale green silk muslin, and had four rows of black lace insertion laid down the front, each ended with a rich fringe of jet. Along the bottom of the front was a fine row of beaded work, with imitation emeralds, black jet and gold beads mingled, sewed directly on the material, and beneath this was a fringe of chenille and the mingled beads. The upper portion of the sleeves was of faille to match the crepon, with lace falls. They reached only to the elbow.

There was another gown made almost exactly like this, but of oyster white bengaline, with Lincoln green velvet yoke and lace jabots down the sides of the front, which was made of apple green crepe du japon. The black lace insertion was laid down the front in the same manner, but the flounce was of fine black chantilly. There is really no limit to the elegant designs shown in the new tea gowns. With each there is a tiny ruche of a fancy cap.

The princess shape always was a favorite with women who have good figures, but the last has [illegible]

marked increase in its popularity. A very elegant dress in this style made by a prominent house was of black "diagonal weave" silk. The rich fabric seemed almost to have grown upon the graceful young figure. It was opened on the left side under a row of wheels of heavy passementerie and was looped up a little on that side, just showing an underskirt of black velutina. The lower sleeves were also made of that beautiful fabric, and the upper ones of silk with a row of narrower passementerie like that on the body. The front was plain, but the back of the skirt ample and full.

Novelties during these days run more to fancy corsages than to anything more important, but the corsage now makes the most important part of the costume. Very few are made entirely of the same material—that is, except the various "waists," which I do not count as really corsages. There are 20 variations on the Eton jacket, some of them very swell and stylish. Some of them are to wear with underwaists of different material, and others are made of the same. One of the prettiest conceits in this style was where the gown itself was made of navy B. B. serge. The Eton jacket and gigot sleeves were made of cadet gray cloth. It had two lines of self covered buttons in graduated



NEW IDEAS IN CORSAGES AND STICKPINS.

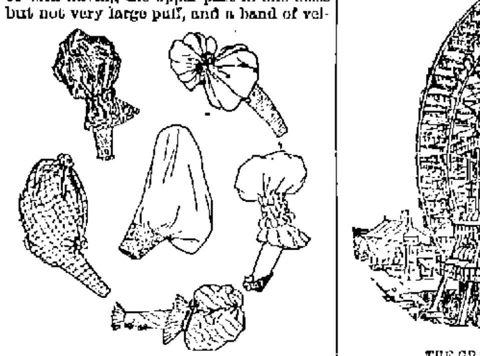
sizes, four on each side, and beginning at the shoulder to end at the bottom. There were two rows of fine soutache all around the edge and the standing collar. The fronts were made to button, or to hang open, or to fold back like revers. It was altogether a stylish design. Around the bottom of the skirt was a band of the gray cloth edged with black soutache. The band was four inches wide.

A very dainty and girlish bodice was a waist gathered very full in front and back and the fullness all brought in to the bottom of the waist in front and back, leaving the sides smooth, as they were cut princess shape. There was a double bow of ribbon at the throat, the two lower ones setting out to the shoulders. From under this two ends crossed the bust in figaro shape and went plainly around the back directly across it, as though it was a real figaro. From the left side seam there was brought forward a drapery made of three rows of ribbon sewed together, ending a little to the right side under loops and ends of ribbon. This trimming can be adapted to almost any waist and can be separated so as to be added to any gown at short notice. Such a trimming would be suitable and pretty for any of the light woolens, figured or plain, or the pretty cotton goods of the season. It is a dressy caprice. Velvet always looks well as an accessory over any kind of a waist.

A novelty in a velvet additional corsage was cut like a cutaway basque, reaching only to the waist line. The upper portion was cut away as though for a guimpe and piped with black silk. In front there was a large drooping bow of the velvet, and a drapery of the same around the neck ended in a sailor knot. There was a frill of lace around the bottom, and a jabot in the opening of the waist. This is made to slip on over any kind of a plain waist and is very novel and effective. It tones down a high colored dress and gives a brightness to a dull colored one, and it is particularly rich over white.

There are several novelties in sleeves to summer gowns. I notice a number of el-

sleeves, but these have so evidently been specially ordered on account of the heat, and possibly because the wearer has dainty wrists, that I think they could hardly be called a style. But the others seem to me to have a better claim to the name of new styles. There is the new Duse, which has a stiff turned up cuff covered with velvet or embroidery, and one was made so that the material in the sleeve drooped over the elbow and sagged deeply, while the shoulder part was narrow and brought down in straight lines. The upper part is much narrower than the lower portion. The new leg o' mutton sleeve is not so large as it was, and the wrist and forearm are as narrow as they can be. Some have queer little rosettes of silk or ribbon set on the shoulder and also on the bend of the elbow. A more graceful sleeve is made of silk having the upper part in one loose but not very large puff, and a band of vel-



FANCY SLEEVES FOR SUMMER GOWN.

vet ribbon at the elbow, and a flounce of the same falling half way over the forearm, edged with flat insertion. The forearm is trimmed in the same way.

The fancy sleeves for evening dresses or afternoon, for dressy occasions, are puffed and otherwise ornamented in ways almost impossible to describe. One was of white and blue line silk on the forearm, to match the dress. The upper part was a puff of white silk crape, arranged so that one portion drooped downward, and the other was pulled upward in a sort of shell-like series of puffs and fastened by a band and bow of mazarin blue velvet ribbon.

Another fancy sleeve was all of white silk crape—the stiff crisp kind—and this was a series of six puffs, the upper one standing up and the lower one drooping. The four center ones were smaller, though unequal in size. The forearm was plain, but had a black velvet cuff turned upward to a point and having a rosette of narrow black velvet ribbon on the wrist. This kind of sleeve was worn with a white china silk dress, where there was a marguerite puff around the bottom of the waist. One more fancy sleeve, and I shall say no more about them this time for fear they become monotonous. This sleeve was to wear with a very pretty dress of striped and crinkled crepon. There was one large balloon puff, and the fullness of this was gathered down to the lining on the upper side and held in, leaving a division. Below this was an accordion plaited frill, headed by a band of jet passementerie. There was another plaited frill at the wrist and two fancy jet buttons. I may mention that I have seen several slashed sleeves. These were generally of velvet or very rich silk, with the slashes filled in with silk or crape of a contrasting color.

Some of the new straw hats have crowns of one color and brims of another, like purple and green or red and blue. Some have rough effects made by straws of different color woven in, but with so much trimming as is placed on them and the facings of shirred tulle or Italian crape one sees very little of the hat itself. One hat where the rough straw was made of green and white strands had a mass of trimming consisting of green moire ribbon of the exact silvery green of the under side of poplar leaves. There was besides a grape vine, with its creamy white tufts of blossoms, its tendrils and finally two bunches of green grapes of different sizes. This was placed artistically on the top of the hat, and just under the bent part of the brim was a small cluster of ripe grapes and the faded leaves. The whole hat was really poetic.

I have noticed that the different shades of green appear to be very popular. They begin in grays, where the green is scarcely more than a suggestion, and then they are seen in sage, a frosty whitish tint overcasting it; then in reseda, which is of a rusty tinge. There is grasshopper green, lettuce, cabbage, poplar, apple, nile, and then it strays into the mosses, myrtles, olives and lastly the emeralds, the Lincoln and hunters' green and bottle green. I think more than likely I have left out several distinct shades. Green is certainly a pleasing color, but the wearer must know how to treat it. There are greens that dark or sallow persons should keep at a distance from face, neck or hands, and then there are others that make such persons look fair. They must be studied.

MATE LEROY.

Stage Dogs.

We regret that the nature of the book prevents the appearance of Shakespeare's two stage dogs, who played their parts with the others, as his best tribute to their qualities—Launce's delightful little possession and the "this dog, my dog" of Pyramus and Thisbe. The present writer once saw the latter part performed by an animal who got by far the best applause of the day. He was a little terrier who in private life belonged to the actor who played Pyramus and came on with him at a matinee. He looked at the audience and wagged his tail. Then he turned to his master and watched him as he declaimed the famous fustian with due exaggeration. His opinion was soon formed—that that master was making a fool of himself. He yapped once shortly and contemptuously, turned his back on him and faced the audience again in a sitting posture, which he retained. The contempt was perfect. But stage dogs should have a volume to themselves.

One very fine fellow was wont to come on the stage with his mistress during a very long run. He grew so accustomed to his work that he missed it like an unemployed player when the play was withdrawn, and after a vain period of restlessness he pined and died. Mr. Irving is credited with the possession of a shrewd beast that knows all his master's characters and what he is going to play when he begins to dress. Some he watches from the wings; others he abandons at particular points which offend him. Some, like Hamlet, for instance, nothing will induce him to "sit out" at all. He stays in the dressing room under the sofa.—London Spectator.

Practical.

James Payn, speaking in The Independent of individual interpretations of general rules, says that in going the rounds one night with the officer on guard at one of the English dockyards he heard the original views of the Irish sentry on this point.

"If you see a convict escaping," said the officer, "what is it your duty to do?"

"Sure, sir, and I'm not to fire till the last extremity."

"Quite right, but what would you consider the last extremity to be?"

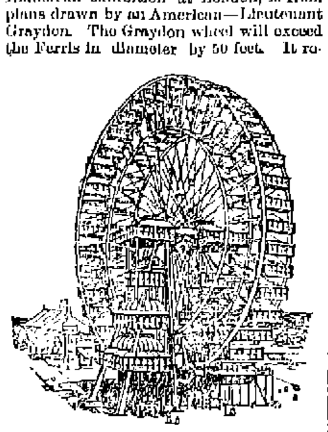
"Just round the corner of the dockyard there, sir," was the practical reply.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THE GRAYDON WHEEL AND ITS CONSTRUCTION.

Remedy for Damp Walls—Why the Horse is an Easy Victim.

The Ferris wheel of our World's fair is to be outdone by one which, though constructed by John Bull for the Earls' Court Industrial exhibition at London, is from plans drawn by an American—Lieutenant Graydon. The Graydon wheel will exceed the Ferris in diameter by 50 feet. It ro-



THE GRAYDON WHEEL.

tates on a tubular axle 7 feet in diameter, composed of bars and plates, and power is applied to it by means of two steel hawsers that run as belting.

A feature which adds to the attractions of the wheel are four platforms or balconies arranged at different heights upon each of the legs or supports on which the ends of the axle rest, where visitors can stop for refreshment or amusement, as in the Eiffel tower.

The number of cars on this gigantic wheel is expected to be 40—that is, four more than the Ferris—and it is estimated that they will accommodate 1,600 people.

Remedy For Damp Walls.

The process consists in using two washes or solutions for covering the surface of the walls—one composed of castile soap and water and one of alum and water. The proportions are three-quarters of a pound of soap to a gallon of water and a half a pound of alum to 4 gallons of water, both substances to be perfectly dissolved in water before being used. The walls should be perfectly clean and dry and the temperatures of the air not above 50 degrees F. when the compositions are applied. The first, or soap, wash should be laid on when boiling hot, with a flat brush, taking care to form a froth on the brickwork. This wash should remain 24 hours, so as to become dry and hard before the second, or alum, wash is applied, which should be done in the same manner as the first. The temperature of this wash, when applied, may be 60 or 70 degrees F., and this should remain 24 hours before a second coat of the soap wash is put on. These coats are to be applied alternately until the walls are made impervious to water. The alum and soap thus combined form an insoluble compound, says Architect and Builder, filling the pores of the masonry and entirely preventing the water from entering the wall.

Why the Horse Is an Easy Victim.

Why the horse should prove a much easier victim to the electric current than man does is thus explained by The Lancet. The hoof, and more particularly its crust and sole, is a good insulator, but the shoe presents to the ground a large metallic contact, and this contact is in connection with metallic conductors in the shape of nails, which pierce the strongest part of the insulation and afford an easy electrical path into the body. The contact with earth is further improved by the great superincumbent weight of the animal, and it may often happen that in passing over wet ground the external surface of the hoof and the wet fetlock, especially in the case of untrimmed horses, may become sufficiently wet to form a good surface conductor and so carry a current directly from the earth to the upper part of the body. In this way the safety of the natural "resistance" of the hoof is neutralized. A horse, too, covers more ground than a man and runs greater risk from being in contact with points of ground farther apart.

Refrigerating With Natural Gas.

It is a well established law in physics that rarefaction cools a gas, while compression heats it. This principle is extensively used in certain icemaking machines and in cold storage establishments. Ammonia gas is first squeezed down to many times its normal density, and the warmth generated thereby is allowed to escape altogether. With subsequent liberation comes expansion, and hence intense cold. The New York Tribune reports that it is proposed in Indiana to use natural gas in the same way, but with this important difference: Ammonia is compressed in existing apparatus by steam or other power, costing money. But that important preliminary process has already been performed by nature with natural gas, which, it is asserted, comes out of some wells under a pressure of 20 atmospheres, or 300 pounds to the square inch. This is more than is commonly employed in ammonia machines. Consequently the expansion of the natural gas should produce greater cold.

National Sentiment.

The early Christians for a long time actually despised patriotism. They not only saw and felt that on this earth they had no abiding city, but they claimed to owe their allegiance to a higher power. This was a notion that prevailed until the growth of national sentiment became strong enough to make a Christian a patriot as well. Machiavelli, who had a lively appreciation of the pagan virtues, was one of the first writers of renown to exalt patriotism to a high place among the virtues. In his eyes, all was fair in war, if not in love, and he openly declared his admiration for those who loved their country better than the safety of their souls.

Patriotism was, in short, an old world virtue, which, at the time of the renaissance, was dragged out of its recess and refurbished for the use of the modern world. Eclipsed for a season, it has shone as bright again as ever it did in Greece or Rome. Many a citizen has since been cast in the mold of Aristides or of Regulus. But it is curious to observe that when national sentiment was weak there was in some respects a greater sense of the brotherhood of man than there is today.

Amid all its wars and turmoil, Europe made a nearer approach to solidarity and union. Christianity was a great welding force. The dreams of a universal church were in some slight degree realized, and the holy Roman empire was a stupendous fact which formed a cementing bond between many disorganized races.—Macmillan's Magazine.

No Time to Lose.

Cholly Weally, I must be going. It's so late, you know.

Penelope. But it's only 7 o'clock.

Cholly. Yaas, but it's nearly 12 in London, y'know.—Truth.

COMPLETE STOCK OF

Ladies' Summer Suits.

They are Cool, Comfortable and Nobby, and at lowest prices. Just what you want this Summer. Below we quote OUR PRICES.

LADIES' OUTING SUITS.

100 Ladies' Duck Suits,	Price $1.89 each
250 Ladies' Tuxedo Suits,	Price $2.75 each
100 Fancy Trimmed Tuxedo Suits,	Price $3.50 each
100 Fancy Combination Suits,	Price $3.00 each
75 Plain Linen Suits,	Price $4.50 each
100 Fancy Braided Linen Suits,	Price $4.50 each
100 Serge Suits, SILK-FACED,	Price $4.99 each
100 Tuxedo Suits, Fancy Trimmed,	Price $6.00 each

SHIRT WAISTS.

60 dozen Percale Shirt Waists, In every imaginable design and color.	Price 49c. each
100 dozen Fancy Colored Organdie Muslin Waists,	87 1-2c. each
50 dozen India Linen Lawn Waists,	79c. each
50 dozen Fancy Hamburg Trimmed India Linen Lawn Waists at	$1.25 each
150 dozen Black and Colored French Satine Waists,	98c. each
100 dozen of the celebrated Mull House Satine Waists,	$1.25 each
10 dozen Fancy Spotted Muslin Waists, Lace Trimmed.	
50 dozen Chambray Waists, with Laundered Collars and Cuffs,	$1 each

N. B.—We have all sizes in the above Waists. No extra charge made for large sizes.

Full stock of Plain and Fancy Colored Silk Waists, prices from $2.69 to $8.50 each.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

Another bargain in Summer Dress Material.

Twilled Satines, some 8000 yards and somewhere about 40 patterns, the colorings are beautiful, the ground is cream color, the width is 32 inches, the regular price is 20 cents a yard, while they last our price is 12 1-2c. a yard.

Palmer Street, Centre Aisle.

The principal odors of Hudnut's Richest Perfume can be found at our Toilet Counter in 1-2 oz., 1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. bottles and in bulk. A list of them:

Lily of the Nile, White Lilac,
White Jessamine, Chypre,
Locust Blossoms, Jockey Club,
Peau d'Espagne, Precious,
Carnation Pink, Frangipanni,
Lily of the Valley, English Violet,
White Heliotrope, White Hyacinth,
Crab Apple Blossoms, White Rose.

This manufacturer can not be excelled of the lasting qualities of Toilet Waters.

Russian Violet, Sweet Violet,
White Heliotrope, Florida Water,
Lavender Water.

Merrimack Street, Right Aisle.

Kayser's Patent Finger-Tipped Silk Gloves are guaranteed. If the tips wear out before the Gloves you get a new pair.

Merrimack Street, Rear.

Chenille Draperies in an abundance of patterns and colors, and think you would do well to take a look through our stock before buying, as you may learn something to your benefit.

A complete line of

Nottingham Curtains,
Swiss Lace Curtains,
Irish Point Curtains,
Point d'Esprite Curtains.

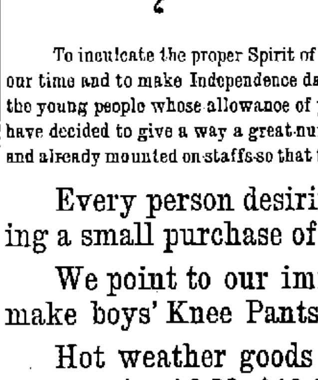
You will find just what you want for Sash Curtains.

Swiss Lace,
Tambo Muslin,
Spotted Muslin,
Irish Point Lace,
Schiffli Lace,
Madras Lace,
China Lace,
Cloud Figured Muslin,
Silkaline.

Palmer Street, Center Aisle.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.



GIVEN AWAY.

The Big House

FLAGS

for the 4th.

To inculcate the proper Spirit of Loyalty and Patriotism into the boys of our time and to make Independence day an occasion of rejoicing and gladness to the young people whose allowance of pocket money may be stinted this year, we have decided to give a way a great number of AMERICAN FLAGS 9x14 in size, and already mounted on staffs so that they may be set up or carried in the hand.

Every person desiring can procure it by making a small purchase of 25c worth.

We point to our immense values in our own make boys' Knee Pants for 25c a pair.

Hot weather goods at cut prices light Color Suits at $5, $6.29, $10.00, $15.00.

Keep cool by wearing our light Shirts and Underwear 20c. to $3.00 a garment.

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The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

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LOWELL LAGER by the case. Call and get our Wine circular.

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Boston and Maine Railroad.

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Commencing January 21, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 12.40, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 8.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.23, 7.80, p. m.
For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 5.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m. 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.
For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.20 p. m.
For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.
For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.15 p. m.
For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.
For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.
For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.
For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.
For Bangor, Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.
For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.
For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p. m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell,

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, †6.50, *7.45, *8.50, †9.25, *9.50, 11.00 a. m.; *12.10, 1.35, 2.10, †3.00, 4.30, †5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, †7.45, 8.45, *9.15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, †6.53, 7.01, *7.18, *7.27, *7.48, *8.57, 9.28, *9.35, *9.53, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.38, 2.18, †3.03, 4.02, 4.33, *5.33, †5.43, *6.28, 7.52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.17, *7.27, †7.48, *8.48, *9.20 a. m.; †4.25, 6.03 p. m.
or Woburn, 6.30, †7.01, 7.25, *7.45, 11.00 a. m.; 1.35, 4.30, *5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. †4.25, †6.03, p.m.

*Express. †Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence—6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.50 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.15 p. m.
For Salem and Way Stations—†7.38 a. m.; 1.23, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.
☞ Time below is from Northern depot.
For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.42, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.
For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.15, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.43, (5.01 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.00, a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00, 8.13, 8.43 p. m.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 2.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), †8.13 p. m.
For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 p. m.
For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 and †8.43.
For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.
For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.
Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.
☞ †Daily for Montreal.

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All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal
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Quality, Not Quantity.

THE SIZE Of a newspaper is no guarantee of its excellence. The public wants quality, not quanity, in a newspaper. News that is old is not improved by spreading it over a large number of pages, where the reader must hunt to find it. You can read in the padded sheets tomorrow much of what you see in THE SUN today.

UP IN A BALLOON

BY M. QUAD.

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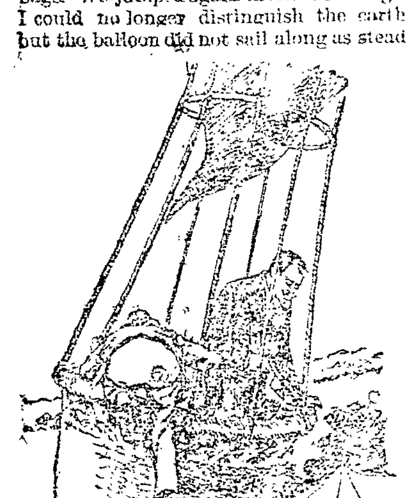
IT WAS not only the glorious Fourth of July, but our town had a circus and a balloon ascension as well. The three events had been advertised and talked about until everybody for 20 miles around made arrangements to come in and enjoy the day. I was a lad of 15 then, serving my first year's apprenticeship in a printing office, and of course everybody connected with The Weekly Journal had a holiday and a deadhead ticket to the circus. The balloon ascensions were not a regular feature of the circus, but had been tacked on "for this day only" to help draw the crowds. How the circus people got hold of the aeronaut I do not know, but it was afterward learned that he knew little or nothing of the business and was sadly lacking in nerve as well. He called himself Professor James, and he arrived in town with his balloon several days before the circus. The Journal published a notice written by him to the effect that he would be glad of company on his trip among the clouds, but that the weight of the volunteer must not be over 125 pounds. It was a very curious thing that almost every man in all that county expressed a strong desire to make the ascension, but was barred by the weight. Each and every one of them tipped the beam at about 10 pounds too much. Our local editor had never been able to pull down more than 120 pounds in his life, but on this occasion his weight suddenly increased to 132. But for this unfortunate circumstance he would have taken his seat in the car and given the 472 weekly readers of the leading newspaper in Fairfield county a three column article on the sensations of a trip through space. Some people suggested that the editor himself, who was a lightweight and full of enterprise, should take advantage of the occasion to distinguish himself, but unfortunately his weight increased 10 pounds while they were talking about it. The pressman had no ambition to soar, and the foreman of the office said he would be so busy looking at the animals in the menagerie that he would have no time to spare for the balloon.

In this emergency I determined to go myself. I didn't declare my intentions around the office, as I didn't care to receive the grateful thanks of the staff, and I kept very quiet at home, because father had a notion that a boy 15 years old ought to stay down on the ground with both feet. I had a quiet talk with the professor and settled things. I was to take my seat in the basket at the last moment, and his only caution to me was not to get frightened and to obey any orders he gave me. Dodgers were printed and handed around to announce that a person had volunteered, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after the circus performance, the crowd which assembled to witness the ascension was said to number 15,000. While I hung about the spot ready for the critical moment no one had the least suspicion of my intentions. The editor and the local editor came around and bemoaned their inability to get down to weight, and 10 minutes before the start my father came along and stopped to say:

"Boy, you keep clear of the ropes when he makes his start and don't get yourself carried off."

When all was ready, the professor gave me the wink. It was a wink which astonished thousands of people. I was in the basket, and the men let go of the ropes before any one could stop me, and as the crowd looked up and cheered we seemed to jump half a mile high. It was not a hot air balloon, to make a trip of three or four miles, but it had been filled with natural gas and was expected to make a voyage of perhaps a hundred. The town, as I may tell you, was Lancaster, O., and there was a south wind blowing as we rose. As to the sensation, there was none. It was like sitting on a bench in a public park. The balloon was moving, but we couldn't realize that it was unless looking over the side of the car.

The breeze below was a gentle one, but a thousand feet above the earth it blew at the rate of 15 miles an hour. We traveled steadily to the north for two hours with scarcely a motion to the car, but then we met a current of air from the east which spun us round and round like a top for five minutes and then sent us to the northwest. In that spinning around the balloon received an injury, and the professor seemed to lose his nerve all at once. What the injury was I could not make out, and he did not tell me. It seemed to me that we dropped several hundred feet like a stone, and I expect we should have brought up in a Delaware county cornfield if the professor had not heaved over several sand bags. We jumped again till in the twilight I could no longer distinguish the earth, but the balloon did not sail along as steadily as before. Its motion was like that of a ship sailing over a stormy sea. Seeing that the professor was frightened frightened me, but yet I am sure I was the cooler of the two. He tugged away at valve ropes which would not give, peered over the car and up at the swelling silk, and as we began to sink again he knelt down in the car and cried out:



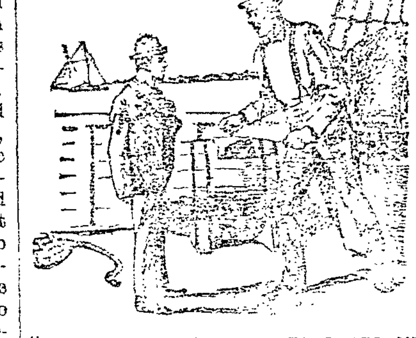
A HASTY ENTRANCE.

"May heaven have mercy on us, but we are lost!"

We went down, down, down till we seemed to scrape the housetops of the town of Marion, and then we took a shoot like the flight of a bullet. As we did so I grasped at a rope dangling around my head and pulled, and I distinctly felt a movement at the upper end. When we met that eastern current, the escape valve was in some manner opened and jammed open. That was what rattled the professor. In pulling on the rope I had closed it. I still had the rope in my hands when I looked around and found the professor missing. As it afterward appeared, the balloon had dipped down till it brushed the tops of the trees in an orchard, and in his fright he had leaped out and left me to my fate.

I wasn't so frightened as you may imagine, because the balloon sailed very steadily, and I didn't understand the situation. Relieved of his weight and my shutting off the escaping gas at the same moment shot the balloon to an immense height—so high that I was soon shivering with the cold. Ignorant as I was, I did not make matters worse by handling any of the ropes. Had I been posted I could have opened the valve and caused the balloon to descend to earth, though I might have been dashed to pieces in the landing. Realizing that I could do nothing in the matter, I lay down in the bottom of the car, pulled a blanket over me and was soon sound asleep. There was a lighted lantern underneath the car, and people traced the balloon by that during the night. It continued on a northwest course to within 50 miles of Toledo, and the direction was then changed to due east, and it made straight for the town of Clinton on the shore of Lake Erie. I awoke just at sunrise, and the balloon was then driving along at a distance of about 500 feet above the earth. The silk had become weighted with the dampness and caused a gradual descent. But very few people were to be seen as I slowly approached the town, but my shouts soon routed out 100. It seemed as if 50 different men called to me to jump, but a man who stood at his back door in his shirt sleeves gave me the right sort of a pointer. He called to me to throw out the anchor, and for the first time I suspected the use of the coil of stout rope with a curious piece of iron attached to one end. The balloon was not traveling faster than five miles an hour and was gradually descending when I threw the coil of rope over. Down I went till the anchor raked along the roofs of the houses. Once it caught in the telegraph wires, but broke away, and as I floated across the commons the iron bumped a cow and turned her around. In my fright, for the car was now being dashed about, I threw over two bags of ballast and the roll of blankets. Up shot the balloon to a height of half a mile and began to drive out over the lake. The sun now began to dry the silk, and I kept rising until I could no longer distinguish the earth.

It must have been a full hour before I caught sight of the lake again. I hadn't meddled with the ropes at all, but there had been an escape of gas, and the balloon was slowly settling down. By and by the car was within a few hundred feet of the water, but I lightened it of the professor's overcoat, such food as was left and the last bag of sand, and again I sailed among the clouds. Not for long, though. In the course of 15 minutes the balloon began to drop. I cut away the anchor, but that only delayed the fall a few minutes. I took notice of two steamers, a tug and two or three sailing vessels as I came down, but when I found the car only a hundred feet above the water I shut my eyes and got a grasp with both hands and held on for the crash.



"WHO GAVE YOU LEAVE TO BOARD MY SCHOONER?"

I expected to strike the water, and as a matter of fact the car did descend within five feet of the surface. A puff of wind then lifted it a few feet and drove it along in a horizontal direction until there came a sudden crash, and I heard half a dozen men shouting. Balloon and basket had driven against the sails and rigging of a schooner under sail, and while I was bumping about some of the sailors came up and made things fast and assisted me to descend. After a bit my aerial vehicle was hauled down and secured, and then a funny thing took place. The captain was a hard headed old chap, with a good deal of quarter deck dignity, and he squared off at me with:

"Young man, what do you call that thing?"

"A balloon, sir."

"And what were you doing up in the air?"

"Making an ascension, sir."

"What was the object?"

"Why, just to go up in a balloon."

"Young man, you are a fool! Who gave you leave to board my schooner?"

"No one."

"I'd have you know, sir, that I'm captain of this craft, and that I'm not to be boarded in this fashion without resenting it! You ought to have your jacket tanned for your impudence, and I'm the man to tan it!"

And he might have done it but for the interference of the mate, who suggested that it was a case which I could not help myself. However, I had to beg the captain's forgiveness and promise never to be caught in such a scrape again before he would give me a bite to eat. The craft was bound for Sandusky, and thither I was carried, but the man could not quite forgive me. As I stepped ashore he said:

"Boy, when you want to play the fool again, go out and jump into the well or try to fly off the roof of the barn. I'm sorry I didn't give you a good licking before we got in!"

That was hard to bear, but worse was coming. When I got home, father called me a dolt and a doughhead and added that he'd like to wear out three or four gads on me, and the local editor of The Journal received me with:

"Well, smarty, you think you've done it, I suppose! I was just getting into the car when you pushed me away, and if I don't get you bounced in less than a week I'll walk out myself."

However, I'd been up in a balloon and come down again all right, and as no other "printer's devil" had done the same I found something to console me in the knowledge of the fact.

American Liberty.

Oh, brothers, come! The breath of heaven is here!
One craft can make the slave and master one!
The grace of liberty softens year by year,
And in a richer flood the stream of life flows on.

—Maurice Thompson.

Hats and Capes.

A covering for the head was early adopted by the inhabitants of the northern climes and was usually a hood made of fur, but it was not until the Phrygians had conquered Asia Minor that the people of warmer latitudes wore any head covering. The Phrygians were the first to adopt the fashion, and they did it in order to distinguish themselves from the conquered race with whom they lived. Their headdress was a small, close fitting cap, which was also soon adopted by the Roman free citizens. In 1404 a Swiss manufacturer of Paris invented the first hat.

She Must Go.

Wife—My love, I must discharge our nurse at once.

Husband—Is she unkind to the baby?

"I don't know about that, but dear little Fido doesn't seem to like her."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

APPENDICITIS NOT FATAL.

Mistakes About the Disease—Its Causes and Effects Rectified.

Operations for appendicitis have now become quite frequent, and as some deaths are believed to have resulted from an inflammation of the appendix vermiformis it is now the rule, whenever any pain is experienced in the abdominal cavity, to diagnose at once a case of appendicitis, caused by the presence of some foreign body, presumably a grape or berry seed, in the appendix vermiformis.

In order to gain some authentic information relative to the alleged sudden increase in the number of cases of this complaint, a reporter called upon Dr. S. B. Ward.

The impression seems to have been gaining ground that the chances against recovery in cases of this character are very rare, and that almost invariably the cause of the difficulty can be traced to the swallowing of grape or berry seeds which find their way into the appendix.

Dr. Ward, who has had considerable experience in cases of appendicitis and peritonitis, said that the impression was a very erroneous one, both as to the fatality as well as the origin of the difficulty.

"In the first place," said he, "the reason why the disease known as appendicitis has been brought more to public attention is that medical and surgical science has advanced till now a physician is enabled to distinguish without much difficulty when he has peritonitis or when appendicitis to deal with.

"But a short time ago the records of deaths from peritonitis were heavy. Then all inflammation and difficulty in the abdominal cavity was ascribed to peritonitis. Now, however, it has become pretty generally known that the trouble has in many cases been due to appendicitis. The impression has spread that it is a new disease, but it is not and has been prevalent probably for a long time.

"Another impression is that the cause of the difficulty can be traced to the lodgment of seeds or foreign substances in the appendix. This, too, is incorrect, and that theory has long since been exploded by surgeons.

"Appendicitis is an inflammation of the appendix. It is not known what causes it. There are two proofs that appendicitis is not due to the lodgment of seeds. The first is that in almost every instance where an operation has been performed the appendix has been found empty, though inflamed. The second is that in operations after death, when death has been due to other causes, substances have often been found in the appendix, and yet that organ was not inflamed.

"As to the impression that operations are necessarily fatal, that, too, is wrong, as no more difficulty is liable to follow than may follow the most simple operation. All that is necessary is to cut through and pull out the appendix, so as to tie it and cut it off. It is a part of the anatomy that is not necessary. It is simply a rudimentary reservoir. It is generally situated on the right side, pretty well down in the abdomen.

"A physician can most always tell appendicitis from other abdominal difficulties. The reason why cases are fatal is that the operation is not performed in time, and the inflammation spreads over the entire region of the intestines. It is not the operation that kills, but the disease.

"Dr. Tate, the celebrated English surgeon, reports having performed 112 operations for appendicitis, and all recovered. In fact, there are but few deaths from this disease, many less in proportion than other cases that need skillful attention.

"The appendix may become inflamed from any cause, and why it should in so many cases be inflamed is a mystery to surgeons and physicians. The proper safeguard is to put yourself in the hands of a surgeon who has had some experience in cases of this character as soon as the difficulty arises."—Albany Journal.

Vaccination and Revaccination.

Vaccination is a formality from which no one should be exempt, and there is neither age nor constitution whereby it is counter indicated. Children should be vaccinated a short time after birth, but it is well not to do so at once, but to wait two or three months, when the child has begun to develop. Nevertheless no hesitation should be felt at vaccinating a child at birth in time of epidemic, and in no case should this operation be postponed beyond the first six months. In time of epidemic no attention should be paid, as would be done under ordinary circumstances, to the fact that the child is cutting a tooth or has an outbreak of eczema nor impetigo. Vaccination can be done in all seasons, but unless it is urgent it is well to avoid times of extreme cold or heat.

The necessity of revaccination is admitted by everybody now. It should be done at the age of 7 or 8 years, again between 15 and 20, and again between 30 and 35. This is usually enough, except in time of epidemic, when the rule is to revaccinate everybody.

The most convenient point for vaccination is on the outside of the arm below the shoulder. Little children have difficulty in reaching that spot, but in the case of girls they are exposed to being obliged to show ugly scars when they reach the age at which society requires them to go low necked. To obviate this drawback a great many women are vaccinated on the leg and require this to be done in the case of their daughters. I have adopted this habit for a long time now, although swollen glands are much commoner in the groin than in the armpit.—Paris Herald.

The Pleasure of Dying.

"Since none of us can possibly escape death it is somewhat consoling to be assured that in the great majority of cases it is almost painless and in a great many cases a positively pleasurable sensation," remarked Asa L. Mead of Cleveland. "I am not particularly anxious to try it, but I have been told by an eminent physician that the sensation of dying is similar to that of the dreaming morphine eater, who gradually passes off into a semiconscious state, where everything seems like floating visions of bliss. The body and nerves are numb, and the excited, overwrought brain becomes quiet. The imagination plays fancifully with blissful pictures, and the whole condition of the nervous system is one pleasurable exaltation. Nature supplies her own anaesthetic before the last moment arrives. Before the death rattle is heard a smile often parts the lips, and the wandering mind frequently causes the tongue to utter words which are all of pleasure and joy."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dutch Celebrations.

Foreigners sometimes smile at the way Dutch people go on celebrating historical events which occurred several centuries ago, and there is no denying that the yearly commemoration of a siege of Groningen in the year 1594 may become somewhat monotonous, but it keeps the memory of these events fresh among the younger generation better than any history learned at school. Unlike the old lady who did not care for history, because she thought "bygones had better be bygones," Dutch children, with these constant appeals to their imaginations, learn to look upon the past as part of the present and to feel that they are bound to make themselves worthy of the hero race to whom they owe their liberties.—Longman's Magazine.

SAVED HER BROTHER.

HOW A CHILD'S DISOBEDIENCE DID GOOD FOR ONCE.

A True Story of Revolutionary Days—A Feud Between Friends—A Treacherous Plot Overheard by a Little Girl—A Bit of New History.

"I tell you I am going, Uncle Mose, so there, now!" The speaker, a girl of about 10, proceeded to put her threat into execution, while an aged darky stood, hat in hand, looking after her. His countenance expressed a mixture of disapprobation and amusement. Meanwhile Miss Margaret, or Peggy, as she was generally called, wended her way along so blithely and merrily that one would never have supposed she was doing what she had been expressly forbidden to do. And here we may as well give the circumstances which led to the above emphatic remark.

Margaret Northcote belonged to an intensely patriotic family living on the outskirts of Elizabethtown, N. J., and she was going, as she so emphatically announced, to see a friend of about her own age who lived in the town half a mile away. The father of this girl was a gentleman named Bent. This Mr. Bent had formerly been an intimate friend of Margaret's father, but after the breaking out of the war they took different sides in the struggle—for Bent was a zealous Tory—and this had created a difference between them, which, increasing with time, had finally made them bitter enemies. The children, however, still remained good friends, very justly thinking that their fathers' opinions ought not to influence them. But at last Peggy's parents interfered and forbade her going to visit any longer at the Bents', declaring that they didn't want their daughter to get any "British notions." Mr. Northcote, however, was away on business most of the time, and as this afternoon her mother was too busy to pay much attention to her she had decided to brave her parents' displeasure and see her friend. Uncle Mose tried to stop her, but did not succeed, and as she marched on with so much confidence he chuckled: "Hi! She's her mudder's own gal fur shuah!"

On reaching the Bents' she found that Dorothy was the only one of the family in. The two friends, therefore, enjoyed each other's society to the full without any disapproving fathers or mothers to frown upon them. The afternoon rapidly wore away, and when Peggy looked to see the time it was 6 o'clock. "I wonder," remarked she, "that Uncle Mose hasn't been sent for me long before this. I supposed I might have an hour or two with you, but I've been here all the afternoon, and I don't believe mother knows it yet, she's so busy."

"Do stay to tea," said Dorothy. "Everybody's away, and we could have a lovely time."

"Well, I believe I will," replied Peggy. "I don't know when I can come again." The statement that they would have a lovely time was fully verified. In fact, they had a rather uproarious one, and it was to the decided relief of the servants that Peggy rose to leave. "It's dusk now," exclaimed she, "and I must go." And amid mutual protestations of friendship she stepped out into the open air.

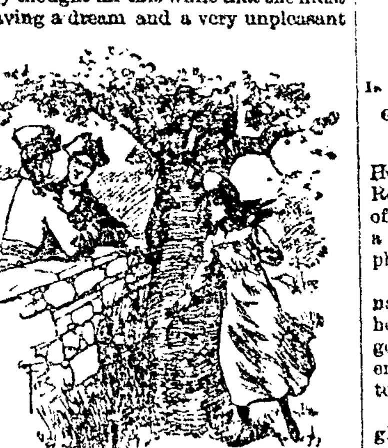
Ordinarily it would not have been dark for an hour yet, but tonight a shower was coming up. Peggy was hurrying to get home before it should overtake her when, on the outskirts of the town, she saw two men talking. As she approached they stopped, and leaning over the wall,

"HER MUDDER'S OWN GAL."

seemed engrossed in the beauties of the sunset, which, by the way, were not plainly visible on account of a dark bank of clouds which nearly excluded the last rays of the sun. There was very little in all this to excite curiosity, but then it is proverbial that a very small thing will achieve this result with the fair sex. Peggy looked back. At the same moment a ray of light broke through the clouds and lit up the faces of both men. One of them she recognized. It was George Bent. Once or twice she had seen Dorothy's brother, though he was away most of the time.

At this instant she came to a sharp curve in the road, which hid them from view. The moment she turned the corner an irresistible desire took possession of her to know what those men were saying. "Why did they stop talking when I passed, and why did they both turn away so I couldn't see them?" thought Peggy. As soon as she had turned this corner she hesitated for only a moment and then quickly climbed the stone wall by the roadside. On the other side of the wall was an old apple orchard. Along the fence especially there was a continuous line of trees, which by their foliage in spring nearly shut out the view from the road and by their fruit in autumn entirely corrupted the morals of all neighboring small boys. Under cover of these Peggy slowly retraced her steps on the other side of the wall and at last reached one about 15 feet away from the two men. Should she try to pass from this tree to the next under which they were standing? She stopped and listened. They were still talking, but in so low a tone that she could not understand what they said. Keeping close to the wall, she stealthily crawled along until nearly opposite the objects of her curiosity. Then she composed herself to listen.

The first words that greeted her ears were these, from Bent, as she thought: "It was the merest chance that I happened to see him, for I'm away most of the time. But I knew him right away and where he must have come from. Did you notice the child that passed here a minute ago? Well, that's his sister." Peggy could hardly believe her ears. Could they mean her? But her brother was in the southern army, as she had often heard. How could any one have seen him? "What's he stopping there for," returned the other, "if his dispatches are so important?" "It's not much out of his way," replied Bent. "And then, too, he was sure of getting a good horse there." "Not so very sure either," was the answer. "Old Northcote happens to be out of town with it, luckily." "When will he be back?" "Probably early tomorrow morning." "Do you think he'll wait?" "No, I think he won't." "Wouldn't it be better to make the attempt tonight then?" "No, for he'll sell his life dearly." "Well, and isn't it worth it," returned the other, with an oath, "especially with those papers of his?" "And then," went on Bent, "I've got sure notice the British will be here tomorrow, and then we could hand him over to them. He's safe in the meantime, as the house is watched. Of course, if he tries to get away, we can't wait till tomorrow, but he doesn't know he's watched and won't try to hide what he does." Poor Peggy thought all this while that she must be having a dream and a very unpleasant



PEGGY COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE HER EARS.

one. Were her neighbors really such wicked people? Her father and mother were right. She would never go into their house again.

It had now grown very dark, and that half mile, of which she had always thought so little, seemed now an interminable distance. When at last she reached the house, she dropped into a chair utterly exhausted. Mrs. Northcote had risen, alarmed, to meet her, but seeing that she was only tired and out of breath waited until she had recovered a little and then gravely asked: "Peggy, where have you been? I sent Uncle Mose for you an hour ago, and he isn't back yet."

"To the Bents', mother, and as I was coming home"—

"But Peggy," said her mother, "I thought I had forbidden you to go there?"

Poor Peggy! Subsequent events had completely driven this fact from her mind. "But, mother," exclaimed she, and her voice trembled, "I must tell you what happened as I came home." Then brokenly and incoherently she told the whole story and ended by crying, "John is in the southern army, isn't he, mother, and what does it all mean?" Mrs. Northcote turned pale, but merely told Peggy to take off her wet clothes and go straight to bed. There, excited as she was, she was so tired she soon fell asleep.

Peggy had hardly mounted the stairs when Mrs. Northcote entered a small chamber adjoining the sitting room and woke a sleeper stretched at full length on the bed. They held a hurried conversation together in the dark, and then without a light both descended to the cellar, the sleeper stopping only to get his hat and coat. "I suppose I'll have to go with the other horse, poor as it is, since father isn't home," said he. "Yes," was the hurried reply. "You mustn't lose a minute." In that side of the cellar farthest from the road was a small window. Through this the man proceeded to climb with no regard to dignity or anything but haste and secrecy. "You have the key?" whispered she. "Yes," returned he. And stooping to kiss her, a difficult performance, which nearly caused his precipitation from the narrow window, he flopped—I would prefer to say dashed, but a historian must sacrifice everything to truth—out into the rain, which was pouring down in torrents, and by as quiet a way as possible directed his steps toward the barn. Mrs. Northcote stood looking out for several moments and then slowly groped her way up stairs and dropped into a chair. For a while she sat with every nerve at the highest tension, expecting each second to hear the report of a musket, but as minute after minute passed and nothing happened she grew gradually calmer and finally retired to rest, having first relieved Uncle Moses, who came in much excited, by telling him of Peggy's return.

The next day the British made Elizabethtown a call. If you consult a history of this war, you will find that in the year 1780, on June 6, an incursion was made into the Jerseys; that in the course of it the British entered Elizabethtown; that they pillaged and burned several houses there, and that, all things considered, the expedition reflected no glory upon the British arms.

Mr. Northcote, being detained out of town, returned in the afternoon to find his house in ashes, but after he had been informed of the safety of his wife and child, and still more after a long talk with the former, he did not seem to feel his loss at all keenly. His cheerfulness was still further increased in a few days by the news of his son's safety in Washington's camp at Morristown. Before this time he had always tried to discourage his wife, for women were curious then as they are now, and probably ever will be, from prying into the affairs of her neighbors. But ever after, strange to say, his ideas seemed to change completely, and he was often heard to remark that he knew of a great many vices worse than curiosity. And, in truth, if we "give the devil his due," why should we not render full justice to disobedience and curiosity whenever there is an opportunity, so much the more that the number of them is few?

THEO. HOLLAND.

Jones' Idea.

Briggs—There goes Jones, the man who married the widow and six children.

Griggs—But what is he doing with that enormous quantity of fireworks?

Briggs—I guess he intends to get rid of the six children.

A Born Gentleman.

The small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said, "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," he responded, accepting her courtesy. "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it," and the lady actually reached over and kissed him.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Consolation.

Liber—You ought to be proud of the things you've accomplished.

Bookus (in bitter mood)—Humph! Never got one of my books printed yet.

Liber—Yes, but—er—but think what a lot of rare old manuscripts you've accumulated.—Chicago Record.

GOOD HEALTH.

THE NERVOUS DEPRESSION THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Is Recommended as It is a Compound of Glycerine and Phosphorus

The European edition of the New York Herald publishes an account of M. Albert Robin's discovery that the active principle of the famous so called "elixir of life" is a chemical compound of glycerin and phosphorus.

This compound, it says, is found in the natural state in the nervous system, and hence, when cellular destruction has been going on too rapidly, the use of the glycero-phosphates helps to build up the system.

Dr. Robin has tested the value of the glycero-phosphates of lime, soda and potash, either alone or combined and given by the stomach or hypodermically. He reaches the following conclusions:

First—The glycero-phosphates are powerful therapeutical agents, which stimulate the general nutrition by means of their action on the nervous system.

Second—Their leading indication is nervous depression.

Third—In hypodermic injections their action is at least as energetic as Brown-Sequard's liquid, which in all probability owes its effect to the organic phosphorus it contains. It can therefore only be advantageous to use them in place of this liquid, since in this way we substitute a well defined substance that can be given in accurate amounts in the place of an uncertain preparation that varies constantly and cannot be preserved.

Fourth—The cases mentioned above allow us to hope that these injections will be of service in the treatment of nervous asthenia of different origins, of phosphaturic albuminuria, of phosphaturia, of Addison's disease, of some forms of sciatica and of tic douloureux of the face. In locomotor ataxia the results are more uncertain, and there seems to be nothing beyond an alleviation in the fulgurant pains.

Water as a Medicine.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue change. Wornout particles are cast aside from the system, while the new are ever being formed. Water has the power of increasing these tissue changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drink water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease, which, if once firmly seated, requires both time and money to cure. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night and is a better reliever of sleeplessness than many drugs. Inflated parts will subside under the continued poulticing of quite hot water. Very hot water is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilizing our wounds. A riot ous stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass of hot water, says a health journal, authority for the foregoing.

A FEMININE WEAPON.

Guided by a Multitude of Little Wisdom Precautions and Arts.

Among the more delicate social weapons used by women tact is one of the most effective—the power of listening, of brightening at the proper moment and laughing at the right joke, and of knowing the exact temper in which a man is conquerable and when it is best to let him alone. A woman who possesses this weapon generally rules by that fine instinct which strengthens her own position by strengthening her husband's. It is a feminine weapon guided by a multitude of little wisdoms and precautions and by arts as varied as the sex. It rules a man so gently that he is kept in constant good humor with himself, nor is he uncomfortably conscious that he has laid down all his own arms before this sheathed sword, says The Ladies' Home Journal.

If there be any other weapon equal to tact for domestic use, it is silence. In the hour of revolt this force is supreme. Let any man try to conquer a woman who simply opposes to all his arguments a discouraging silence, who is perfectly patient today and will be perfectly patient tomorrow, who is not on the offensive, but the defensive, and whose attitude silently says: "I do not oppose you. It is not my place. But I know I am right." It takes but a short time for such an antagonist to bring any ordinary man to her feet.

The Art of Conversation.

A thing which a pessimistic writer on social topics claims has gone out of fashion, is the art of conversation. He says: It has of late years been so neglected that it is the rarest chance to meet with a young man who can converse at all in the real sense of the word. Among his own set he can babble about mutual acquaintances, the new singer, the next race or the last scandal. But throw him among strangers, and he is silent and dull, perhaps making short remarks in a jerky and confused manner, but betraying no intelligent interest if a new discovery be mentioned, a piece of important political news told or some information given about a subject of real value. He is not only bored, but he shows it, because he has never cultivated that polite interest in his fellow creatures which would enable him to respond sympathetically.

One of the old French noblesse was lately heard to remark that when he first went into society his father used to impress upon his mind that at a party he was bound to insure its success so far as he was individually concerned. To make himself agreeable was a duty not to be neglected without a grave breach of courtesy both to the guests and the friends who invited him. In a modern gathering no such antiquated sentiment would find a disciple. Young people, if they do not meet some one to flirt with, will ostentatiously proclaim their boredom and would stare in astonishment if it were suggested that at a friend's house it was the duty toward the hostess to pay attention to those who seemed neglected or who found themselves among strangers.

Proper.

One Girl—And did you permit him to kiss you?

Another Girl—No. In the absence of my chaperon I did not think it proper.—Chicago Tribune.

Indirectly.

"What makes you think he loves you? Did he say so?"

"No, but he hugged me. That is a roundabout way of letting me know it."—Brooklyn Life.

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UP IN A BALLOON

BY M. QUAD.

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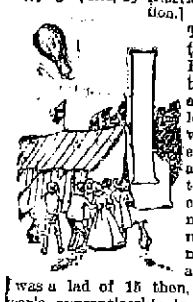


IT WAS not only the glorious Fourth of July, but our town had a circus and a balloon ascension as well. The three events had been advertised and talked about until everybody for 30 miles around made arrangements to come in and enjoy the day.

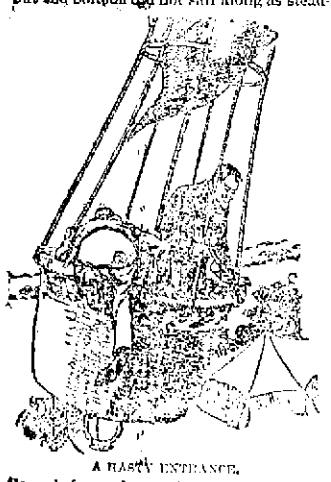
I was a lad of 15 then, serving my first year's apprenticeship in a printing office, and of course everybody connected with The Weekly Journal had a holiday and a deadhead ticket to the circus. The balloon ascensions were not a regular feature of the circus, but had been tacked on "for this day only" to help draw the crowds. How the circus people got hold of the aeronaut I do not know, but it was afterward learned that he knew little or nothing of the business and was sadly lacking in nerve as well. He called himself Professor James, and he arrived in town with his balloon several days before the circus. The Journal published a notice written by him to the effect that he would be glad of company on his trip among the clouds, but that the weight of the volunteer must not be over 125 pounds. It was a very curious thing that almost every man in all that county expressed a strong desire to make the ascension, but was barred by the weight. Each and every one of them tipped the beam at about 10 pounds too much. Our local editor had never been able to pull down more than 120 pounds in his life, but on this occasion his weight suddenly increased to 122. But for this unfortunate circumstance he would have taken his seat in the car and given the 472 weekly readers of the leading newspaper in Fairfield county a three column article on the sensations of a trip through space. Some people suggested that the editor himself, who was a lightweight and full of enterprise, should take advantage of the occasion to distinguish himself, but unfortunately his weight increased 10 pounds while they were talking about it. The pressman had no ambition to soar, and the foreman of the office said he would be so busy looking at the animals in the menagerie that he would have no time to spare for the balloon.

In this emergency I determined to go myself. I didn't declare my intentions around the office, as I didn't care to receive the grateful thanks of the staff, and I kept very quiet at home, because father had a notion that a boy 15 years old ought to stay down on the ground with both feet. I had a quiet talk with the professor and settled things. I was to take my seat in the basket at the last moment, and his only caution to me was not to get frightened and to obey any orders he gave me. Dodgers were printed and handed around to announce that a person had volunteered, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after the circus performance, the crowd which assembled to witness the ascension was said to number 15,000. While I hung about the spot ready for the critical moment no one had the least suspicion of my intentions. The editor and the local editor came around and bemoaned their inability to get down to weight, and 10 minutes before the start my father came along and stopped to say:

"Boy, you keep clear of the ropes when he makes his start and don't get yourself carried off."

When all was ready, the professor gave me the wink. It was a wink which astonished thousands of people. I was in the basket, and the men let go of the ropes before any one could stop me, and as the crowd looked up and cheered we seemed to jump half a mile high. It was not a hot air balloon, to make a trip of three or four miles, but it had been filled with natural gas and was expected to make a voyage of perhaps a hundred. The town, as I may tell you, was Lancaster, O., and there was a south wind blowing as we rose. As to the sensation, there was none. It was like sitting on a bench in a public park. The balloon was moving, but we couldn't realize that it was unless looking over the side of the car.

The breeze below was a gentle one, but a thousand feet above the earth it blew at the rate of 15 miles an hour. We traveled steadily to the north for two hours with scarcely a motion to the car, but then we met a current of air from the east which spun us round and round like a top for five minutes and then sent us to the northwest. In that spinning around the balloon received an injury, and the professor seemed to lose his nerve all at once. What the injury was I could not make out, and he did not tell me. It seemed to me that we dropped several hundred feet like a stone, and I expect we should have brought up in a Delaware county cornfield if the professor had not heaved over several sand bags. We jumped again till in the twilight I could no longer distinguish the earth, but the balloon did not sail along as steadily as before. Its motion was like that of a ship sailing over a stormy sea. Seeing that the professor was frightened frightened me, but yet I am sure I was the cooler of the two. He tugged away at valve ropes which would not give, peered over the car and up at the swelling silk, and as we began to sink again he knelt down in the car and cried out:



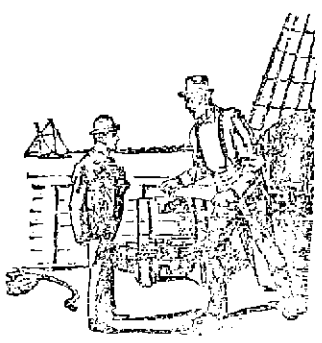
A HASTY ENTRANCE.

"May heaven have mercy on us, but we are lost!"

We went down, down, down till we seemed to scrape the housetops of the town of Marion, and then we took a shoot like the flight of a bullet. As we did so I grasped at a rope dangling around my head and pulled, and I distinctly felt a movement at the upper end. When we met that eastern current, the escape valve was in some manner opened and jammed open. What was what rattled the professor. In pulling on the rope I had closed it. I still had the rope in my hands when I looked around and found the professor inboard. As it afterward appeared, the bullock had dipped down till it brushed the tops of the trees in an orchard, and in his fright he had leaped out and left me to my fate.

I wasn't so frightened as you may imagine because the balloon sailed very steadily, and I didn't understand the situation. Relieved of his weight and my shutting off the escaping gas at the same moment shot the balloon to an immense height—so high that I was soon shivering with the cold. Ignorant as I was, I did not make matters worse by handling any of the ropes. Had I been posted I could have opened the valve and caused the balloon to descend to earth, though I might have been dashed to pieces in the landing. Realizing that I could do nothing in the matter, I lay down in the bottom of the car, pulled a blanket over me and was soon sound asleep. There was a lighted lantern underneath the car, and people traced the balloon by that during the night. It continued on a northwest course to within 50 miles of Toledo, and the direction was then changed to due east, and it made sunlight for the town of Clinton on the shore of Lake Erie. I awoke just at sunrise, and the balloon was then driving along at a distance of about 500 feet above the earth. The silk had become weighted with the dampness and caused a gradual descent. But very few people were to be seen as I slowly approached the town, but my shouts soon routed out 100. It seemed as if 50 different men called to me to jump, but a man who stood at his back door in his shirt sleeves gave me the right sort of a pointer. He called to me to throw out the anchor, and for the first time I suspected the use of the coil of stout rope with a curious piece of iron attached to one end. The balloon was not traveling faster than five miles an hour and was gradually descending when I threw the coil of rope over. Down I went till the anchor raked along the roofs of the houses. Once it caught in the telegraph wires, but broke away, and as I floated across the commons the iron bumped a row and turned her around. In my fright, for the car was now being dashed about, I threw over two bags of ballast and the roll of blankets. Up shot the balloon to a height of half a mile and began to drive out over the lake. The sun now began to dry the silk, and I kept rising until I could no longer distinguish the earth.

It must have been a full hour before I caught sight of the lake again. I hadn't meddled with the ropes at all, but there had been an escape of gas, and the balloon was slowly settling down. By and by the car was within a few hundred feet of the water, but I lightened it of the professor's overcoat, such food as was left and the last bag of sand, and again I sailed among the clouds. Not for long, though. In the course of 15 minutes the balloon began to drop. I cut away the anchor, but that only delayed the fall a few minutes. I took notice of two steamers, a tug and two or three sailing vessels as I came down, but when I found the car only a hundred feet above the water I shut my eyes and got a grasp with both hands and held on for the crash. I expected to strike the water, and as a matter of fact the car did descend within five feet of the surface. A puff of wind then lifted it a few feet and drove it along in a horizontal direction until there came a sudden crash, and I heard half a dozen men shouting. Balloon and basket had driven against the sails and rigging of a schooner under sail, and while I was bumping about some of the sailors came up and made things fast and assisted me to descend. After a bit my aerial vehicle was hauled down and secured, and then a funny thing took place. The captain was a hard headed old chap, with a good deal of quarter deck dignity, and he squared off at me with:



"WHO GAVE YOU LEAVE TO BOARD MY SCHOONER?"

"Young man, what do you call that thing?"

"A balloon, sir."

"And what were you doing up in the air?"

"Making an ascension, sir."

"What was the object?"

"Why, just to go up in a balloon."

"Young man, you are a fool! Who gave you leave to board my schooner?"

"No one."

"I'd have you know, sir, that I'm captain of this craft, and that I'm not to be boarded in this fashion without resenting it! You ought to have your jacket tanned for your impudence, and I'm the man to tan it!"

And he might have done it but for the interference of the mate, who suggested that it was a case which I could not help myself. However, I had to beg the captain's forgiveness and promise never to be caught in such a scrape again before he would give me a bite to eat. The craft was bound for Sandusky, and thither I was carried, but the man could not quite forgive me. As I stepped ashore he said:

"Boy, when you want to play the fool again, go out and jump into the well or try to fly off the roof of the barn. I'm sorry I didn't give you a good licking before we got in!"

That was hard to bear, but worse was coming. When I got home, father called me a dolt and a doughhead and added that he'd like to wear out three or four gads on me, and the local editor of The Journal received me with:

"Well, smarty, you think you've done it, I suppose! I was just getting into the car when you pushed me away, and if I don't get you bounced in less than a week I'll walk out myself."

However, I'd been up in a balloon and come down again all right, and as no other "printer's devil" had done the same I found something to console me in the knowledge of the fact.

American Liberty.

Oh, brothers, come! The breath of heaven is here!
One draft can make the slave and master one!
The grace of liberty softens year by year,
And in a richer flood the stream of life flows on.

—Maurice Thompson.

Hats and Capes.

A covering for the head was early adopted by the inhabitants of the northern climes and was usually a hood made of fur, but it was not until the Phrygians had conquered Asia Minor that the people of warmer latitudes were any head covering. The Phrygians were the first to adopt the fashion, and they did it in order to distinguish themselves from the conquered race with whom they lived. Their headdress was a small, close fitting cap, which was also soon adopted by the Roman free citizens. In 1404 a Swiss manufacturer of Paris invented the first hat.

She Must Go.

Wife—My love, I must discharge our nurse at once.

Husband—Is she unkind to the baby?

"I don't know about that, but dear little Fido doesn't seem to like her."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

APPENDICITIS NOT FATAL.

Mistakes About the Disease—Its Causes and Effects Rectified.

Operations for appendicitis have now become quite frequent, and as some deaths are believed to have resulted from an inflammation of the appendix vermiformis it is now the rule, whenever any pain is experienced in the abdominal cavity, to diagnose at once a case of appendicitis, caused by the presence of some foreign body, presumably a grape or berry seed, in the appendix vermiformis.

In order to gain some authentic information relative to the alleged sudden increase in the number of cases of this complaint, a reporter called upon Dr. S. B. Ward.

The impression seems to have been gaining ground that the chances against recovery in cases of this character are very rare, and that almost invariably the cause of the difficulty can be traced to the swallowing of grape or berry seeds which find their way into the appendix.

Dr. Ward, who has had considerable experience in cases of appendicitis and peritonitis, said that the impression was a very erroneous one, both as to the fatality as well as the origin of the difficulty.

"In the first place," said he, "the reason why the disease known as appendicitis has been brought more to public attention is that medical and surgical science has advanced till now a physician is enabled to distinguish without much difficulty when he has peritonitis or when appendicitis to deal with.

"But a short time ago the records of deaths from peritonitis were heavy. Then all inflammation and difficulty in the abdominal cavity was ascribed to peritonitis. Now, however, it has become pretty generally known that the trouble has in many cases been due to appendicitis. The impression has spread that it is a new disease, but it is not and has been prevalent probably for a long time.

"Another impression is that the cause of the difficulty can be traced to the lodgment of seeds or foreign substances in the appendix. This, too, is incorrect, and that theory has long since been exploded by surgeons.

"Appendicitis is an inflammation of the appendix. It is not known what causes it. There are two proofs that appendicitis is not due to the lodgment of seeds. The first is that in almost every instance where an operation has been performed the appendix has been found empty, though inflamed. The second is that in operations after death, when death has been due to other causes, substances have often been found in the appendix, and yet that organ was not inflamed.

"As to the impression that operations are necessarily fatal, that, too, is wrong, as no more difficulty is liable to follow than may follow the most simple operation. All that is necessary is to cut through and pull out the appendix, so as to tie it and cut it off. It is a part of the anatomy that is not necessary. It is simply a rudimentary reservoir. It is generally situated on the right side, pretty well down in the abdomen.

"A physician can most always tell appendicitis from other abdominal difficulties. The reason why cases are fatal is that the operation is not performed in time, and the inflammation spreads over the entire region of the intestines. It is not the operation that kills, but the disease.

"Dr. Tuke, the celebrated English surgeon, reports having performed 112 operations for appendicitis, and all recovered. In fact, there are but few deaths from this disease, many less in proportion than in other cases that have similar operations.

"The appendix may become inflamed from any cause, and why it should in so many cases be inflamed is a mystery to surgeons and physicians. The proper safeguard is to put yourself in the hands of a surgeon who has had some experience in cases of this character as soon as the difficulty arises."—Albany Journal.

Vaccination and Revaccination.

Vaccination is a formality from which no one should be exempt, and there is neither age nor constitution whereby it is counter indicated. Children should be vaccinated a short time after birth, but it is well not to do so at once, but to wait two or three months, when the child has begun to develop. Nevertheless no hesitation should be felt at vaccinating a child at birth in time of epidemic, and in no case should this operation be postponed beyond the first six months. In time of epidemic no attention should be paid, as would be done under ordinary circumstances, to the fact that the child is cutting a tooth or has an outbreak of eczema or impetigo. Vaccination can be done in all seasons, but unless it is urgent it is well to avoid times of extreme cold or heat.

The necessity of revaccination is admitted by everybody now. It should be done at the age of 7 or 8 years, again between 15 and 20, as I again between 30 and 35. This is usually enough, except in time of epidemic, when the rule is to revaccinate everybody.

The most convenient point for vaccination is on the outside of the arm below the shoulder. Little children have difficulty in reaching that spot, but in the case of girls they are exposed to being obliged to show ugly scars when they reach the age at which society requires them to go low necked. To obviate this drawback a great many women are vaccinated on the leg and require this to be done in the case of their daughters. I have adopted this habit for a long time now, although swollen glands are much commoner in the groin than in the armpit.—Paris Herald.

The Pleasure of Dying.

"Since none of us can possibly escape death it is somewhat consoling to be assured that in the great majority of cases it is almost painless and in a great many cases a positively pleasurable sensation," remarked Asa L. Mead of Cleveland. "I am not particularly anxious to try it, but I have been told by an eminent physician that the sensation of dying is similar to that of the dreaming morphine eater, who gradually passes off into a semiconscious state, where everything seems like floating visions of bliss. The body and nerves are numb, and the excited, overwrought brain becomes quiet. The imagination plays fancifully with blissful pictures, and the whole condition of the nervous system is one pleasurable exultation. Nature supplies her own anaesthetic before the last moment arrives. Before the death rattle is heard a smile often parts the lips, and the wandering mind frequently causes the tongue to utter words which are all of pleasure and joy."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dutch Celebrations.

Foreigners sometimes smile at the way Dutch people go on celebrating historical events which occurred several centuries ago, and there is no denying that the yearly commemoration of a siege of Groningen in the year 1591 may become somewhat monotonous, but it keeps the memory of these events fresh among the younger generation better than any history learned at school. Unlike the old lady who did not care for history, because she thought "bygones had better be bygones," Dutch children, with them constant appeals to their imaginations, learn to look upon the past as part of the present and to feel that they are bound to make themselves worthy of the hero race to whom they owe their liberties.—Longman's Magazine.

SAVED HER BROTHER.

HOW A CHILD'S DISOBEDIENCE DID GOOD FOR ONCE.

A True Story of Revolutionary Days—A Feud Between Friends—A Treacherous Plot Overheard by a Little Girl—A Bit of New History.

"I tell you I am going, Uncle Mose, so there, now!" The speaker, a girl of about 10, proceeded to put her threat into execution, while an aged darky stood, hat in hand, looking after her. His countenance expressed a mixture of disapprobation and amusement. Meanwhile Miss Margaret, or Peggy, as she was generally called, wended her way along so blithely and merrily that one would never have supposed she was doing what she had been expressly forbidden to do. And here we may as well give the circumstances which led to the above emphatic remark.

Margaret Northcote belonged to an intensely patriotic family living on the outskirts of Elizabethtown, N. J., and she was going, as she so emphatically announced, to see a friend of about her own age who lived in the town half a mile away. The father of this girl was a gentleman named Bent. This Mr. Bent had formerly been an intimate friend of Margaret's father, but after the breaking out of the war they took different sides in the struggle—for Bent was a zealous Tory—and this had created a difference between them, which, increasing with time, had finally made them bitter enemies. The children, however, still remained good friends, very justly thinking that their fathers' opinions ought not to influence them. But at last Peggy's parents interfered and forbade her going to visit any longer at the Bents', declaring that they didn't want their daughter to get any "British notions." Mr. Northcote, however, was away on business most of the time, and as this afternoon her mother was too busy to pay much attention to her she had decided to brave her parents' displeasure and see her friend. Uncle Mose tried to stop her, but did not succeed, and as she marched on with so much confidence he chuckled: "Hit! She's her mudder's own gal fur shush!"

On reaching the Bents' she found that Dorothy was the only one of the family in. The two friends, therefore, enjoyed each other's society to the full without any disapproving fathers or mothers to frown upon them. The afternoon rapidly wore away, and when Peggy looked to see the time it was 6 o'clock. "I wonder," remarked she, "that Uncle Mose hasn't been sent for me long before this. I supposed I might have an hour or two with you, but I've been here all the afternoon, and I don't believe mother knows it yet, she's so busy."

"Do stay to tea," said Dorothy. "Everybody's away, and we could have a lovely time."

"Well, I believe I will," replied Peggy. "I don't know when I can come again." The statement that they would have a lovely time was fully verified. In fact, they had a rather uproarious one, and it was to the decided relief of the servants that Peggy rose to leave. "It's dusk now," exclaimed she, "and I must go." And amid mutual protestations of friendship she stepped out into the open air.

Ordinarily it would not have been dark for an hour yet, but foulard a shower was coming up. Peggy was anxious to get home before it should strike her when, on the outskirts of the town, she saw two men hitching. As she approached they stopped, and leaning over the wall,

"HER MUDDER'S OWN GAL."

seemed engrossed in the beauties of the sunset, which, by the way, were not plainly visible on account of a dark bank of clouds which nearly excluded the last rays of the sun. This was very fine in all this to excite curiosity, but then it is probable that a young girl of 10 will believe this result with the fair sex. Peggy looked back. At the same moment a ray of light broke through the clouds and lit up the faces of both men. One of them she recognized. It was George Bent. Once or twice she had seen Dorothy's brother, though he was away most of the time.

At this instant she came to a sharp curve in the road, which hid them from view. The moment she turned the corner an irresistible desire took possession of her to know what these men were saying. "Why did they stop talking when I passed, and why did they both turn away so I couldn't see them?" thought Peggy. As soon as she had turned this corner she hesitated for only a moment and then quickly climbed the stone wall by the roadside. On the other side of the wall was an old apple orchard. Along the fence especially there was a continuous line of trees, which by their foliage in spring nearly shut out the view from the road and by their fruit in autumn entirely corrupted the morals of all neighboring small boys. Under cover of these Peggy slowly retraced her steps on the other side of the wall and at last reached one about 15 feet away from the two men. Should she try to pass from this tree to the next under which they were standing? She stopped and listened. They were still talking, but in so low a tone that she could not understand what they said. Keeping close to the wall, she stealthily crawled along until nearly opposite the objects of her curiosity. Then she composed herself to listen.

The first words that greeted her ears were these, from Bent, as she thought: "It was the merest chance that I happened to see him, for I'm away most of the time. But I knew him right away and where he must have come from. Did you notice the child that passed here a minute ago? Well, that's his sister." Peggy could hardly believe her ears. Could they mean her? But her brother was in the southern army, as she had often heard. How could any one have seen him? "What's he stoppling there for," returned the other, "if his dispatches are so important?" "It's not much out of his way," replied Bent. "And then, too, he was sure of getting a good horse there." "Not so very sure either," was the answer. "Old Northcote happens to be out of town with it, luckily." "When will he be back?" "Probably early tomorrow morning." "Do you think he'll wait?" "No, I think he won't." "Wouldn't it be better to make the attempt tonight then?" "No, for he'll sell his life dearly." "Well, and isn't it worth it," returned the other, with an oath, "especially with those papers of his?" "And then," went on Bent, "I've got sure notice the British will be here tomorrow, and then we could hand him over to them. He's safe in the meantime, as the house is watched. Of course, if he tries to get away, we can't wait till tomorrow, but he doesn't know he's watched and won't try to hide what he does." Poor Peggy thought all this while that she must be having a dream and a very unpleasant

PEGGY COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE HER EARS.

one. Were her neighbors really such wicked people? Her father and mother were right. She would never go into their house again.

It had now grown very dark, and that half mile, of which she had always thought so little, seemed now an interminable distance. When at last she reached the house, she dropped into a chair utterly exhausted. Mrs. Northcote had risen, alarmed, to meet her, but seeing that she was only tired and out of breath waited until she had recovered a little and then gravely asked: "Peggy, where have you been? I sent Uncle Mose for you an hour ago, and he isn't back yet."

"To the Bents', mother, and as I was coming home"——

"But Peggy," said her mother, "I thought I had forbidden you to go there!"

Poor Peggy! Subsequent events had completely driven this fact from her mind. "But, mother," exclaimed she, and her voice trembled, "I must tell you what happened as I came home." Then brokenly and incoherently she told the whole story and ended by crying, "John is in the southern army, isn't he, mother, and what does it all mean?" Mrs. Northcote turned pale, but merely told Peggy to take off her wet clothes and go straight to bed. There, excited as she was, she was so tired she soon fell asleep.

Peggy had hardly mounted the stairs when Mrs. Northcote entered a small chamber adjoining the sitting room and woke a sleeper stretched at full length on the bed. They held a hurried conversation together in the dark, and then without a light both descended to the cellar, the sleeper stopping only to get his hat and coat. "I suppose I'll have to go with the other horse, poor as it is, since father isn't home," said he. "Yes," was the hurried reply. "You mustn't lose a minute." In that side of the cellar farthest from the road was a small window. Through this the man proceeded to climb with no regard to dignity or anything but haste and secrecy. "You have the key?" whispered she. "Yes," returned he. And stooping to kiss her, a difficult performance, which nearly caused his precipitation from the narrow window, he flopped—I would prefer to say dashed, but a historian must sacrifice everything to truth—out into the rain, which was coming down in torrents, and by as quick a way as possible directed his steps toward the barn. Mrs. Northcote stood looking out for several moments and then slowly groped her way up stairs and dropped into a chair. For awhile she sat with every nerve at the highest tension, expecting each second to hear the report of a musket, but as minute after minute passed and nothing happened she grew gradually calmer and finally retired to rest, having first relieved Uncle Moses, who came in much excited, by telling him of Peggy's return.

The next day the British made Elizabethtown a call. If you consult a history of this war, you will find that in the year 1780, on June 6, an incursion was made into the Jerseys; that in the course of it the British entered Elizabethtown; that they pillaged and burned several houses there, and that, all things considered, the expedition reflected no glory upon the British arms.

Mr. Northcote, being detained out of town, returned in the afternoon to find his house in ashes, but after he had been informed of the safety of his wife and child, and still more after a long talk with the former, he did not seem to feel his loss at all keenly. His cheerfulness was still further increased in a few days by the news of his son's safety in Washington's camp at Morristown. Before this time he had always tried to discourage his wife, for women were curious then as they are now, and probably ever will be, from prying into the affairs of her neighbors. But ever after, strange to say, his ideas seemed to change completely, and he was often heard to remark that he knew of a great many vices worse than curiosity. And, in truth, if we "give the devil his due," why should we not render full justice to disobedience and curiosity whenever there is an opportunity, so much the more that the number of them is few? THEO. HOLLAND.

Jones' Idea.

Briggs—There goes Jones, the man who married the widow and six children.

Griggs—But what is he doing with that enormous quantity of fireworks?

Briggs—I guess he intends to get rid of the six children.

A Born Gentleman.

The small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said, "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," he responded, accepting her courtesy. "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it," and the lady actually reached over and kissed him.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Consolation.

Biber—You ought to be proud of the things you've accomplished.

Jordan (in bitter mood)—Humph! Never got one of my books printed yet.

Biber—Yes, but—e—but think what a lot of new old manuscripts you've accumulated.—Chicago Record.

GOOD HEALTH.

THE NERVOUS DEPRESSION THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Is Recommended as It is a Compound of Glycerine and Phosphorus

The European edition of the New York Herald publishes an account of M. Albert Robin's discovery that the active principle of the famous so called "elixir of life" is a chemical compound of glycerin and phosphorus.

This compound, it says, is found in the natural state in the nervous system, and hence, when cellular destruction has been going on too rapidly, the use of the glycero-phosphates helps to build up the system.

Dr. Robin has tested the value of the glycero-phosphates of lime, soda and potash, either alone or combined and given by the stomach or hypodermically. He reaches the following conclusions:

First—The glycero-phosphates are powerful therapeutical agents, which stimulate the general nutrition by means of their action on the nervous system.

Second—Their leading indication is nervous depression.

Third—In hypodermic injections their action is at least as energetic as Brown-Sequard's liquid, which in all probability owes its effect to the organic phosphorus it contains. It can therefore only be advantageous to use them in place of this liquid, since in this way we substitute a well defined substance that can be given in accurate amounts in the place of an uncertain preparation that varies constantly and cannot be preserved.

Fourth—The cases mentioned above allow us to hope that these injections will be of service in the treatment of nervous asthenia of different origin, of phosphaturic albuminuria, of phosphaturia, of Addison's disease, of some forms of sciatica and of the douloureux of the face. In locomotor ataxia the results are more uncertain, and there seems to be nothing beyond an alleviation in the fulgurant pains.

Water as a Medicine.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue change. Worn out particles are cast aside from the system, while the new are ever being formed. Water has the power of increasing these tissue changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are removed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drink water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease, which, if once firmly seated, requires both time and money to cure. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night and is a better reliever of sleeplessness than many drugs. Inflated parts will subside under the continued poulticing of quite hot water. Very hot water is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilizing our wounds. A riotous stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass of hot water, says a health journal, authority for the foregoing.

A FEMININE WEAPON.

Guided by a Multitude of Little Wisdom Precautions and Arts.

Among the more delicate social weapons used by women tact is one of the most effective—the power of listening, of brightening at the proper moment and laughing at the right joke, and of knowing the exact temper in which a man is conducted and when it is best to let him alone. A woman who possesses this weapon generally rules by that fine instinct which strengthens her own position by strengthening her husband's. It is a feminine weapon guided by a multitude of little wisdoms and precautions and by arts as varied as the sex. It rules a man so gently that he is kept in constant good humor with himself, nor is he uncomfortably conscious that he has laid down all his own arms before this sheathed sword, says The Ladies' Home Journal.

If there be any other weapon equal to tact for domestic use, it is silence. In the hour of revolt this force is supreme. Let any man try to conquer a woman who simply opposes to all his arguments a discouraging silence, who is perfectly patient today and will be perfectly patient tomorrow, who is not on the offensive, but the defensive, and whose attitude silently says: "I do not oppose you. It is not my place. But I know I am right." It takes but a short time for such an antagonist to bring any ordinary man to her feet.

The Art of Conversation.

A thing which a pessimistic writer on social topics claims has gone out of fashion, is the art of conversation. He says: It has of late years been so neglected that it is the merest chance to meet with a young man who can converse at all in the real sense of the word. Among his own set he can babble about mutual acquaintances, the new singer, the next race or the last scandal. But throw him among strangers, and he is silent and dull, perhaps making short remarks in a jerky and confused manner, but betraying no intelligent interest if a new discovery be mentioned, a piece of important political news told or some information given about a subject of real value. He is not only bored, but he shows it, because he has never cultivated that polite interest in his fellow creatures which would enable him to respond sympathetically.

One of the old French noblesse was lately heard to remark that when he first went into society his father used to impress upon his mind that at a party he was bound to insure its success so far as he was individually concerned. To make himself agreeable was a duty not to be neglected without a grave breach of courtesy both to the guests and the friends who invited him. In a modern gathering no such antiquated sentiment would find a disciple. Young people, if they do not meet some one to flirt with, will ostentatiously proclaim their boredom and would stare in astonishment if it were suggested that at a friend's house it was the duty toward the hostess to pay attention to those who seemed neglected or who found themselves among strangers.

Proper.

One Girl—And did you permit him to kiss you?

Another Girl—No. In the absence of my chaperon I did not think it proper.—Chicago Tribune.

Indirectly.

"What makes you think he loves you? Did he say so?"

"No, but he hugged me. That is a roundabout way of letting me know it."—Brooklyn Life.

DR. KELLEY, SURGEON DENTIST

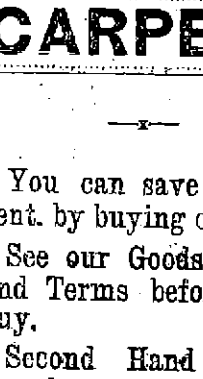
SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the CHEAPEST and best. 128 doses of Sulphur Bitters for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst kind of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease, SCROFULA. In all cases of such stubborn, deep seated diseases, Sulphur Bitters is the best medicine to use. Don't wait until tomorrow, try a bottle TO-DAY.

Don't ever take BLUE PILLS, or mercury, they are deadly. Put your trust in Sulphur Bitters, the purest and best medicine ever made. Is your TONGUE COATED with a yellow, sticky substance? Is your Breath foul and offensive? Your Stomach is OUT OF ORDER. Use Sulphur Bitters immediately. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters. Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some AT ONCE, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is THE INVALID'S FRIEND.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published



BEAUTIFUL FACE may be robbed of its charms by the blight of a poor complexion

POZZONI'S Complexion Powder is a refreshing and beautifying preparation which imparts to the complexion the soft glow of the fair rose and removes freckles, pimples and all impurities of the skin. Pozzoni's has won its way into the confidence of ladies all over the land. A thirty years' test has proven its merit. In three shades—Pink or flesh, White and brunette.

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CASH OR INSTALMENTS.

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Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

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N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

Are You Ready for Hot Weather?

Prepare by buying a good Oil Stove or Refrigerator. Perhaps you need a Baby Carriage. These can be had at bargain prices at

VICTOR PIHL'S,

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Plumbers and Sanitary Engineers.

Steam, Gas and Water Piping.

JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

11 SOUTH STREET,

Near Middlesex.

I. VAN TINE

Expert Bicycle Machinist,

Builder of "Climax" and "Built to Reach" bicycles.

Fine Repairing a Specialty. All work guaranteed. Parts of all special makes always in stock. No. 7 HURD STREET.

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

SUN RISES	4 10	MOON RISES	1 13 a
SUN SETS	7 25	FULL SEA	8 33 a / 8 45 p
LENGTH OF DAY	15 15		

Forecast for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont: Generally fair; probably slightly warmer in the vicinity of Portland and Northfield; southeast winds.

For Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut: Generally fair; slightly warmer in the vicinity of Boston; southeast winds.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Last night was the busiest night the new city hall has ever seen.

There is an increase in the number of men arrested for delirium tremens.

This evening there will be a free concert for men only at the Y. M. C. A. building.

Rev. W. W. Harris, the new pastor of the Paige Street church will occupy that pulpit tomorrow.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Middlesex Co-operative bank last night $1650 was disposed of at 6 6-10 per cent.

The regular meeting of the "Peculiar People of the Kingdom" will be held Monday evening, July 2, at 7.30, at the Blossom street chapel.

The printing committee last evening awarded to the Citizen company the contract for printing 1450 precinct books. The price is 65 cents per page.

A natty and very pretty hat for little girls at 25 cents and 50 cents each. Entirely new and worth double the money. Cook, Taylor & Co., Central street.

A number of Lowell men went to Center Harbor today and assisted in the opening of the Senter house. The proprietor is Henry L. Huntress of Comant & Co.

Charles Morin, four years old, son of John Morin of Jodoin's block, Coolidge street, fell from a top story window yesterday and received concussion of the brain.

The Caledonians have appointed a committee of 11 to make arrangements for the annual games. It is expected that the L. C. A. A. grounds at Dracut will be secured for this purpose.

At the meeting of the W. C. T. U. yesterday it was decided to hold a mothers' meeting July 5. Devotional service was led by Mrs. Whittier, and brief remarks were delivered by Mrs. Foster.

Don't miss seeing the white dresses we are selling for girls from 6 to 14 years old. They are pretty. They are cheap, and they fit perfectly. All came from New York city this week. Cook, Taylor & Co., Central street.

A little girl, named Maude O'Connor, 7 years old, fell from the ledge on Fletcher street, yesterday afternoon and fractured her thigh. She was taken to St. John's hospital. She lives with her parents, in Ward's block, Fletcher street.

The two picnics in Tyngsboro yesterday were the Eliot church at Willow Dale and the Branch Street Tabernacle at Mountain Rock grove. The Highland Congregational church went to Haggett's pond. Good reports of delightful times came from each picnicking party.

Diplomas.

Bring them in and see the frame we can sell you for 50c. It will surprise you. Also better goods at a slight advance. First class work. H. C. MCOSKER, 123 Central street.

Graduation at Tewksbury.

Pickering Hall, at Tewksbury Center, was crowded yesterday afternoon at the graduating exercises of the high school. The stage was set with potted plants and bouquets. The exercises were very interesting and each number on the program evoked considerable applause.

Lucy L. Lewis read an essay on "Evolution," and Miss May Fuller's paper treated of "Coal."

A very interesting essay was on "The position of woman," by Stella F. Morrill.

The valedictory was delivered by Miss Callie D. Gale.

The numbers were interspersed with vocal selections.

The graduates were Mary Fuller, Callie D. Gale, Stella F. Merrill, Lucy L. Twiss and Arthur F. Conway. Addresses were delivered by Principal Thompson, Supt. Knowlton and Rev. James Alexander. In the evening the exercises consisted of a reception to the graduates, class prophecies, vocal solos by Mrs. Sweetland and George Foster, a cornet solo by Belle Guilland, and musical selections by the Lyceum orchestra of Lowell.

CLEANING UP BUSINESS.

Court List To-Day Was Large and Included a Variety of Offences.

The grist this morning was quite large and was not confined to drunks alone.

There were 13 drunks however.

Francis McElroy went up to Thorndike street for four months.

Daniel McElaney was on his way from Wilton, N. H., to Boston and stopped over in Lowell, with the usual result. He was fined $3.

Annie McNamara pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness and was sent to Sherburn for one year. She was one of Officer Dennett's collection of bad women.

Thomas Welch came here from North Adams for a job. He received a fine of $3.

John J. Cassidy said he was taken out of his home and arrested last night for drunkenness. He asked the court for a "show" stating that he had been persecuted. He was found guilty and continued under $100 bonds until July 3, for sentence.

A unique defence was put up by a man named Lawrence Ford, who was arrested for drunkenness. The officer said that Ford was both drunk and noisy.

He admitted having been drunk, but claimed that the only noise he made was by talking very loud to his wife who is deaf. He was placed on probation.

Stephen Mathews, a colored man, and Emma Messer, a white girl, were arrested last night from a house on Crosby street, for fornication. They each pleaded guilty. It is said they have been living together for two weeks. Matthews was sent to jail for two months and the Messer woman was fined $15.

John Fitzgerald pleaded not guilty to the charge of assault and battery on Catherine Hansbury, who is now in jail. The case was continued until July 6.

The case of Mary Ann Neman for assault and battery on Mary Lahiff was continued.

Frank Green pleaded not guilty to a charge of cruelty to a horse, and was defended by Lawyer Kleeti. The case was continued until July 6.

Michael Kane's case for hindering and opposing Officer Breen while making an arrest was continued until July 6.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 51 MERK ST.

Sweeter than honey—Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'd'g.

All the big barber shops will close on the Fourth.

Hon. Moses T. Stevens is slightly ill at his home in North Andover.

Mrs. David Nichols is visiting her daughter in Chatham, Mass.

J. Elmer Taylor of Carlisle, is suffering from injuries received by falling from a staging.

The remains of William Ryan were forwarded to Lyons, N. Y., today, by Undertaker Davey.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

Messrs. Charles Dempsey, William Connors and William H. Mulcahey have returned from New York.

Mr. Thomas H. Muldoon of this city has just completed a successful season with Hyle and Cooney's players, and is now visiting here.

P. J. Hear, attorney at law, has removed his office from 19 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack, corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

Chief Hosmer has received a check for $10 from T. C. Entwistle in recognition of the services done by the department at the recent fire on Market street.

Lowell Lodge, I. O. O. F., has elected these officers: Noble grand, Levi Boothby; vice grand, H. W. Clement; representative to grand lodge, J. G. Marshall; alternate, H. B. Nay.

Thieves entered the bowling alley at Lakeview, Thursday night, and broke open a nickel-in-the-slot machine, from which they extracted the contents, about $20 in nickels.

Dr. Chambre has been elected Associate Fellow of the Victoria Institute, London—the great philosophical society of Great Britain, and which embraces in its membership some of the most eminent men in that country and in America.

Supt. Whitcomb said last night that there have been teachers in the city who assumed the right to dismiss their school early because they omitted the recess during the session. He quoted an instance where a teacher let her school out half an hour earlier than customary.

Among the deputy grand commanders of the Golden Cross appointed by the grand commander, are the following: F. M. Craig of Somerville for Washington Commandery, Lowell; Capt. J. A. Janvrin of Lowell for Haverhill; A. J. Howe of Lowell for Fells of Stoneham.

Columbia Council, American Mechanics, elected these officers last evening: Councillor, W. I. Leach; vice councillor, A. E. Dearth; recording secretary, F. P. Folsom; assistant recording secretary, John A. Moore; financial secretary, W. W. Stimpson; treasurer, H. E. Sprague; inductor, E. A. Winters; examiner, E. R. Gardner; I. P., H. H. Noyes; O. P., Frank Crooker; trustees, G. S. Gilman, S. W. Fletcher and C. M. Young.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Pond Street Primary School.

Bids for heating and ventilating this school were opened by the lands and buildings committee last night as follows:

H. H. Wilder & Co., $415; T. Costello & Co., $365; Farrell & Conaton, (Fuller-Warren system) $750.

Brick work, Bennett & Conlon, $795; F. O. White & Co., $398; D. H. Kelley, $650; C. F. Foss & Co., $410.

The contract was awarded to T. Costello & Co., and F. O. White, the lowest bidders.

Toast to His Health.

THE SUN staff was agreeably surprised yesterday afternoon by the receipt of a box—not a Christmas box—but a Fourth of July box. It contained a dozen very acceptable packages, the compliments of Mr. John Warburton of the Globe hotel. The packages were bottled samples of Jones' famous "Cream Ale" a beverage which has been successfully placed upon the market in bottles.

As it falls in the way of duty to newspaper men to bear evidence on the quality of home products, and as they are at all times open to conviction on question of merit, those of THE SUN staff who sampled the Cream Ale pronounced it a prime beverage. They heartily seconded Mr. Warburton's claim of solving the problem of bottling ale and retaining those elements which make Bass's name famous. Connoisseurs among the staff did not hesitate to pronounce it the best home brewed ale yet marketed.

OUR LOWELL PEOPLE.

They Will Tell of the Enterprise of Our Municipality in Many Places.

Return J. Meigs is a full fledged M. D. from Harvard Medical school.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Offutt are at the White Mountains.

Rev. J. O. Campbell received the degree of M. A., from Harvard, on Wednesday.

Mr. Amasa Pratt and family have taken possession of their summer home at Squirrel island.

Miss Kate Cassidy, a charming and popular young lady of Watertown, is visiting her cousin, Miss Mary E. Thornton of Chapel street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dyke, who left our city for southern California, last January, an account of Mr. Dyke's health, have returned to Lowell.

Miss Mabel H. Seymour, R. G. Seymour, Jr., Miss Grace H. Seymour, leave Lowell on Monday morning for Northfield, where they will spend July and August.

Mrs. Catharine Mooney will leave the city Monday to spend the season at her cottage in Gloucester.

Mrs. Frank Perkins of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. H. P. Perkins, of Otis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Abbott and their children leave today for No. Scituate, where they will spend the summer.

Frederick A. Fisher has been attending commencement at Bowdoin college this week.

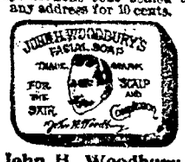
Miss Rogers of Pawtucket street has returned from a short visit to New York.

Miss Margaret G. Wight left today for Rutland, Me., for the summer.

Miss Putnam, a class mate of Miss Sarah Ames at Bryn Mawr, is a guest at the Butler homestead.

A SAMPLE CAKE

Of Woodbury's Facial Soap and 150-page book on Beauty and Dermatology, Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Wrinkles, Pimples, Eczema and all Skin and Scalp Imperfections sent sealed to any address for 10 cents.



John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, Established 1870. 125 W 42d St., N.Y.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

TWENTY-SEVEN SENATORS SUPPORT THE MEIGS BILL.

The Legislature Getting Ready to Adjourn—The Telephone Bill Again.

BOSTON, June 30. The Meigs bill was passed to be engrossed by the senate by a vote of 27 to 10.

The amendments to allow the use of compressed air and electricity were defeated. The provision permitting the use of other systems except the Manhattan was defeated, and an amendment allowing the granting of street locations in towns at town meetings was rejected.

Senator Fitzgerald's substitute for the proposed subway, the alley route scheme of 1893, was rejected.

By a vote of 8 to 29, the senate refused to refer the bill to the next general court, and the bill was engrossed, 27 to 10.

The senate at the night session concurred with the house in passing to be engrossed the restricted Bell telephone bill. An amendment to limit the increase of stock to $10,000,000 instead of $30,000,000 was defeated by a vote of 7 to 22.

The house engrossed the senate bill relative to gaming and the illegal keeping and sale of intoxicating liquors by incorporated clubs.

The bill providing for an investigation by the municipal court of the ward 17 frauds was passed to be engrossed.

The Meigs bill is before the house, but no decision was reached last night, both branches adjourning until today at noon.

Married In Mexico.

BOSTON, June 30.—The Herald says that Hon. Moody Merrill is a recent benedict. The event was solemnized without pomp or splendor in the ancient capital of Chihuahua in far-off Mexico. His bride bears the name of Hester Clorico. One of Mr. Merrill's friends says that if he retrieves his losses he will return and pay those who suffered by his irregularities.

Minneapolis Men Idle.

ST. PAUL, June 30.—Great Western men, with a few exceptions, are all out at Minneapolis.

PITCHERS' POOR WORK

Allowed the Bostons to Scoop Another Game From St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 29.—The Browns lost another game to Boston by ineffective pitching of the former's twirlers. Eighteen hits were made off Breitenstein and Hawley up to the eighth inning, when Ely was put in the box, and kept the champions down to one hit. In the last inning the Browns partly retrieved themselves by making a remarkable triple play.

Boston	0	1	3	3	0	6	0	0	0	—13
St. Louis	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—4

Earned runs—Boston, 9. Base hits—Boston, 18; St. Louis, 8. Errors—Boston, 1; St. Louis, 2. Batteries—Staley, Stivetts and Ganzel; Breitenstein, Hawley, Ely and Peitz.

At Cincinnati:

Cincinnati	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	3	—	6
Washington	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	—4

Base hits—Cincinnati, 6; Washington, 8. Errors—Cincinnati, 6; Washington, 3. Batteries—Dwyer and Vaughn; Sullivan and McGuire.

At Cleveland:

Baltimore	0	0	1	0	2	4	0	2	—	9
Cleveland	0	2	0	1	0	2	1	0	0	—6

Base hits—Baltimore, 9; Cleveland, 13. Errors—Cleveland, 3. Batteries—McMahon and Clarke; Griffith and O'Connor.

At Pittsburg:

Brooklyn	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	2	0	2—7
Pittsburg	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0—5

Base hits—Brooklyn, 10; Pittsburg, 11. Errors—Pittsburg, 4. Batteries—Stein and Daily; Ehret and Merritt.

At Chicago:

New York	1	0	2	0	1	4	2	4	—	14
Chicago	1	0	0	1	1	0	2	0	3—	8

Base hits—New York, 16; Chicago, 8. Errors—New York, 7; Chicago, 3. Batteries—Meekin and Farrell; Hutchison and Schriver.

At Louisville:

Louisville	5	0	1	0	0	2	3	1	0—	12
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	1—	5

Base hits—Louisville, 15; Philadelphia, 7. Errors—Louisville, 7; Philadelphia, 4. Batteries—Knell and Earle; Lukens and Buckley.

At Brockton—Pawtucket 11; Brockton, 3.

At Haverhill—Haverhill, 5; Portland, 4.

At Lewiston—Bangor, 6; Lewiston, 5.

Incendiary Goes Free.

NEW HAVEN, June 30.—The fact that an attempt was made on Tuesday night to burn North Middle college on the campus has just leaked out. A fire had gained considerable headway when a watchman discovered it and put it out. The faculty knows who started the fire, but they will not cause his arrest.

Visiting Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—Governor Hogg and party arrived here yesterday and inspected the works of the Gorham Manufacturing company and the Corliss Safe company. They spent the night at Oakland Beach as the guests of Governor Brown. Today they are enjoying a Rhode island clam dinner.

Byrnes Will Investigate.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The police commissioners have decided to follow out the terms of the resolution empowering Superintendent Byrnes to investigate and prefer charges against those whom charges have been made before the Lexow committee.

An Embezzler Punished.

MIDDLETOWN, O., June 30.—Gus Weisbrodt, defaulting ex-city treasurer of Middletown, pleaded guilty to embezzling over $25,000 public money. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years and to pay $2000 fine and costs.

Dexter Statue Dedicated.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—The $10,000 bronze statue of Ebenezer Knight Dexter, which was presented to the city by Hon. Henry C. Clarke, was dedicated yesterday. The dedicating address was made by ex-Chief Justice Durfee.

Bad Men Held For Trial.

LONG ISLAND CITY, June 30.—George Follmer and Christopher Madden, alleged to be two of the gang of masked burglars who committed many robberies, were yesterday committed to await the action of the grand jury.

Operators Won.

BALTIMORE, June 30.—The mines at Lonaconing are all in full operation. The strike ended in a complete victory for the operators, not a single concession being granted the strikers.

Drowned While Bathing.

LEE, Mass., June 30.—News was received yesterday of the death of Albert Van Huyck, 24 years old, of Lee, while bathing near Mechanicsville, N. Y. Van Huyck entered Yale in 1889. During his first two years at college he was a member of the freshman crew, and the second year was elected its captain. During the last two years he was a member of the 'varsity crew, and rowed stroke in the winning crew against Harvard in '93.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Emerson, tailor, 65 Central street, has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for summer wear.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A HARD BATTLE.

DIXON AND GRIFFO HAVE TWENTY ROUNDS

And the Battle is Declared a Draw Finally—3000 Spectators Present.

BOSTON, June 30.—Five thousand spectators last night witnessed at the Casino one of the prettiest fights ever held in this city. Dixon was in grand shape, and presented a strange contrast to the burly Griffo. The latter seemed over fat. His heavy form created the impression that Dixon would not be in it with him, but here was where the colored lad again proved that he is a grand ring general and game as a pebble. He was cuffed and slapped and cut about the face by his heavier opponent, but fight on he did, and on more than one occasion during the 20 rounds fought it looked as though his left hand would surely land a coup d'etat.

Griffo is a great fighter, and no mistake, but the impression gained from the battle of last night is that at anywhere near even weight the colored boy would win. Griffo tipped the beam at not one ounce less than 135 pounds, while the newspaper men present were informed that Dixon weighed 133 pounds. The darky fought a great battle. Time and again he would miss his famous "one-two" blow with the left hand, and slap would go Griffo's glove across his nose. Back again he would come, and generally succeeded in his determination to land on the foreigner's body.

The battle was even enough, and had just enough slight advantages at times in favor of one or the other of the men to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. As the affair progressed, so did Dixon's chances of success increase. He was the short horse in the early part of the contest, but his body blows told in the end, for Master Griffo lost his strength, and the latter half of the battle can easily be scored in favor of Dixon.

Referee Eckhardt's decision of a draw was the only thing under the circumstances that could be rendered, and while the money in the house is equally divided between the pair, the honors surely go to Dixon.

For Country Week.

Miss Kate Brazer has been chosen secretary and Edward Ellingwood treasurer of the Country week committee. This summer steamer excursions and street car rides will be prominent features of the work. Rev. Mr. Wright of the Ministry-at-Large will attend to the matter of procuring country houses and railroad tickets.

Circulars are being sent out asking for contributions. Owing to the "hard times," the committee's work will be greater, and it is hoped that all who can will respond to the call of the committee. Contributions may be sent to Edward Ellingwood.

Keefe's Verdict of $372.

Judge Hadley Friday rendered a decision in the case of Anthony Keefe vs. Haskell P. Staples, a suit to recover $124, alleged to have been lost while playing poker with the defendants. He rendered a verdict whereby the plaintiff shall recover three times the amount for which he sues, as provided by the statutes.

The finding of the court was that in view of the policy of law to suppress gambling, all frequenters of rooms where gambling is carried on are liable for money lost there whether tenants or not.

Campello, Mass.

Spots on the Eyes

Sight Affected After an Attack of the Measles

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Clear Vision and Cures Headache.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"About nine years ago I was sick with the measles, which left my eyes very sore. They would swell so that I could scarcely see, and I could not stand the light. I could hardly sleep at night, because the pain was too great. After a short time white spots came on my eyes, making my sight dim, so that I could hardly distinguish an object held close to the eyes. I tried three doctors, but they would only make them better for a short time and then the trouble would be worse than ever. In the spring of 1892

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I heard about a boy whose eyes had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. My eyes got much better after I had taken the first bottle, and have now been well for over a year. I also used to have severe headaches, but I seldom have a headache now." AMANDA PETTERSON, Campello, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients, 25c.

NEW BUTTER.

20 lb. Tubs - - - 18c. lb.
10 lb. Tubs - - - 19c. lb.
5 lb. Tubs - - - 20c. lb.
Fancy Creamery Prints, 22c. lb.

The Butter is new made and warranted strictly pure. We DON'T sell any oleo or butterine. Come now before it gets higher.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

HYMENEAL.

At the Sacred Heart Parochial residence, Thursday, Rev. B. E. McAvinnue, O.M.I., united in marriage Mr. John Dolan of Waltham and Miss Delia Burke of North Billerica. Mr. J. Regan of Hopkinton was best man and Miss Annie Finnegan of North Billerica, bridesmaid. The young couple left on a bridal trip, and upon their return will reside in Waltham.

Hemingway—Mort.

Mr. Joseph H. Hemingway and Miss Emma F. Mort were united in marriage Thursday evening, at the home of the bride's mother on Methuen street. Rev. Mr. Huntington performed the ceremony, and the house was decorated with choice flowers. Miss Ella Sharkey of Brooklyn was bridesmaid and Mr. Charles T. Cahill, best man. The maid of honor was Miss Ethel Sanborn of Chelsea.

Rev. E. L. Baker has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Congregational church in Dracut and will begin his duties next Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Hall, who will sail for Europe next week, has been presented a purse of $70 in gold by members of his congregation.

Chalifoux Endorsed by the Public.

Our big store is of the people, by and for the people!

Our constant aim is how best to serve them. Our ambition is to give a better article for the price of an inferior one elsewhere. Our success proves that both our aim and our ambition are realized. The warcry among the masses is for low-profit prices. The demand is more than answered by our June offerings.

In These Hard Times the Retailer Is King.

In ordinary times the manufacturer holds the key to the situation, but now, with unsettled markets, and a more unsettled future, the retailer is boss. Not the ordinary retailer, but the large MODERN CASH RETAILER.

He who enters the branches of trade, and controlling an immense outlet and capital, dictates terms to manufacturer and jobber, and thus buys merchandise stocks of all kinds for cash at practically his own prices.

These times have been most propitious and we have filled our lines with the choicest of goods at hard times prices.

—:o:—

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

New York Cloak and Suit Co.

No. 12 John Street.

For this week our prices have been made away below value, offering to all the advantages of obtaining the Best Goods in the market at the Lowest Prices they have ever been sold for.

BEST VALUES

In Duck Suits for $1.50, $1.98, $2.50, $2.95 and $3.50. Light and dark shades, perfect fitting and well made.

BEST VALUES

In Storm Serge Suits for $2.75, $3.50, $4.50, $5.75, $6.75 and $7.50, made in Eton or Tuxedo style. These prices would barely cover cost of materials.

BEST VALUES

In Wrappers for 75c, 98c, $1.19, $1.25, $1.35, $1.50 and $1.65, made of Prints, Cambrics, Lawns, Percale, Chambrays and Ginghams, all new styles and worth almost double the price.

BEST VALUES

In Shirt Waists, with Laundered Collars and Cuffs, for 50c, 75c, 85c, 98c, $1, $1.25 and $1.35 in Prints, Cambrics, Chambrays and Figured Lawns.

BEST VALUES

In White Muslin Shirt Waists, nicely trimmed and latest designs, for 39c, 50c, 69c, 95c, $1.15, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $1.95.

Our assortment of Seasonable Goods is large, and it will pay you to examine them.

NEW YORK Cloak and Suit Co.

12 JOHN STREET.

A New Consignment

Of Baby Carriages just received, and they are beauties. Nicely upholstered Patent Parasol and Brake for $5. Other carriages equally low.

Refrigerators at FREE TRADE PRICES. A $10 Ice Chest for $8.

A nice adjustable Sham Holder for 25c. Fine Straw Matting 10c. per yard.

We will sell you a fine Mantle Bed, spring and mattress, for $12.50; regular price $16. Window Screens 25c. Don't pass our door until you see our goods and get our prices.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

As varied as the wants of the people are the resources of our store in Footwear.

GRADUATION SHOES

Of Every Description.

See our Window Display of Goods and Prices.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall.

The finest Sunday Dinners can be bought at WALSH'S UNION MARKET Tonight.

Low Prices, Quick Sales, Small Profits.

New Cabbage, New Beets, Spare Ribs, 6c.; Salt Pork, 9c.; Hock, 6c.; Salt Shoulders, 8c.; Legs Lamb 10c.; Roasts of Beef, 5c.

FINE BUTTER 15c. TO 20c.

SAVE 25 TO 30 PER CENT. AT

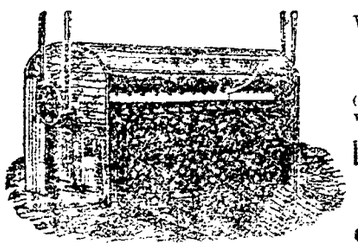
WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

THE POLAR REFRIGERATOR

Is the best. As a preserver of food it has no superior, and for economy of ice it has no equal. We have been the agents for these goods in Lowell for the past five years and can recommend them to our customers as perfect and sure to give satisfaction in every respect. Do not buy a Refrigerator or Ice Chest till you have examined our line. We can sell you anything you need in the housefurnishing line at prices that will convince you that you can save money by trading with us. Look our stock over before you purchase.

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

THE ONLY PLACE IN THE CITY



Where CARPETS are thoroughly CLEANED and STEAMED

We take up, clean, steam, make over and lay Carpets, Hair Mattresses and Feather Beds renovated by steam.

Lowell Steam Carpet Cleaning Works,

12 Weed Street.

GEORGE MADDOCKS, Prop.

We employ no agents, send direct to the works. Orders by mail or telephone—21-4.

The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

Fine Claret

Left At

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Near Palmer St. - Telephone 452-3.

LOWELL LAGER by the case. Call and get our Wine circular.

W. H. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor,

Has a Large Assortment of

Nice Cloths, Clay Diagonals, Scotch Suitings, etc.

W. H. DAVIS,

50 CENTRAL ST.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

Sun Rises........ 4 10 | Moon Rises.. 1 18 A
Sun Sets......... 7 25 | Full Sea { .. 8 30 A / .. 8 45 P
Length of Day.. 15 15 |

Forecast for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont: Generally fair; probably slightly warmer in the vicinity of Portland and Northfield; southeast winds.

For Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut: Generally fair; slightly warmer in the vicinity of Boston; southeast winds.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Last night was the busiest night the new city hall has ever seen.

There is an increase in the number of men arrested for delirium tremens.

This evening there will be a free concert for men only at the Y. M. C. A. building.

Rev. W. W. Harris, the new pastor of the Paige Street church will occupy that pulpit tomorrow.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Middlesex Co-operative bank last night $1650 was disposed of at 6 0-10 per cent.

The regular meeting of the "Peculiar People of the Kingdom" will be held Monday evening, July 2, at 7.30, at the Blossom street chapel.

The printing committee last evening awarded to the Citizen company the contract for printing 1450 precinct books. The price is 65 cents per page.

A natty and very pretty hat for little girls at 25 cents and 50 cents each. Entirely new and worth double the money. Cook, Taylor & Co., Central street.

A number of Lowell men went to Center Harbor today and assisted in the opening of the Senter house. The proprietor is Henry L. Huntress of Connant & Co.

Charles Morin, four years old, son of John Morin of Judoin's block, Coolidge street, fell from a top story window yesterday and received concussion of the brain.

The Caledonians have appointed a committee of 11 to make arrangements for the annual games. It is expected that the L. C. A. A. grounds at Dracut will be secured for this purpose.

At the meeting of the W. C. T. U. yesterday it was decided to hold a mothers' meeting July 5. Devotional service was led by Mrs. Whittier, and brief remarks were delivered by Mrs. Foster.

Don't miss seeing the white dresses we are selling for girls from 6 to 14 years old. They are pretty. They are cheap, and they fit perfectly. All came from New York city this week. Cook, Taylor & Co., Central street.

A little girl, named Maude O'Connor, 7 years old, fell from the ledge on Fletcher street, yesterday afternoon and fractured her thigh. She was taken to St. John's hospital. She lives with her parents, in Ward's block, Fletcher street.

The two picnics in Tyngsboro yesterday were the Eliot church at Willow Dale and the Branch Street Tabernacle at Mountain Rock grove. The Highland Congregational church went to Haggett's pond. Good reports of delightful times came from each picnicking party.

Diplomas.

Bring them in and see the frame we can sell you for 50c. It will surprise you. Also better goods at a slight advance. First class work. H. C. McOSKER, 123 Central street.

Graduation at Tewksbury.

Pickering Hall, at Tewksbury Center, was crowded yesterday afternoon at the graduating exercises of the high school. The stage was set with potted plants and bouquets. The exercises were very interesting and each number on the program evoked considerable applause.

Lucy L. Lewis read an essay on "Evolution," and Miss May Fuller's paper treated of "Coal."

A very interesting essay was on "The position of women," by Stella F. Morrill.

The valedictory was delivered by Miss Callie D. Gale.

The numbers were interspersed with vocal selections.

The graduates were Mary Fuller, Callie D. Gale, Stella F. Merrill, Lucy L. Twiss and Arthur F. Conway. Addresses were delivered by Principal Thompson, Supt. Knowlton and Rev. James Alexander. In the evening the exercises consisted of a reception to the graduates, class prophecies, vocal solos by Mrs. Sweetland and George Foster, a cornet solo by Belle Gulliland, and musical selections by the Lyceum orchestra of Lowell.

CLEANING UP BUSINESS.

Court List To-Day Was Large and Included a Variety of Offences

The grist this morning was quite large and was not confined to drunks alone.

There were 13 drunks however.

Francis McElroy went up to Thorndike street for four months.

Daniel McElaney was on his way from Wilton, N. H., to Boston and stopped over in Lowell, with the usual result. He was fined $3.

Annie McNamara pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness and was sent to Sherburn for one year. She was one of Officer Dennett's collection of bad women.

Thomas Welch came here from North Adams for a job. He received a fine of $3.

John J. Cassidy said he was taken out of his home and arrested last night for drunkenness. He asked the court for a "show" stating that he had been persecuted. He was found guilty and continued under $100 bonds until July 3, for sentence.

A unique defence was put up by a man, named Lawrence Ford, who was arrested for drunkenness. The officer said that Ford was both drunk and noisy.

He admitted having been drunk, but claimed that the only noise he made was by talking very loud to his wife who is deaf. He was placed on probation.

Stephen Mathews, a colored man, and Emma Messer, a white girl, were arrested last night from a house on Crosby street, for fornication. They each pleaded guilty. It is said they have been living together for two weeks. Matthews was sent to jail for two months and the Messer woman was fined $15.

John Fitzgerald pleaded not guilty to the charge of assault and battery on Catherine Hansbury, who is now in jail. The case was continued until July 6.

The case of Mary Ann Noman for assault and battery on Mary Lahiff was continued.

Frank Green pleaded not guilty to a charge of cruelty to a horse, and was defended by Lawyer Kissell. The case was continued until July 6.

Michael Kane's case for hindering and opposing Officer Breen while making an arrest was continued until July 6.

Dr. Coburn DENTIST 51 MERR. ST.

Sweeter than honey—Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'd'g.

All the big barber shops will close on the Fourth.

Hon. Moses T. Stevens is slightly ill at his home in North Andover.

Mrs. David Nichols is visiting her daughter in Chatham, Mass.

J. Elmer Taylor of Carlisle, is suffering from injuries received by falling from a staging.

The remains of William Ryan were forwarded to Lyons, N. Y., today, by Undertaker Davey.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

Messrs. Charles Dempsey, William Connors and William H. Mulcahoy have returned from New York.

Mr. Thomas H. Muldoon of this city has just completed a successful season with Hyle and Cooney's players, and is now visiting here.

P. J. Hear, attorney at law, has removed his office from 10 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack, corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

Chief Hosmer has received a check for $10 from T. C. Entwistle in recognition of the services done by the department at the recent fire on Market street.

Lowell Lodge, I. O. O. F., has elected these officers: Noble grand, Levi Boothby; vice grand, H. W. Clement; representative to grand lodge, J. G. Marshall; alternate, H. B. Nay.

Thieves entered the bowling alley at Lakeview, Thursday night, and broke open a nickel-in-the-slot machine, from which they extracted the contents, about $20 in nickels.

Dr. Chambre has been elected Associate Fellow of the Victoria Institute, London—the great philosophical society of Great Britain, and which embraces in its membership some of the most eminent men in that country and in America.

Supt. Whitcomb said last night that there have been teachers in the city who assumed the right to dismiss their school early because they omitted the recess during the session. He quoted an instance where a teacher let her school out half an hour earlier than customary.

Among the deputy grand commanders of the Golden Cross appointed by the grand commander, are the following: F. M. Craig of Somerville for Washington Commandery, Lowell; Capt. J. A. Janvrin of Lowell for Haverhill; A. J. Howe of Lowell for Fells of Stoneham.

Columbia Council, American Mechanics, elected these officers last evening: Councillor, W. I. Leach; vice councillor, A. E. Dearth; recording secretary, F. P. Folsom; assistant recording secretary, John A. Moore; financial secretary, W. W. Stimpson; treasurer, H. E. Sprague; inductor, E. A. Winters; examiner, R. R. Gardner; I. P., H. H. Noyes; O. P., Frank Crooker; trustees, G. S. Gilman, S. W. Fletcher and C. M. Young.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Pond Street Primary School.

Bids for heating and ventilating this school were opened by the lands and buildings committee last night as follows:

H. H. Wilder & Co., $445; T. Costello & Co., $905; Farrell & Conaton, (Fuller-Warren system) $750.

Brick work, Bennett & Conlon, $705; F. O. White & Co., $808; D. H. Kelley, $850; C. F. Foss & Co., $410.

The contract was awarded to T. Costello & Co., and F. O. White, the lowest bidders.

Toast to His Health.

THE SUN staff was agreeably surprised yesterday afternoon by the receipt of a box—not a Christmas box—but a Fourth of July box. It contained a dozen very acceptable packages, the compliments of Mr. John Warburton of the Globe hotel. The packages were bottled samples of Jones' famous "Cream Ale" a beverage which has been successfully placed upon the market in bottles.

As it falls in the way of duty to newspaper men to bear evidence on the quality of home products, and as they are at all times open to conviction on question of merit, those of THE SUN staff who sampled the Cream Ale pronounced it a prime beverage. They heartily seconded Mr. Warburton's claim of solving the problem of bottling ale and retaining those elements which make Bass's name famous. Connoisseurs among the staff did not hesitate to pronounce it the best home brewed ale yet marketed.

OUR LOWELL PEOPLE.

They Will Tell of the Enterprise of Our Municipality in Many Places.

Return J. Meigs is a full fledged M. D. from Harvard Medical school.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Offutt are at the White Mountains.

Rev. J. O. Campbell received the degree of M. A., from Harvard, on Wednesday.

Mr. Amasa Pratt and family have taken possession of their summer home at Squirrel island.

Miss Kate Cassidy, a charming and popular young lady of Watertown, is visiting her cousin, Miss Mary E. Thornton of Chapel street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dyke, who left our city for southern California, last January, on account of Mr. Dyke's health, have returned to Lowell.

Miss Mabel H. Seymour, R. G. Seymour, Jr., Miss Grace H. Seymour, leave Lowell on Monday morning for Northfield, where they will spend July and August.

Mrs. Catharine Mooney will leave the city Monday to spend the season at her cottage in Gloucester.

Mrs. Frank Perkins of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. H. P. Perkins, of Otis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Abbott and their children leave today for No. Scituate, where they will spend the summer.

Frederick A. Fisher has been attending commencement at Bowdoin college this week.

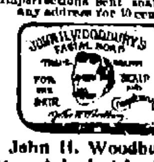
Miss Rogers of Pawtucket street has returned from a short visit to New York.

Miss Margaret G. Wight left today for Rutland, Me., for the summer.

Miss Putnam, a class mate of Miss Sarah Ames at Bryn Mawr, is a guest at the Butler homestead.

A SAMPLE CAKE

Of Woodbury's Facial Soap and 150 page book on Beauty and Dermatology, Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Wrinkles, Pimples, Eczema and all Skin and Scalp Imperfections sent sealed to any address for 10 cents.



John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, Established 1870. 125 W 42d St., N.Y.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

TWENTY-SEVEN SENATORS SUPPORT THE MEIGS BILL.

The Legislature Getting Ready to Adjourn—The Telephone Bill Again.

BOSTON, June 30.—The Meigs bill was passed to be engrossed by the senate by a vote of 27 to 10.

The amendments to allow the use of compressed air and electricity were defeated. The provision permitting the use of other systems except the Manhattan was defeated, and an amendment allowing the granting of street locations in towns at town meetings was rejected.

Senator Fitzgerald's substitute for the proposed subway, the alley route scheme of 1893, was rejected.

By a vote of 8 to 29, the senate refused to refer the bill to the next general court, and the bill was engrossed, 27 to 10.

The senate at the night session concurred with the house in passing to be engrossed the restricted Bell telephone bill. An amendment to limit the increase of stock to $10,000,000 instead of $30,000,000 was defeated by a vote of 7 to 22.

The house engrossed the senate bill relative to gaming and the illegal keeping and sale of intoxicating liquors by incorporated clubs.

The bill providing for an investigation by the municipal court of the ward 17 frauds was passed to be engrossed.

The Meigs bill is before the house, but no decision was reached last night, both branches adjourning until today at noon.

Married in Mexico.

BOSTON, June 30.—The Herald says that Hon. Moody Merrill is a recent benedict. The event was solemnized without pomp or splendor in the ancient capital of Chihuahua in far-off Mexico. His bride bears the name of Hester Ciprico. One of Mr. Merrill's friends says that if he retrieves his losses he will return and pay those who suffered by his irregularities.

Minneapolis Men Idle.

ST. PAUL, June 30.—Great Western men, with a few exceptions, are all out at Minneapolis.

PITCHERS' POOR WORK

Allowed the Bostons to Scoop Another Game From St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 29.—The Browns lost another game to Boston by ineffective pitching of the former's twirlers. Eighteen hits were made off Breitenstein and Hawley up to the eighth inning, when Ely was put in the box, and kept the champions down to one hit. In the last inning the Browns partly retrieved themselves by making a remarkable triple play.

Boston.............0 1 3 3 0 6 0 0 0—13
St. Louis..........0 2 0 2 0 0 0 0 0— 4

Earned runs—Boston, 6. Base hits—Boston, 19; St. Louis, 8. Errors—Boston, 1; St. Louis, 2. Batteries—Staley, Stivetts and Ganzel; Breitenstein, Hawley, Ely and Peitz.

At Cincinnati:

Cincinnati.........0 2 1 0 0 0 0 3 —6
Washington.........0 2 0 0 0 1 0 1 0—4

Base hits—Cincinnati, 9; Washington, 8. Errors—Cincinnati, 6; Washington, 5. Batteries—Dwyer and Vaughn; Sullivan and McGuire.

At Cleveland:

Baltimore..........0 0 1 0 2 4 0 2 —9
Cleveland..........0 2 0 1 0 2 1 0 0—6

Base hits—Baltimore, 9; Cleveland, 13. Errors—Cleveland, 3. Batteries—McMahon and Clarke; Griffith and O'Connor.

At Pittsburg:

Brooklyn...........0 0 1 0 2 0 0 2 0 2—7
Pittsburg..........0 1 0 0 3 0 0 1 0 0—5

Base hits—Brooklyn, 10; Pittsburg, 11. Errors—Pittsburg, 4. Batteries—Stein and Daily; Ehret and Merritt.

At Chicago:

New York...........1 0 2 3 1 4 2 4 —14
Chicago............1 0 0 1 1 0 2 0 3—8

Base hits—New York, 10; Chicago, 8. Errors—New York, 7; Chicago, 3. Batteries—Meekin and Farrell; Hutchison and Schriver.

At Louisville:

Louisville.........5 0 1 0 0 2 8 1 0—12
Philadelphia.......0 0 0 0 0 1 2 1 1—5

Base hits—Louisville, 15; Philadelphia, 7. Errors—Louisville, 7; Philadelphia, 4. Batteries—Knell and Earle; Lukens and Buckley.

At Brockton—Pawtucket 11; Brockton, 3.

At Haverhill—Haverhill, 5; Portland, 4.

At Lewiston—Bangor, 5; Lewiston, 5.

Incendiary Goes Free.

NEW HAVEN, June 30.—The fact that an attempt was made on Tuesday night to burn North Middle college on the campus has just leaked out. A fire had gained considerable headway when a watchman discovered it and put it out. The faculty knows who started the fire, but they will not cause his arrest.

Visiting Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—Governor Hogg and party arrived here yesterday and inspected the works of the Gorham Manufacturing company and the Corliss Safe company. They spent the night at Oakland Beach as the guests of Governor Brown. Today they are enjoying a Rhode Island clam dinner.

Byrnes Will Investigate.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The police commissioners have decided to follow out the terms of the resolution empowering Superintendent Byrnes to investigate and prefer charges against those whom charges have been made before the Lexow committee.

An Embezzler Punished.

MIDDLETOWN, O., June 30.—Gus Weisbrodt, defaulting ex-city treasurer of Middletown, pleaded guilty to embezzling over $25,000 public money. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years and to pay $2000 fine and costs.

Dexter Statue Dedicated.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—The $10,000 bronze statue of Ebenezer Knight Dexter, which was presented to the city by Hon. Henry C. Clarke, was dedicated yesterday. The dedicating address was made by ex-Chief Justice Durfee.

Bad Men Held For Trial.

LONG ISLAND CITY, June 30.—George Follmer and Christopher Madden, alleged to be two of the gang of masked burglars who committed many robberies, were yesterday committed to await the action of the grand jury.

Operators Won.

BALTIMORE, June 30.—The mines at Lonaconing are all in full operation. The strike ended in a complete victory for the operators, not a single concession being granted the strikers.

Drowned While Bathing.

LEE, MASS., June 30.—News was received yesterday of the death of Albert Van Huyck, 24 years old, of Lee, while bathing near Mechanicsville, N. Y. Van Huyck entered Yale in 1889. During his first two years at college he was a member of the freshman crew, and the second year was elected its captain. During the last two years he was a member of the 'varsity crew, and rowed stroke in the winning crew against Harvard in '93.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Emerson, tailor, 65 Central street, has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for summer wear.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 965-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A HARD BATTLE.

DIXON AND GRIFFO HAVE TWENTY ROUNDS

And the Battle is Declared a Draw Finally—5000 Spectators Present.

BOSTON, June 30.—Five thousand spectators last night witnessed at the Casino one of the prettiest fights ever held in this city. Dixon was in grand shape, and presented a strange contrast to the burly Griffo. The latter seemed over fat. His heavy form created the impression that Dixon would not be in it with him, but here was where the colored lad again proved that he is a grand ring general and game as a pebble. He was cuffed and slapped and cut about the face by his heavier opponent, but fight on he did, and on more than one occasion during the 20 rounds fought it looked as though his left hand would surely land a coup d'etat.

Griffo is a great fighter, and no mistake, but the impression gained from the battle of last night is that at anywhere near even weight the colored boy would win. Griffo tipped the beam at not one ounce less than 135 pounds, while the newspaper men present were informed that Dixon weighed 123 pounds. The darky fought a great battle. Time and again he would miss his famous "one-two" blow with the left hand, and slap would go Griffo's glove across his nose. Back again he would come, and generally succeeded in his determination to land on the foreigner's body.

The battle was even enough, and had just enough slight advantage at times in favor of one or the other of the men to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. As the affair progressed, so did Dixon's chances of success increase. He was the short horse in the early part of the contest, but his body blows told in the end, for Master Griffo lost his strength, and the latter half of the battle can easily be scored in favor of Dixon.

Referee Eckhardt's decision of a draw was the only thing under the circumstances that could be rendered, and while the money in the house is equally divided between the pair, the honors surely go to Dixon.

For Country Week.

Miss Kate Brazer has been chosen secretary and Edward Ellingwood treasurer of the Country week committee. This summer steamer excursions and street car rides will be prominent features of the work. Rev. Mr. Wright of the Ministry-at-Large will attend to the matter of procuring country houses and railroad tickets.

Circulars are being sent out asking for contributions. Owing to the "hard times," the committee's work will be greater, and it is hoped that all who can will respond to the call of the committee. Contributions may be sent to Edward Ellingwood.

Keefe's Verdict of $372.

Judge Hadley Friday rendered a decision in the case of Anthony Keefe vs. Haskell P. Staples, a suit to recover $124, alleged to have been lost while playing poker with the defendants. He rendered a verdict whereby the plaintiff shall recover three times the amount for which he sues, as provided by the statutes.

The finding of the court was that in view of the policy of law to suppress gambling, all frequenters of rooms where gambling is carried on are liable for money lost there whether tenants or not.

Campello, Mass.

Spots on the Eyes

Sight Affected After an Attack of the Measles

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Clear Vision and Cures Headache.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"About nine years ago I was sick with the measles, which left my eyes very sore. They would swell so that I could scarcely see, and I could not stand the light. I could hardly sleep at night, because the pain was too great. After a short time white spots came on my eyes, making my sight dim, so that I could hardly distinguish an object held close to the eyes. I tried three doctors, but they would only make them better for a short time and then the trouble would be worse than ever. In the spring of 1892

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I heard about a boy whose eyes had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. My eyes got much better after I had taken the first bottle, and have now been well for over a year. I also used to have severe headaches, but I seldom have a headache now." AMANDA PETTERSON, Campello, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

NEW BUTTER.

20 lb. Tubs - - - 18c. lb.
10 lb. Tubs - - - 19c. lb.
5 lb. Tubs - - - 20c. lb.
Fancy Creamery Prints, 22c. lb.

The Butter is now made and warranted strictly pure. We DON'T sell any oleo or butterine. Come now before it gets higher.

FARLEY'S ∴ CASH ∴ GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

HYMENEAL.

At the Sacred Heart Parochial residence, Thursday, Rev. E. E. McAvinnue, O.M.I., united in marriage Mr. John Dolan of Waltham and Miss Delia Burke of North Billerica. Mr. J. Regan of Hopkinton was best man and Miss Annie Finnegan of North Billerica, bridesmaid. The young couple left on a bridal trip, and upon their return will reside in Waltham.

Hemingway—Mort.

Mr. Joseph H. Hemingway and Miss Emma F. Mort were united in marriage Thursday evening, at the home of the bride's mother on Methuen street. Rev. Mr. Huntington performed the ceremony, and the house was decorated with choice flowers. Miss Ella Sharkey of Brooklyn was bridesmaid and Mr. Charles T. Cahill, best man. The maid of honour was Miss Ethel Sanborn of Chelsea.

Rev. E. L. Baker has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Congregational church in Dracut and will begin his duties next Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Hall, who will sail for Europe next week, has been presented a purse of $70 in gold by members of his congregation.

Chalifoux

Endorsed by the Public.

Our big store is of the people, by and for the people!

Our constant aim is how best to serve them. Our ambition is to give a better article for the price of an inferior one elsewhere. Our success proves that both our aim and our ambition are realized. The warcry among the masses is for low-profit prices. The demand is more than answered by our June offerings.

In These Hard Times the Retailer Is King.

In ordinary times the manufacturer holds the key to the situation, but now, with unsettled markets, and a more unsettled future, the retailer is boss. Not the ordinary retailer, but the large MODERN CASH RETAILER.

He who enters the branches of trade, and controlling an immense outlet and capital, dictates terms to manufacturer and jobber, and thus buys merchandise stocks of all kinds for cash at practically his own prices.

These times have been most propitious and we have filled our lines with the choicest of goods at hard times prices.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

New York Cloak and Suit Co.

No. 12 John Street.

For this week our prices have been made away below value, offering to all the advantages of obtaining the Best Goods in the market at the Lowest Prices they have ever been sold for.

BEST VALUES

In Duck Suits for $1.50, $1.98, $2.50, $2.95 and $3.50. Light and dark shades, perfect fitting and well made.

BEST VALUES

In Storm Serge Suits for $2.75, $3.50, $4.50, $5.75, $6.75 and $7.50, made in Eton or Tuxedo style. These prices would barely cover cost of materials.

BEST VALUES

In Wrappers for 75c, 98c, $1.19, $1.25, $1.35, $1.50 and $1.65, made of Prints, Cambrics, Lawns, Percale, Chambrays and Ginghams, all new styles and worth almost double the price.

BEST VALUES

In Shirt Waists, with Laundered Collars and Cuffs, for 50c, 75c, 85c, 98c, $1, $1.25 and $1.35 in Prints, Cambrics, Chambrays and Figured Lawns.

BEST VALUES

In White Muslin Shirt Waists, nicely trimmed and latest designs, for 39c, 50c, 69c, 95c, $1.15, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $1.95.

Our assortment of Seasonable Goods is large, and it will pay you to examine them.

NEW YORK

Cloak and Suit Co.

12 JOHN STREET.

A New Consignment

Of Baby Carriages just received, and they are beauties. Nicely upholstered Patent Parasol and Brake for $5. Other carriages equally low.

Refrigerators at FREE TRADE PRICES. A $10 Ice Chest for $8.

A nice adjustable Sham Holder for 25c. Fine Straw Matting 10c. per yard.

We will sell you a fine Mantle Bed, spring and mattress, for $12.50; regular price $16. Window Screens 25c. Don't pass our door until you see our goods and get our prices.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 80 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

As varied as the wants of the people are the resources of our store in Footwear.

GRADUATION SHOES

Of Every Description.

See our Window Display of Goods and Prices.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall.

The finest Sunday Dinners can be bought at WALSH'S UNION MARKET Tonight.

Low Prices, Quick Sales, Small Profits.

New Cabbage, New Beets, Spare Ribs, 6c.; Salt Pork, 9c.; Hock, 6c.; Salt Shoulders, 8c.; Legs Lamb 10c.; Roasts of Beef, 5c.

FINE BUTTER 15c. TO 20c.

SAVE 25 TO 30 PER CENT. AT

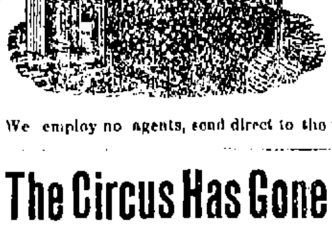
WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

THE POLAR REFRIGERATOR

Is the best. As a preserver of food it has no superior, and for economy of ice it has no equal. We have been the agents for these goods in Lowell for the past five years and can recommend them to our customers as perfect and sure to give satisfaction in every respect. Do not buy a Refrigerator or Ice Chest till you have examined our line. We can sell you anything you need in the housefurnishing line at prices that will convince you that you can save money by trading with us. Look our stock over before you purchase.

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

THE ONLY PLACE IN THE CITY



Where CARPETS are thoroughly CLEANED and STEAMED

We take up, clean, steam, make over and lay Carpets, Hair Mattresses and Feather Beds renovated by steam.

Lowell Steam Carpet Cleaning Works,

12 Wood Street.

GEORGE MADDOCKS, Prop.

We employ no agents, send direct to the works. Orders by mail or telephone—21-4.

The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

Fine Claret

Left At

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Near Palmer St. - Telephone 452-3.

LOWELL LAGER by the case. Call and get our Wine circular.

W. H. DAVIS,

Merchant Tailor,

Has a Large Assortment of

Nice Cloths,

Clay Diagonals,

Scotch Suitings, etc.

W. H. DAVIS,

30 CENTRAL ST.

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 26. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1894. 8 PAGES—ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only paper in Lowell receiving The Associated Press, cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

Interest Begins Monthly.

The system adopted in the savings department of the Traders National Bank of this city, in placing money deposited on or before the third day of any month on interest from the first day of the same month at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, meets with unanimous approval.

Deposits made on or before July 3rd will draw interest from July 1st. Interest may be withdrawn or will be added to the principal every six months.

The bank is open continuously from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. every day except Saturday, on which day the hours are 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

PEOPLE TO VOTE

Meigs Bill Passed With Referendum Clause.

HOUSE AGREES TO ALL THE SENATE CHANGES.

Farley of Lowell Made a Speech Today.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 30.—The house resumed and concluded debate on the Meigs bill this morning. It passed the senate bill with all the changes and several amendments added including a referendum clause, a clause making the subway permissible but not compulsory, and prohibiting a tunnel to East Boston.

Mr. Farley of Lowell opposed the referendum, because he did not believe that the legislature should put into the hands of Nathan Matthews any bill out of which the mayor of Boston could make political capital or attain political victory.

The bill passed 114 to 79. The chances of the senate passing it are good.

Commerical College Graduation.

The Lowell Commercial college graduating exercises will occur this evening, and as usual the program will prove of exceeding interest to the scores of friends of the graduating class. The program as arranged is as follows:

Selection, Welcome Song.....Quartette
Oration. "Americanism," with Salutatory. Fred S. Holt
Piano Solo.....Jessie E. Rhodes
Solo .....Fred C. Way
Class History and Prophecy.....Myrtie E. Pope
Solo .....Laura L. Secord
Piano Solo.....Annie A. Cassidy
Reading .....Jessie E. Rhodes
Duet.....Misses Goodwin and Secord
Piano Solo.....Agnes V. Cassidy
Valedictory.....Kittie A. Goodwin
Class Poem.....Grace Lawrence
Selection. Parting Song.....Quartet

Diplomas will be presented to the following graduating class:—Typewriting and shorthand course: Blanche L. Hutchinson, Kittie A. Goodwin, Jessie E. Rhodes, Della C. Quimby.

Commercial Course.—Emiline Shedd, Uda Jean, Stewart McPhail, Patrick J. Roughan, Agnes V. Cassidy, Fred C. Way, Willie G. McIntyre, Etta S. Wayatt, Olof A. Berntson, Mary A. Mollahan, Wm. J. Shea, Frank W. Saunders, Henrietta F. Gannon, David D. Small, Geo. W. Whitney, Florence E. Walker, Fred S. Holt, Katie Buttermore, Walter J. Monegan, Myrtie Pope, Annie A. Cassidy, Jennie V. Watson, Harry M. Brown, Mary Cameron, Geo. Lanard, J. Minot Osgood.

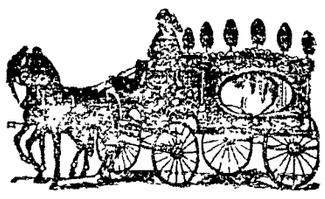
Limited diplomas, book keeping—Annie V. Harding, Maud G. Smith, Laura L. Secord, Gertrude S. Munn, Henry B. Parker, Bessie Jean, Edward J. Bahan, Henry E. Fox, Lomie M. Blodgett, Harry E. Lewis, Fanme Jones.

Typewriting—William G. M. McIntyre, Fred C. Way, Cora A. Stearns, Grace Lawrence, Blanche M. Ferguson, Annie E. Taylor, M. Gertrude Doran, Lillian B. M. Moody, Frank W. Saunders, Henrietta Gannon, Florence E. Walker, Nellie A. Brooks, Jennie V. Watson, Harry M. Brown, Agnes V. Cassidy.

The class officers are F. S. Holt, president; Myrtie E. Pope, secretary and treasurer; Fred C. Way, chairman of executive committee.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,



Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

THEY SAY

IT IS ONE OF THE BEST.

GOLD HEART FLOUR. Try It.

FOR BREAKFAST, Try SCOTCH OATS

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor

SCHOOL BOARD

It Adjourned in the Wee Sma' Hours.

FIGHT DEVELOPED IN FILLING TWO VACANCIES.

Certain High School Diplomas Were Illegally Given.

The expected fight over the filling of certain vacancies by the school board was developed in a skirmish at an early hour this morning.

The battle will be resumed in August. Miss Susie Watson of the High school was quite unexpectedly dropped. No fault had been made as to her conduct or competency, but as the republicans had desired to drop Frank M. Brogan, of the temporary force, Miss Watson's election was hung up.

There was no choice for truant commissioner or principal of the Varnum school.

The revised rules were adopted after many changes had been made. It seems strange that the annual meeting should be selected for so tedious a task as adopting rules.

Mayor Pickman was very sleepy before the board adjourned, and he came very near being caught napping when votes were taken.

Considering the Rules.

The mayor came in at 9.10 and immediately the members took their seats. Mayor Pickman called for the records but as this was simply an adjourned meeting this was not in order.

Mr. Swapp wanted the consideration of the revised rules but he gave way to a notice of committee on books and supplies recommending certain changes in a Latin text book.

Supt. Whitcomb read the changes in the rules, all of which were recently printed in THE SUN.

Mr. Woodies opposed making the high school and kindergarten committees standing committees.

Mr. Swapp said in the case of the kindergarten it would complicate matters: the present system is the best way; sub-committees would object to a special committee controlling kindergartens in their school houses.

Mr. Harrigan supported the objection and Mr. Woodies' motion to strike out revised clause, was passed.

On the matter of increasing memberships of certain committees from five to six, Mr. Woodies said that the board had already defeated a proposition to increase high school committee to one from each ward. Mr. Harrigan objected to change as it might prove inconvenient at times especially on questions relating to books and supplies. Mr. Keyes moved to strike out "one from each ward;" Mr. Coburn amended it but Mr. Woodies' substitute motion to strike out "one from each ward and High school" was passed after Mr. Gallagher said he believed in having representation from each ward on the high school because its need has frequently been seen.

Time of the board meeting was fixed as usual at eight p. m.

The revision relating to appeal from a vote, was accepted. The clause relating to issuance of certificates to teachers was discussed at some length.

Mr. Woodies raised the point that the statute law relating to the filing of certificates with the city treasurer was not covered by the revision; clause laid upon the table.

The section relating to the duties of the committee on teachers and training school was amended, making kindergarten teachers fifth grade and evening school teachers sixth grade, a transposition of the revision reported.

Section on issuance of teachers' certificates was passed, applicants who pass the training school examination will receive sixth class certificates.

The superintendent of schools will hereafter be elected in June. The school year will begin on the second Monday in September and end the last Friday in June. Fast day holiday was stricken out and Patriots' day and Labor day added to the list.

Teachers have the right to send home bad pupils for only one session, and not for days and weeks, as assumed, but not authorized under the old rules. Calisthenics becomes a regular fixture in the curriculum.

The rules were all gone through and then the sections tabled reconsidered. Finally the revised rules were adopted.

When at 11.35 o'clock the rules had been read, the election of teachers came up.

They were taken in lists and those elected are announced below.

Everything went along smoothly until Dr. Lathrop's Varnum school list was reached. Here a vacant principalship was to be filled and Dr. Lathrop nominated Henry H. Harris for the position. When the vote was announced it was found that no choice had been made.

Whole number	14
Necessary for a choice	8
Henry H. Harris	7
J. C. Mellen	3
T. A. Delaney	2
W. V. Meade	1
F. C. Clark	1

The Training School.

Then matters proceeded until the training school was reached when it was noticed on the list that Miss Keyes was mentioned as temporary principal and Misses Clarke and Ewings, second and third assistants, the vote on her name was as follows: Miss Keyes for first assistant 8, for principal 3, for temporary principal 1, for teacher 2.

Before Mr. McNabb's list was read the committee on teachers reported that first class certificates had been granted to G. A. Willey, W. H. Gerrish, William V. Meade and George S. Edwards, and a special certificate as a teacher of physical culture to Miss M. Hunter.

The committee on salaries reported that all teachers receive the same salaries as last year with the exception of the teachers of the kindergarten, or as the report read supervisor of kindergartens whose salary they raised to $900 a year. Mr. Harrigan opposed the increase as he saw no increase in duties and thought the present salary sufficient. On motion of Mr. Boulger the report was tabled until after the election of the Training school teachers, by a vote of 7 to 6.

Two Teachers Dropped.

A big surprise was in store for the committee and it showed itself when the vote was announced on the High school teachers on Mr. Coburn's list, it was found that two teachers had not received the necessary eight votes, and they were Frank M. Brogan and Miss Susie L. D. Watson, the former receiving seven votes and the latter six. It was expected by many that Mr. Brogan would be dropped, but Miss Watson's fate was unexpected.

When the kindergartens were taken up the title of principal and supervisor given Miss Devereaux of the training school was changed to special teacher of the training class.

Thomas M. Graves was elected special teacher of penmanship by a vote of 11 to 1 for John Hunt.

Miss Emma M. Huntley received 10 votes for teacher of physical culture, Miss Hunter, 1; Miss Noyes, 1; and Miss Drew, 1.

Mr. Coburn Speaks.

After the voting Mr. Coburn arose and spoke on the rejection of Miss Watson. He said that she was a competent and impartial teacher, even if she was strict. He hoped the members would reconsider their action.

Mr. Keyes moved that Mr. Coburn be instructed to cast one ballot for Frank M. Brogan and Miss Watson as teachers in the High school. Mr. Swapp objected and the matter was dropped.

Mr. Mulligan then moved that the board proceed to the election of an assistant teacher of penmanship and drawing. The result of the balloting was the unanimous election of John J. Hunt.

Those Nine Diplomas.

Mr. Coburn moved that the vote whereby nine diplomas were granted recently be reconsidered.

There was considerable talk on the matter and Mayor Pickman ruled that according to the rules the action was null and void and the diplomas were granted illegally.

Truant Commissioner.

On motion of Mr. Boulger the election of one truant commissioner was taken up at just one o'clock this morning and the small army of would-be truant commissioners in the entries braced themselves.

The first ballot:

Whole number cast	14
Necessary for a choice	8
David Fitzgerald	1
Frank Gray	1
Michael J. Donahue	1
A. S. Young	1
James Howard	1
Thomas F. Maguire	1
Richard Welch	1
Patrick McGilley	2
G. A. Philbrick	2
A. W. Lang	3

A motion to ballot for principal of the Varnum school was lost 7 to 7. A motion was made by Mr. Woodies to ballot for a principal of the Chelmsford Street school was ruled out of order as the school had not yet been turned over to the board.

A motion was made to proceed to ballot and was lost, as was a motion to adjourn. Finally it was voted to ballot for truant commissioner again.

Ballot No. 2: F. W. S. Daly, 1; Thomas F. Maguire, 1; Geo. A. Philbrick, 1: P. McGilly, 2; Frank Gray, 2; James Howard, 1; D. Fitzgerald, 1; C. F. Sullivan, 3; D. A. Brown, 2.

Ballot No. 3. 13 votes cast, 7 necessary for a choice. Cornelius F. Sullivan, 1: Gray, 1; Welch, 1; Lang, 1; Maguire, 1; McGilley, 2; Arnold, 2; Philbrick, 2; Donohue, 2.

Ballot 4. G. A. Philbrick, 6; Maguire, 3; Welch, 2; Donahue, 1; Fitzgerald, 1; Sullivan, 1.

Ballot 5. McGilley, 1; Manchester, 1; Tyrrell, 1; Philbrick, 1; Maguire, 1; Kelley, 1; Welch, 1; Sullivan, 1; Brown, 6.

At this juncture on the advice of the mayor the matter of salaries was taken up. Mayor Pickman spoke in favor of Miss Devereaux's increase.

Mr. Boulger moved that the salaries of the assistant kindergarten teachers be increased $100. He thought that the salary of $350 was insufficient.

Mayor Pickman hoped the matter wouldn't pass. He didn't believe in giving increases. In these hard times there are plenty who would be willing to take the place. If we want to level salaries lower the higher ones.

Mr. Coburn spoke in favor of the increase.

Dr. Lathrop moved as an amendment to the amendment that Miss Devereaux's salary be made $800 instead of $900.

The mayor seemed mad and called upon Supt. Whitcomb to tell what he knew about Miss Devereux. He spoke very highly of her ability.

Finally, Dr. Lathrop's amendment was voted down, and Miss Dévereux's salary was fixed at $900.

Mr. Boulger's amendment for an increase in the salaries of the assistant kindergarten teachers was carried, and the other portion of the report adopted.

Mr. Hunt's salary was referred to the committee on salaries. After some minor business had been transacted the board adjourned.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Coal for July will be higher by 15 cents a ton.

Smallpox is spreading in Litchfield county, Conn.

Italy proposes a system of international supervision of anarchism.

Charles Hutchins of York, Me., attempted vainly to commit suicide.

It is denied that the Collins Ax company, Collinsville, Conn., will close.

Amos R. Locke, 87 years old, of Ashburnham, Mass., dropped dead at Boston.

An unknown man was found suffering from arsenical poisoning at Peabody, Mass.

The American steam yacht Atlanta, belonging to the Goulds, has arrived at Greenock.

Henri Rochefort says the selection of Casimir-Perier for president means civil war in France.

Japanese residents of New York claim that they should be allowed rights of naturalization.

The French ambassador to Germany thanked the kaiser for his sympathy with bereaved France.

Work on the construction of the Hudson and Marlboro road will be commenced next Monday.

The Italian government will not make any demand for indemnity resulting from Italian losses in France.

Attorney General Olney says that United States mails must not be obstructed by Pullman strikers.

Bowell Is President.

OTTAWA, June 30.—The intercolonial congress met and elected Mackenzie Bowell Canadian minister of trade, and he delivered his inauguration address.

Ashore at Herring Cove.

ST. JOHN, N. B., June 30.—The bark Curler is ashore at Herring Cove, Campbello, and is said to be badly damaged.

Knappe Held for Trial

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 30.—Emile C. Knappe appeared before U. S. Commissioner Fiske today, for embezzlement from the Chicopee bank.

His counsel waved examination and asked for trial in the district court in September.

Assistant District Attorney John H. Casey agreed to this, only that Knappe must go before the grand jury at the present time. Knappe is held under $20,000 bail and is in the Charles street prison.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets

MISS VICTORY

Heavy Taxpayers Spoke Words of Praise for Her.

SENTIMENT EXPRESSED OVER HER PICTURESQUE POSITION.

Dr. Ayer's Gift to the City Called a Sacred Trust.

The young woman in bronze who extends a crown from her pedestal in Monument square to the arrivals at the Merrimack street station, and is known as "Miss Victory," must certainly have felt a tingling about the ears last evening, if possessed of any feeling at all, for the heaviest men in the city talked about her incessantly for a couple of hours.

It was at a hearing before the city hall commission on the proposition to remove the statue from its present position and sandwich it in between the City hall and Memorial building.

The hearing began shortly before eight o'clock, Mayor Pickman opening with a resume of the work of the city hall commission, relative to the laying out of the city hall lot, which caused the talk of the removal of the statue. He informed the large audience that they would be requested to talk on the subject in discussion alone.

A gentleman present thought that the commissioners had no power in the matter, that in holding this hearing they were exceeding their powers.

Hon. Fred Lawton for the petitioners recognized the power of the commissioners.

Lawyer Dunbar opened with the reading of the letter from J. C. Ayer, the donor, to Mayor Peabody in which the statue was presented to the city. The resolution by city council accepting the statue was also read.

Mr. Dunbar said that if the statue is unfit for that position it is unfit for any other public position. Despite the carping criticisms that have been made, it is a work of art. It completes a beautiful group in the lot, and will be looked upon in the future as a beautiful design, and would be appreciated in its conception and execution. The city entered into a contract with Dr. Ayer: a trust has been formed by the city with Dr. Ayer and his family and the commission will hesitate before breaking the trust, by which benevolent citizens will be discouraged.

Mayor Pickman then read a letter from Mr. Elliott, the landscape architect, in which he said that the presence of two statues different in style and significance within so small a space is not beautiful, as one detracts from the value of the other.

Charles H. Coburn

took the æsthetic side of the matter. The wish of the donor should be respected. He thought also that not one person in one thousand will criticize as the architect, but the wish of request was sacred and should be considered before anything else.

Rev. Dr. Chambre agreed that if the request of the donor was not respected, all other benevolent persons would be deterred from presenting any gift for they would have no assurance that their gifts would not be removed. As the country grows older, we become more reverential of the traditions of the past, which help to glorify the present and future. The mere fact that it has been in that position for 30 years is a strong argument that it should not be removed without the weightiest reasons. Statues of this kind preserve the continuity of history. Let us hand down these buildings and monuments as long as they remain. The men buried there died for their country and they were victorious in death, for they gave us victory which is perpetuated by the statue.

The mayor at this point read a letter from Frederick F. Ayer, in which he expressed the hope that the commission would allow it to remain, and then retired to meet the members of the State Board of Education, Prentiss Webster taking the chair.

Col. C. A. R. Dimon,

who represented the soldiers, then spoke. In his opinion the two statues should be together. If necessary it might be moved closer, but it should not be taken out of the lot entirely.

Col. J. W. Bennett spoke as an old citizen. The metal in that statue isn't any harder than the cheek of some of those who are asking for its removal. I know some of them personally. The colonel repeatedly referred to the "landscape gardener." He knew a public spirited gentleman in Ward Four who would furnish a site for it, if the landscape gardener's plan must be carried out.

Hon. Francis Jewett.

He said that there might be exigencies that would necessitate its removal, but none have been mentioned in this case. He hoped it would be allowed to remain in its present position.

Col. James B. Francis was of the opinion that the lot in its present condition was as beautiful as the proposed plans could make it.

Commission's Power Questioned.

Lawyer Crowley was called upon and he wanted to hear the enabling act by the legislature giving the city hall commission the power which it is about to take. He maintained that such an act should be made.

Mr. Webster said that if the commission was acting without power it would be pleased to be relieved.

Mr. Crowley was surprised that there was no legal objection raised, and quoted a similar case which occurred in New York. He then criticised the opinion of Mr. Elliott who failed to notice the connection between the two monuments. That any man should study that and fail to see that the whole secret of the beauty is in the combination, is a fact which tends to weaken our faith in his opinion.

Col. Chadwick was sure that the landscape gardener had not given proper thought to the associations connected with the monuments, which the citizens of Lowell hold dear.

Hon. Jeremiah Clark

said that individuals may die, but the city lives on, and that contract and sacred trust which was entered into thirty odd years ago still lives and the present city government is under the same obligations regarding it as the government which accepted it.

Major Noyes thought the monument should not be removed unless it was absolutely necessary. We should be grateful to the commission for undertaking such a difficult task.

A. G. Cumnock

congratulated the commission on the two beautiful buildings given the citizens. In 48 years he had seen Lowell grow, and if he were a member of the commission he never would go back on a trust. Would it not be just, would it not be honorable and fair to leave the matter to the heirs of the donor? Their consent should be had before the commission undertakes to remove the statue.

Benjamin Dean of Boston, formerly of Lowell, sent a letter requesting that the statue be allowed to remain.

A letter from Fred F. Ayer was read. It contained a very beautifully written request that the statue be not moved.

Major Rowell said that the idea of Dr. J. J. Ayer in presenting the statue would be wiped out by its removal. If we have endured this statue for 27 years we can endure them for 27 more. We do not want the gifts to the city on wheels. We must have respect for Lowell's benefactors.

Henry C. Howe spoke briefly in favor of allowing the statue to remain.

Other Speakers.

Jacob Rogers who has had intimate associations with Dr. Ayer's family, and he knew that they wished to have it remain. The moral obligation to the benefactor is absolute and should be considered.

Major Rowell said that the ladies present who represented the Ayer home, wished to see the statue remain.

Agent Southworth thought that as accumulative evidence was not wanted, the hearing might as well be closed, as no new evidence could be introduced.

Lawyer Lawton then spoke on the matter, and he thought that the commissioners should consider the fact that they are undertaking a matter which is generally left to the board of aldermen. He then reviewed the testimony of those who spoke and advocated strongly the retention of the statue in its present position.

A letter was read from Rev. J. M. Greene protesting against the removal of the statue.

The hearing was then declared closed.

DEATHS.

Elizabeth H. Gregg, aged 52 years, died Thursday at her home, 198 Tremont street. Deceased was a native of Greenfield, N. H. She has many friends in this city who who will be grieved to learn of her death. She leaves a husband, John Gregg, for many years overseer of the Lawrence corporation yard, three daughters, Lilla R., bookkeeper at A. G. Pollard's, Gertrude M., cashier at the same establishment, and Mary, as well as her father, Nahum Russell of Greenfield and a brother, Frank E. Russell.

William Ryan's body was sent to Lyons, N. Y. today. It will be interred there. Ryan is the circus cook who was fatally burned at the fair grounds June 18.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

LOCAL NOTES.

Helen A. Sanborn of Lowell has received an original widow's pension.

Work has begun on the new iron bridge in Carlisle over the Concord river.

Gold Heart flour is the specialty for next week at the Boston Branch grocery.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Elvin and Miss Margie Elvin have gone to the Maine coast.

People are talking interestingly of Ned McNamara's suit against Alderman Dickinson.

There is talk of extending the electric railway from Chelmsford Centre to Carlisle, Acton and Concord.

Tom Kelley expresses a willingness to defend the mile running championship of Lowell against any runner.

Fall River's census returns show the population of the city to be 89,567, a gain of about 1800 over last year.

Dennis Murphy, Florence Murphy, and Daniel Murphy arrived home yesterday from Mt. St. Mary's college.

The following was the only intention recorded at the city clerk's office today: Fred Miller 21, to Nellie Higgins 22.

The assistant assessors have completed all their outside work, excepting in Ward Three which will be finished in a few days.

Many of the Tremont & Suffolk mill operatives will leave the city next week making the most of their ten day's vacation.

Mr. Elias Sarkis of Mt. Lebanon, Syria, and at present a student at Andover seminary, delivered an interesting address at the Worthen Street Baptist church last evening.

The chances of D. F. Dolan for the Lawrence postmastership appear to be very bright. His long and efficient service in behalf of the democratic party is remembered to his advantage.—Post.

The Burkes of Collinsville are holding their annual picnic today at Mountain Rock. At Shawsheen River grove the Wolf Tone guards are running theirs and St. Peter's parish has a large crowd at Haggett's pond.

Division 11, A. O. H., held a big meeting last night, the election of officers resulting as follows: President, M. J. Brun; vice president, M. J. Horan; recording secretary, T. J. McGee; financial secretary, J. J. O'Brien; treasurer, Patrick McCartin; medical examiner, Dr. Lawrence J. McDonough.

Joseph Abdallah was arraigned in court this morning on a charge of assault and battery on Mansura Sola, both are Syrians, and it seems Abdallah severely beat the woman in accordance with one of their customs relating to bad women. In court Joseph said that Mansura was a good woman and she didn't care to prosecute him, and the case was dropped.

In the case of John W. Corcoran against Dr. Marcel Richard to recover $48 which the plaintiff claimed was due him for board from September 5, to January 2, Judge Hadley returned a verdict for the defendant on the ground that the law bearing on the case applies to boarders, and as the doctor was not a boarder he could not be held liable. F. P. Rivet, Esq., appeared for the plaintiff, and J. H. Guillette, Esq., for the defendant.

Dealers of small fireworks were informed last week by the owners of the buildings in which they are situated that they must not keep fireworks in the building. A new clause in fire insurance policies is the cause of such notice. One local dealer who had an immense stock was in a quandary what to do yesterday afternoon. He could keep the goods if he paid the 25 cents extra rate per tenant in the building, but as that would increase his insurance $150 the profits on his stock would be lost.

The Carpet Strikers.

The Brussels Carpet weavers met last evening at the Mathews' hall to talk over the situation at the mills. The attendance was large and enthusiastic, for the members are as hopeful and confident as they were at the beginning of the strike. Although rumors had been floating around all week, no official news had been heard from the managers of the mill. It was decided to open a fund on Monday to be used to assist any of the men who may stand in need of such assistance and the general funds will be drawn upon for the purpose. An invitation from the Central Labor union to parade on Labor day was received but action was deferred until next meeting.

Given Away Free.

Horns and fireworks given away with all quantities of our high grade teas, Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

LATEST

TROOPS OUT

Illinois to Protect Property During Strike.

RAILROAD MAKES THE DEMAND WITHOUT DELAY.

Whole Systems Paralyzed by the Tie Up.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The great demand for troops has come. This is from the Illinois Central, which demands military protection at Cairo.

The military companies in the southern part of the state have been ordered to make ready for duty, and an officer has been sent to Cairo to investigate the situation.

Three passenger trains were held up last night before they could get fairly out of Chicago.

On the Pan Handle, the Cincinnati train, which left the Union depot at 8.30 o'clock, ran into trouble at the Chicago & Eastern Illinois crossing, near Rosedale.

A party of men cut off the Pullmans, and ordered the train to go on. The road officials refused to let the train go without the sleepers, so it was side-tracked at Rosedale.

From every point in the west reports come that the blockade is growing tighter and tighter. In New Mexico, where scores of passenger trains are tied up, the delayed passengers are beginning to suffer. Some of them are out of money.

All of the railroad employes of the stock yards struck early last evening, over 500 of them walking out.

This morning the yards are in a condition of complete paralysis.

Every industry in the stock yards will be seriously affected today, and if the tie up lasts over Monday all the packing houses will be completely shut down. This will throw at least 25,500 men out of employment.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—Director George P. Kearns, of the American Railway union, was arrested today for disturbing the peace. It is thought a graver charge is behind it.

CHICAGO, June 30.—Five hundred employes of the Rock Island road struck at noon. Vice President Howard of the union has ordered a tie up of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road at nine o'clock tonight. The Illinois Central suburban service was paralyzed at noon.

The Strikers Won.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

NEW BEDFORD, June 30.—The strike in No. 6 Wamsutta mills which has been on for four months was declared off this morning. The strikers return at their old wages.

Sworn Into Office.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 30.—Col. Henry B. Lovering of Lynn, at 2 p. m., was sworn into office as U. S. Pension agent.

Plot Is Given Away.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

PARIS, June 3.—When the news of Carnot's assassination reached a soldier in jail at Sette, he confessed to his knowledge of the plot and gave the names of the anarchists in it, and the men drawn to commit murders in revenge of Vaillant and Henrys' deaths.

Temperance Drinks Gone.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHELSEA, June 30.—The plant of the Mt. Washington Springs company manufacturers of temperance drinks, was destroyed by fire today; loss $35,000.

Dupuy Ministry Stands.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

PARIS, June 30.—The Dupuy ministry will stand it is officially announced this afternoon, to everybody's surprise.

"Dick" Carter Lands.

Ex-senator Richard Carter of Lawrence succeeds Solon W. Stevens as deputy collector of internal revenue for this district.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Sister Genevieve Marie, known in the world as Josephine Carney, who died yesterday at Notre Dame Academy, occurred at 9 o'clock this morning from St. Patrick's church. A large congregation, including many of the pupils of the school, were present at the services. The solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Gleason, assisted by Rev. Fr. Burke deacon and Rev. Fr. McDonough sub-deacon. The choir was directed by E. F. Faulkner and rendered the Gregorian plain chant. The bearers were Dr. S. J. Johnson, Dr. George A. Leahy, Dr. James Sullivan and Dr. James E. Leary. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery. Deceased was 27 years old and a native of Lynn.

The funeral of Patrick McDonald occurred this morning from his late home on Hildreth street and was very largely attended. The remains were taken to St. Michael's church, where a high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Scannell. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Thomas F. Dwyer took place from his parents' home, 9 Cady street this morning, and was well attended. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Bayard G. Secord, who was drowned, occurred this afternoon from the residence of his parents, 18 Ellingburg street. Rev. O. E. Mallory and Rev. Mr. Denney conducted the funeral services. The interment was in the Edson cemetery.

Madras, Zephyr, Cheviot and Percale Star Shirt Waists and Blouses—cost 50c to $1.50, sizes 4 years to 15.

There is no question about the fit and thorough finish of the Star Waists and Blouses.

We keep these—to the exclusion of all others—simply because they're the best.

Never have we had such an attractive stock of waists, as this season, and never such large sales. The patterns are special and confined to our house.

—o—

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STATE BOARD

Is in Lowell Looking at Normal School Sites.

MEMBERS FOUND VERY HOSPITABLE TREATMENT HERE.

Lively Driving to Cover the Route Laid Out.

The State Board of Education are guests of the city of Lowell today, the visit here being to view available sites for the new normal school. Col. Stoddard, George H. Conley, Agent Aldrich and Secretary Tillinghast of the board arrived here last night and were met by Mayor Pickman and members of the reception committee. They were shown the public buildings and the map of today's proposed sight seeing.

The other members of the board reached Lowell this morning and shortly after nine o'clock the start was made to view sites.

Col. Allen lunched the party about 11 o'clock at his beautiful residence on Rolfe street.

The large number of sites offered made the task of site viewing one of considerable length.

New Sites Offered.

The following new sites for the normal school were received by the state board today, they being offered since the publication of yesterday's list:

Four lots at Fort Hill park offered by E. A. Smith and F. B. Shedd.

Bridge street, corner of Sixth street, 28,000 feet or more, offered by E. P. Woods.

Stevens street, 85,000 feet, offered by A. V. Partridge.

Liberty and Hastings streets, 56,203 feet, offered by the Flint estate.

Liberty and Hastings streets, offered by the Scribner estate.

Moore and Lawrence streets, 15,573 feet, offered by Greenwood Bros.

Third street, Boardman place, offered by Mrs. Boardman.

Stevens streets, 2 lots, H. A. Coburn.

Durant street, per Councilman Tryder.

Beacon and Llewellyn streets, 3 1-2 acres.

Town of Dracut, Thissell hill, Beacon street, 5 acres gift.

Between 7th and 8th avenues, Pawtucketville, gift.

No. Chelmsford opposite new Truant school offered by C. Baron.

Lot between Franklin school and engine house, 66,000 feet offered by Smith heirs.

MAYOR PICKMAN'S TROUBLE.

HE IS LAUGHED AT OVER THE COMMISSION MUDDLE.

Talk That He Will Name An Unknown at Tuesday's Meeting of the Aldermen to Take Mr. Foss' Intended Seat.

Now that it looks pretty certain that Mr. Foss is not to be a license commissioner, there is much speculation as to who will be appointed.

Up and down the street, republicans are quietly laughing, that Mayor Pickman, a lawyer by profession, should be tripped up after so studied an effort to appoint a license commission—which would stand as a model of his ability.

Whether Mr. Rice or Mr. Weaver figure in the contest remains to be seen. Some people think that the mayor will nominate at Tuesday night's meeting of the aldermen, while others think he will take his time. That the appointee will be a Ward Four man, it seems pretty certain.

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THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 26. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1894. 8 PAGES—ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only paper in Lowell receiving The Associated Press, cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

Interest Begins Monthly.

The system adopted in the savings department of the Traders National Bank of this city, in placing money deposited on or before the third day of any month on interest from the first day of the same month at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, meets with unanimous approval.

Deposits made on or before July 3rd will draw interest from July 1st. Interest may be withdrawn or will be added to the principal every six months.

The bank is open continuously from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. every day except Saturday, on which day the hours are 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

PEOPLE TO VOTE

Meigs Bill Passed With Referendum Clause.

HOUSE AGREES TO ALL THE SENATE CHANGES.

Farley of Lowell Made a Speech Today.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 30.—The house resumed and concluded debate on the Meigs bill this morning. It passed the senate bill with all the changes and several amendments added including a referendum clause, a clause making the subway permissible but not compulsory, and prohibiting a tunnel to East Boston.

Mr. Farley of Lowell opposed the referendum, because he did not believe that the legislature should put into the hands of Nathan Matthews any bill out of which the mayor of Boston could make political capital or attain political victory.

The bill passed 114 to 79. The chances of the senate passing it are good.

Commerical College Graduation.

The Lowell Commercial college graduating exercises will occur this evening, and as usual the program will prove of exceeding interest to the scores of friends of the graduating class. The program as arranged is as follows:

Selection. Welcome Song.....Quartette
Oration. "Americanism," with Salutatory. Fred S. Holt
Piano Solo.....Jessie E. Rhodes
Solo.....Fred C. Way
Class History and Prophecy.....Myrtle E. Pope
Solo.....Laura L. Secord
Piano Solo.....Annie A. Cassidy
Reading.....Jessie E. Rhodes
Duet.....Misses Goodwin and Secord
Piano Solo.....Agnes V. Cassidy
Valedictory.....Kittie A. Goodwin
Class Poem.....Grace Lawrence
Selection. Parting Song.....Quartet

Diplomas will be presented to the following graduating class:—Typewriting and shorthand course: Blanche L. Hutchinson, Kittie A. Goodwin, Jessie E. Rhodes, Della C. Quimby.

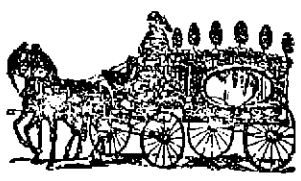
Commercial Course.—Emiline Shedd, Uda Jean, Stewart McPhail, Patrick J. Roughan, Agnes V. Cassidy, Fred C. Way, Willie G. McIntyre, Etta S. Wayatt, Olof A. Berntsen, Mary A. Mollahan, Wm. J. Shea, Frank W. Saunders, Henrietta F. Gannon, David D. Small, Geo. W. Whitney, Florence E. Walker, Fred S. Holt, Katie Buttermore, Walter J. Monegan, Myrtle Pope, Annie A. Cassidy, Jennie V. Watson, Harry M. Brown, Mary Cameron, Geo. Ignard, J. Minot Osgood.

Limited diplomas, book keeping—Annie V. Harding, Hand G. Smith, Laura L. Secord, Gertrude S. Munn, Henry B. Parker, Bessie Jean, Edward J. Bahan, Henry E. Fox, Lemie M. Blodgett, Harry E. Lewis, Fannie Jones.

Typewriting—William G. M. McIntyre, Fred C. Way, Cora A. Stearns, Grace Lawrence, Blanche M. Ferguson, Annie E. Taylor, M. Gertrude Doran, Lillian B. M. Moody, Frank W. Saunders, Henrietta Gannon, Florence E. Walker, Nellie A. Brooks, Jennie V. Watson, Harry M. Brown Agnes V. Cassidy.

The class officers are F. S. Holt, president; Myrtle E. Pope, secretary and treasurer; Fred C. Way, chairman of executive committee.

James F. O'Donnell,
PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,



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SCHOOL BOARD

It Adjourned in the Wee Sma' Hours.

FIGHT DEVELOPED IN FILLING TWO VACANCIES.

Certain High School Diplomas Were Illegally Given.

The expected fight over the filling of certain vacancies by the school board was developed in a skirmish at an early hour this morning.

The battle will be resumed in August. Miss Susie Watson of the High school was quite unexpectedly dropped. No fault had been made as to her conduct or competency, but as the republicans had desired to drop Frank M. Brogan, of the temporary force, Miss Watson's election was hung up.

There was no choice for truant commissioner or principal of the Varnum school.

The revised rules were adopted after many changes had been made. It seems strange that the annual meeting should be selected for so tedious a task as adopting rules.

Mayor Pickman was very sleepy before the board adjourned, and he came very near being caught napping when votes were taken.

Considering the Rules.

The mayor came in at 9.10 and immediately the members took their seats. Mayor Pickman called for the records but as this was simply an adjourned meeting this was not in order.

Mr. Swapp wanted the consideration of the revised rules but he gave way to a notice of committee on books and supplies recommending certain changes in a Latin text book.

Supt. Whitcomb read the changes in the rules, all of which were recently printed in THE SUN.

Mr. Woodies opposed making the high school and kindergarten committees standing committees.

Mr. Swapp said in the case of the kindergarten it would complicate matters; the present system is the best way; sub-committees would object to a special committee controlling kindergartens in their school houses.

Mr. Harrigan supported the objection and Mr. Woodies' motion to strike out revised clause, was passed.

On the matter of increasing memberships of certain committees from five to six, Mr. Woodies said that the board had already defeated a proposition to increase high school committee to one from each ward. Mr. Harrigan objected to change as it might prove inconvenient at times especially on questions relating to books and supplies. Mr. Keyes moved to strike out "one from each ward." Mr. Coburn amended it but Mr. Woodies' substitute motion to strike out "one from each ward and High school" was passed after Mr. Gallagher said he believed in having representation from each ward on the high school because its need has frequently been seen.

Time of the board meeting was fixed as usual at eight p. m.

The revision relating to appeal from a vote, was accepted. The clause relating to issuance of certificates to teachers was discussed at some length.

Mr. Woodies raised the point that the statute law relating to the filing of certificates with the city treasurer was not covered by the revision; clause laid upon the table.

The section relating to the duties of the committee on teachers and training school was amended, making kindergarten teachers fifth grade and evening school teachers sixth grade, a transposition of the revision reported.

Section on issuance of teachers' certificates was passed, applicants who pass the training school examination will receive sixth class certificates.

The superintendent of schools will hereafter be elected in June. The school year will begin on the second Monday in September and end the last Friday in June. Fast day holiday was stricken out and Patriots' day and Labor day added to the list.

Teachers have the right to send home bad pupils for only one session, and not for days and weeks, as assumed, but not authorized under the old rules. Calisthenics becomes a regular fixture in the curriculum.

The rules were all gone through and then the sections tabled reconsidered. Finally the revised rules were adopted.

When at 11.35 o'clock the rules had been read, the election of teachers came up.

They were taken in lists and those elected are announced below.

Everything went along smoothly until Dr. Lathrop's Varnum school list was reached. Here a vacant principalship was to be filled and Dr. Lathrop nominated Henry H. Harris for the position. When the vote was announced it was found that no choice had been made.

Whole number.....14
Necessary for a choice.....8
Henry H. Harris.....7
J. C. Mellen.....3
T. A. Delaney.....2
W. V. Meade.....1
F. C. Clark.....1

The Training School.

Then matters proceeded until the training school was reached when it was noticed on the list that Miss Keyes was mentioned as temporary principal and Misses Clarke and Ewings, second and third assistants, the vote on her name was as follows: Miss Keyes for first assistant 8, for principal 3, for temporary principal 1, for teacher 2.

Before Mr. McNabb's list was read the committee on teachers reported that first class certificates had been granted to G. A. Willey, W. H. Gerrish, William V. Meade and George S. Edwards, and a special certificate as a teacher of physical culture to Miss M. Hunter.

The committee on salaries reported that all teachers receive the same salaries as last year with the exception of the teachers of the kindergarten, or as the report read supervisor of kindergartens whose salary they raised to $900 a year. Mr. Harrigan opposed the increase as he saw no increase in duties and thought the present salary sufficient. On motion of Mr. Bouiger the report was tabled until after the election of the Training school teachers, by a vote of 7 to 6.

Two Teachers Dropped.

A big surprise was in store for the committee and it showed itself when the vote was announced on the High school teachers on Mr. Coburn's list, it was found that two teachers had not received the necessary eight votes, and they were Frank M. Brogan and Miss Susie L. D. Watson, the former receiving seven votes and the latter six. It was expected by many that Mr. Brogan would be dropped, but Miss Watson's fate was unexpected.

When the kindergartens were taken up the title of principal and supervisor given Miss Devereaux of the training school was changed to special teacher of the training class.

Thomas M. Graves was elected special teacher of penmanship by a vote of 11 to 1 for John Hunt.

Miss Emma M. Huntley received 10 votes for teacher of physical culture, Miss Hunter, 1; Miss Noyes, 1; and Miss Drew, 1.

Mr. Coburn Speaks.

After the voting Mr. Coburn arose and spoke on the rejection of Miss Watson. He said that she was a competent and impartial teacher, even if she was strict. He hoped the members would reconsider their action.

Mr. Keyes moved that Mr. Coburn be instructed to cast one ballot for Frank M. Brogan and Miss Watson as teachers in the High school. Mr. Swapp objected and the matter was dropped.

Mr. Mulligan then moved that the board proceed to the election of an assistant teacher of penmanship and drawing. The result of the balloting was the unanimous election of John J. Hunt.

Those Nine Diplomas.

Mr. Coburn moved that the vote whereby nine diplomas were granted recently be reconsidered.

There was considerable talk on the matter and Mayor Pickman ruled that according to the rules the action was null and void and the diplomas were granted illegally.

Truant Commissioner.

On motion of Mr. Bouiger the election of one truant commissioner was taken up at just one o'clock this morning and the small army of would-be truant commissioners in the entries braced themselves.

The first ballot:

Whole number cast.....16
Necessary for a choice.....8
David Fitzgerald.....1
Frank Gray.....1
Michael J. Donahue.....1
A. S. Young.....1
James Howard.....1
Thomas F. Maguire.....1
Richard Welch.....1
Patrick McGilley.....2
G. A. Philbrick.....2
A. W. Lang.....3

A motion to ballot for principal of the Varnum school was lost 7 to 7. A motion was made by Mr. Woodies to ballot for a principal of the Chelmsford Street school was ruled out of order as the school had not yet been turned over to the board.

A motion was made to proceed to ballot and was lost, as was a motion to adjourn. Finally it was voted to ballot for truant commissioner again.

Ballot No. 2: F. W. S. Daly, 1; Thomas F. Maguire, 1; Geo. A. Philbrick, 1; P. McGilly, 2; Frank Gray, 2; James Howard, 1; D. Fitzgerald, 1; C. F. Sullivan, 3; D. A. Brown, 2.

Ballot No. 3. 13 votes cast, 7 necessary for a choice. Cornelius F. Sullivan, 1; Gray, 1; Welch, 1; Lang, 1; Maguire, 1; McGilley, 2; Arnold, 2; Philbrick, 2; Donohue, 2.

Ballot 4. G. A. Philbrick, 6; Maguire, 3; Welch, 2; Donahue, 1; Fitzgerald, 1; Sullivan, 1.

Ballot 5. McGilley, 1; Manchester, 1; Tyrrell, 1; Philbrick, 1; Maguire, 1; Kelley, 1; Welch, 1; Sullivan, 1; Brown, 6.

At this juncture on the advice of the mayor the matter of salaries was taken up. Mayor Pickman spoke in favor of Miss Devereaux's increase.

Mr. Bouiger moved that the salaries of the assistant kindergarten teachers be increased $100. He thought that the salary of $350 was insufficient.

Mayor Pickman hoped the matter wouldn't pass. He didn't believe in giving increases. In these hard times there are plenty who would be willing to take the place. If we want to level salaries lower the higher ones.

Mr. Coburn spoke in favor of the increase.

Dr. Lathrop moved as an amendment to the amendment that Miss Devereaux's salary be made $800 instead of $900.

The mayor seemed mad and called upon Supt. Whitcomb to tell what he knew about Miss Devereux. He spoke very highly of her ability.

Finally, Dr. Lathrop's amendment was voted down, and Miss Dévereux's salary was fixed at $900.

Mr. Bouiger's amendment for an increase in the salaries of the assistant kindergarten teachers was carried, and the other portion of the report adopted.

Mr. Hunt's salary was referred to the committee on salaries. After some minor business had been transacted the board adjourned.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Coal for July will be higher by 15 cents a ton.

Smallpox is spreading in Litchfield county, Conn.

Italy proposes a system of international supervision of anarchism.

Charles Hutchins of York, Me., attempted vainly to commit suicide.

It is denied that the Collins Ax company, Collinsville, Conn., will close.

Amos R. Locke, 87 years old, of Ashburnham, Mass., dropped dead at Boston.

An unknown man was found suffering from arsenical poisoning at Peabody, Mass.

The American steam yacht Atlanta, belonging to the Goulds, has arrived at Greenock.

Henri Rochefort says the selection of Casimir-Perier for president means civil war in France.

Japanese residents of New York claim that they should be allowed rights of naturalization.

The French ambassador to Germany thanked the kaiser for his sympathy with bereaved France.

Work on the construction of the Hudson and Marlboro road will be commenced next Monday.

The Italian government will not make any demand for indemnity resulting from Italian losses in France.

Attorney General Olney says that United States mails must not be obstructed by Pullman strikers.

Bowell Is President.

OTTAWA, June 30.—The intercolonial congress met and elected Mackenzie Bowell Canadian minister of trade, and he delivered his inauguration address.

Ashore at Herring Cove.

ST. JOHN, N. B., June 30.—The bark Carlier is ashore at Herring Cove, Campbello, and is said to be badly damaged.

Knappe Held for Trial

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 30.—Emile C. Knappe appeared before U. S. Commissioner Fiske today, for embezzlement from the Chicopee bank.

His counsel waved examination and asked for trial in the district court in September.

Assistant District Attorney John H. Casey agreed to this, only that Knappe must go before the grand jury at the present time. Knappe is held under $20,000 bail and is in the Charles street prison.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

MISS VICTORY

Heavy Taxpayers Spoke Words of Praise for Her.

SENTIMENT EXPRESSED OVER HER PICTURESQUE POSITION.

Dr. Ayer's Gift to the City Called a Sacred Trust.

The young woman in bronze who extends a crown from her pedestal in Monument square to the arrivals at the Merrimack street station, and is known as "Miss Victory," must certainly have felt a tingling about the ears last evening, if possessed of any feeling at all, for the heaviest men in the city talked about her incessantly for a couple of hours.

It was at a hearing before the city hall commission on the proposition to remove the statue from its present position and sandwich it in between the City hall and Memorial building.

The hearing began shortly before eight o'clock, Mayor Pickman opening with a resume of the work of the city hall commission, relative to the laying out of the city hall lot, which caused the talk of the removal of the statue. He informed the large audience that they would be requested to talk on the subject in discussion alone.

A gentleman present thought that the commissioners had no power in the matter, that in holding this hearing they were exceeding their powers.

Hon. Fred Lawton for the petitioners recognized the power of the commissioners.

Lawyer Dunbar opened with the reading of the letter from J. C. Ayer, the donor, to Mayor Peabody in which the statue was presented to the city. The resolution by city council accepting the statue was also read.

Mr. Dunbar said that if the statue is unfit for that position it is unfit for any other public position. Despite the carping criticisms that have been made, it is a work of art. It completes a beautiful group in the lot, and will be looked upon in the future as a beautiful design, and would be appreciated in its conception and execution. The city entered into a contract with Dr. Ayer; a trust has been formed by the city with Dr. Ayer and his family and the commission will hesitate before breaking the trust, by which benevolent citizens will be discouraged.

Mayor Pickman then read a letter from Mr. Elliott, the landsrape architect, in which he said that the presence of two statues different in style and significance within so small a space is not beautiful, as one detracts from the value of the other.

Charles H. Coburn

took the æsthetic side of the matter. The wish of the donor should be respected. He thought also that not one person in one thousand will criticise as the architect, but the wish of request was sacred and should be considered before anything else.

Rev. Dr. Chambre agreed that if the request of the donor was not respected, all other benevolent persons would be deterred from presenting any gift for they would have no assurance that their gifts would not be removed. As the country grows older, we become more reverential of the traditions of the past, which help to glorify the present and future. The mere fact that it has been in that position for 30 years is a strong argument that it should not be removed without the weightiest reasons. Statues of this kind preserve the continuity of history. Let us hand down these buildings and monuments as long as they remain. The men buried there died for their country and they were victorious in death, for they gave us victory which is perpetuated by the statue.

The mayor at this point read a letter from Frederick F. Ayer, in which he expressed the hope that the commission would allow it to remain, and then retired to meet the members of the State Board of Education, Prentiss Webster taking the chair.

Col. C. A. R. Dimon,

who represented the soldiers, then spoke. In his opinion the two statues should be together. If necessary it might be moved closer, but it should not be taken out of the lot entirely.

Col. J. W. Bennett spoke as an old citizen. The metal in that statue isn't any harder than the cheek of some of those who are asking for its removal. I know some of them personally. The colonel repeatedly referred to the "landscape gardener." He knew a public spirited gentleman in Ward Four who would furnish a site for it, if the landscape gardener's plan must be carried out.

Hon. Francis Jewett.

He said that there might be exigencies that would necessitate its removal, but none have been mentioned in this case. He hoped it would be allowed to remain in its present position.

Col. James B. Francis was of the opinion that the lot in its present condition was as beautiful as the proposed plans could make it.

Commission's Power Questioned.

Lawyer Crowley was called upon and he wanted to hear the enabling act by the legislature giving the city hall commission the power which it is about to take. He maintained that such an act should be made.

Mr. Webster said that if the commission was acting without power it would be pleased to be relieved.

Mr. Crowley was surprised that there was no legal objection raised, and quoted a similar case which occurred in New York. He then criticised the opinion of Mr. Elliott who failed to notice the connection between the two monuments. That any man should study that and fail to see that the whole secret of the beauty is in the combination, is a fact which tends to weaken our faith in his opinion.

Col. Chadwick was sure that the landscape gardener had not given proper thought to the associations connected with the monuments, which the citizens of Lowell hold dear.

Hon. Jeremiah Clark

said that individuals may die, but the city lives on, and that contract and sacred trust which was entered into thirty odd years ago still lives and the present city government is under the same obligations regarding it as the government which accepted it.

Major Noyes thought the monument should not be removed unless it was absolutely necessary. We should be grateful to the commission for undertaking such a difficult task.

A. G. Cummock

congratulated the commission on the two beautiful buildings given the citizens. In 48 years he had seen Lowell grow, and if he were a member of the commission he never would go back on a trust. Would it not be just, would it not be honorable and fair to leave the matter to the heirs of the donor? Their consent should be had before the commission undertakes to remove the statue.

Benjamin Dean of Boston, formerly of Lowell, sent a letter requesting that the statue be allowed to remain.

A letter from Fred F. Ayer was read. It contained a very beautifully written request that the statue be not moved.

Major Rowell said that the idea of Dr. J. J. Ayer in presenting the statue would be wiped out by its removal. If we have endured this statue for 27 years we can endure them for 27 more. We do not want the gifts to the city on wheels. We must have respect for Lowell's benefactors.

Henry C. Howe spoke briefly in favor of allowing the statue to remain.

Other Spokers.

Jacob Rogers who has had intimate associations with Dr. Ayer's family, and he knew that they wished to have it remain. The moral obligation to the benefactor is absolute and should be considered.

Major Rowell said that the ladies present who represented the Ayer home, wished to see the statue remain.

Agent Southworth thought that as accumulative evidence was not wanted, the hearing might as well be closed, as no new evidence could be introduced.

Lawyer Lawton then spoke on the matter, and he thought that the commissioners should consider the fact that they are undertaking a matter which is generally left to the board of aldermen. He then reviewed the testimony of those who spoke and advocated strongly the retention of the statue in its present position.

A letter was read from Rev. J. M. Greene protesting against the removal of the statue.

The hearing was then declared closed.

DEATHS.

Elizabeth H. Gregg, aged 52 years, died Thursday at her home, 108 Tremont street. Deceased was a native of Greenfield, N. H. She has many friends in this city who who will be grieved to learn of her death. She leaves a husband, John Gregg, for many years overseer of the Lawrence corporation yard, three daughters, Lilla R., bookkeeper at A. G. Pollard's, Gertrude M., cashier at the same establishment, and Mary, as well as her father, Nahum Russell of Greenfield and a brother, Frank E. Russell.

William Ryan's body was sent to Lyons, N. Y. today. It will be interred there. Ryan is the circus cook who was fatally burned at the fair grounds June 18.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

LOCAL NOTES.

Helen A. Sanborn of Lowell has received an original widow's pension.

Work has begun on the new iron bridge in Carlisle over the Concord river.

Gold Heart flour is the specialty for next week at the Boston Branch grocery.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Elvin and Miss Margie Elvin have gone to the Maine coast.

People are talking interestingly of Ned McNamara's suit against Alderman Dickinson.

There is talk of extending the electric railway from Chelmsford Centre to Carlisle, Acton and Concord.

Tom Kelley expresses a willingness to defend the mile running championship of Lowell against any runner.

Fall River's census returns show the population of the city to be 89,567, a gain of about 1800 over last year.

Dennis Murphy, Florence Murphy, and Daniel Murphy arrived home yesterday from Mt. St. Mary's college.

The following was the only intention recorded at the city clerk's office today: Fred Miller 21, to Nellie Higgins 22.

The assistant assessors have completed all their outside work, excepting in Ward Three which will be finished in a few days.

Many of the Tremont & Suffolk mill operatives will leave the city next week making the most of their ten day's vacation.

Mr. Elias Sarkis of Mt. Lebanon, Syria, and at present a student at Andover seminary, delivered an interesting address at the Worthen Street Baptist church last evening.

The chances of D. F. Dolan for the Lawrence postmastership appear to be very bright. His long and efficient service in behalf of the democratic party is remembered to his advantage.—Post.

The Burkes of Collinsville are holding their annual picnic today at Mountain Rock. At Shawsheen River grove the Wolf Tone guards are running theirs and St. Peter's parish has a large crowd at Haggett's pond.

Division 11, A. O. H., held a big meeting last night, the election of officers resulting as follows: President, M. J. Bruin; vice president, M. J. Horan; recording secretary, T. J. McGee; financial secretary, J. J. O'Brien; treasurer, Patrick McCartin; medical examiner, Dr. Lawrence J. McDonough.

Joseph Abdallah was arraigned in court this morning on a charge of assault and battery on Mansura Sola, both are Syrians, and it seems Abdallah severely beat the woman in accordance with one of their customs relating to bad women. In court Joseph said that Mansura was a good woman and she didn't care to prosecute him, and the case was dropped.

In the case of John W. Corcoran against Dr. Marcel Richard to recover $48 which the plaintiff claimed was due him for board from September 5, to January 2, Judge Hadley returned a verdict for the defendant on the ground that the law bearing on the case applies to boarders, and as the doctor was not a boarder he could not be held liable. F. P. Rivet, Esq., appeared for the plaintiff, and J. H. Gallette, Esq., for the defendant.

Dealers of small fireworks were informed last week by the owners of the buildings in which they are situated that they must not keep fireworks in the building. A new clause in fire insurance policies is the cause of such notice. One local dealer who had an immense stock was in a quandary what to do yesterday afternoon. He could keep the goods if he paid the 25 cents extra rate per tenant in the building, but as that would increase his insurance $150 the profits on his stock would be lost.

The Carpet Strikers.

The Brussels Carpet weavers met last evening at the Mathews' hall to talk over the situation at the mills. The attendance was large and enthusiastic, for the members are as hopeful and confident as they were at the beginning of the strike. Although rumors had been floating around all week, no official news had been heard from the managers of the mill. It was decided to open a fund on Monday to be used to assist any of the men who may stand in need of such assistance and the general funds will be drawn upon for the purpose. An invitation from the Central Labor union to parade on Labor day was received but action was deferred until next meeting.

Given Away Free.

Horns and fireworks given away with all quantities of our high grade teas, Dickson Bros., 63 Merrimack street.

LATEST

TROOPS OUT

Illinois to Protect Property During Strike.

RAILROAD MAKES THE DEMAND WITHOUT DELAY.

Whole Systems Paralyzed by the Tie Up.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The great demand for troops has come. This is from the Illinois Central, which demands military protection at Cairo.

The military companies in the southern part of the state have been ordered to make ready for duty, and an officer has been sent to Cairo to investigate the situation.

Three passenger trains were held up last night before they could get fairly out of Chicago.

On the Pan Handle, the Cincinnati train, which left the Union depot at 8.30 o'clock, ran into trouble at the Chicago & Eastern Illinois crossing, near Rosedale.

A party of men cut off the Pullmans, and ordered the train to go on. The road officials refused to let the train go without the sleepers, so it was side-tracked at Rosedale.

From every point in the west reports come that the blockade is growing tighter and tighter. In New Mexico, where scores of passenger trains are tied up, the delayed passengers are beginning to suffer. Some of them are out of money.

All of the railroad employes of the stock yards struck early last evening, over 500 of them walking out.

This morning the yards are in a condition of complete paralysis.

Every industry in the stock yards will be seriously affected today, and if the tie up lasts over Monday all the packing houses will be completely shut down. This will throw at least 25,500 men out of employment.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—Director George P. Kearns, of the American Railway union, was arrested today for disturbing the peace. It is thought a graver charge is behind it.

CHICAGO, June 30.—Five hundred employes of the Rock Island road struck at noon. Vice President Howard of the union has ordered a tie up of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road at nine o'clock tonight. The Illinois Central suburban service was paralyzed at noon.

The Strikers Won.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

NEW BEDFORD, June 30.—The strike in No. 6 Wamsutta mills which has been on for four months was declared off this morning. The strikers return at their old wages.

Sworn Into Office.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, June 30.—Col. Henry B. Lovering of Lynn, at 2 p. m., was sworn into office as U. S. Pension agent.

Plot Is Given Away.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

PARIS, June 30.—When the news of Carnot's assassination reached a soldier in jail at Sette, he confessed to his knowledge of the plot and gave the names of the anarchists in it, and the men drawn to commit murders in revenge of Vaillant and Henrys' deaths.

Temperance Drinks Gone.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHELSEA, June 30.—The plant of the Mt. Washington Springs company manufacturers of temperance drinks, was destroyed by fire today; loss $35,000.

Dupuy Ministry Stands.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

PARIS, June 30.—The Dupuy ministry will stand it is officially announced this afternoon, to everybody's surprise.

"Dick" Carter Lands.

Ex-senator Richard Carter of Lawrence succeeds Solon W. Stevens as deputy collector of internal revenue for this district.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Sister Genevieve Marie, known in the world as Josephine Carney, who died yesterday at Notre Dame Academy, occurred at 9 o'clock this morning from St. Patrick's church. A large congregation, including many of the pupils of the school, were present at the services. The solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Gleason, assisted by Rev. Fr. Burke deacon and Rev. Fr. McDonough sub-deacon. The choir was directed by E. F. Faulkner and rendered the Gregorian plain chant. The bearers were Dr. S. J. Johnson, Dr. George A. Leahy, Dr. James Sullivan and Dr. James E. Leary. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery. Deceased was 27 years old and a native of Lynn.

The funeral of Patrick McDonald occurred this morning from his late home on Hildreth street and was very largely attended. The remains were taken to St. Michael's church, where a high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Scannell. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Thomas F. Dwyer took place from his parents' home, 9 Cady street this morning, and was well attended. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Bayard G. Secord, who was drowned, occurred this afternoon from the residence of his parents, 18 Ellingburg street. Rev. O. E. Mallory and Rev. Mr. Dennoy conducted the funeral services. The interment was in the Edson cemetery.

Madras, Zephyr, Cheviot and Percale Star Shirt Waists and Blouses—cost 50c to $1.50, sizes 4 years to 15.

There is no question about the fit and thorough finish of the Star Waists and Blouses.

We keep these—to the exclusion of all others—simply because they're the best.

Never have we had such an attractive stock of waists, as this season, and never such large sales. The patterns are special and confined to our house.

PUTNAM & SON,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,
Central Street, Cor. Warren.

STATE BOARD

Is In Lowell Looking at Normal School Sites.

MEMBERS FOUND VERY HOSPITABLE TREATMENT HERE.

Lively Driving to Cover the Route Laid Out.

The State Board of Education are guests of the city of Lowell today, the visit here being to view available sites for the new normal school. Col. Stoddard, George H. Conley, Agent Aldrich and Secretary Tillinghast of the board arrived here last night and were met by Mayor Pickman and members of the reception committee. They were shown the public buildings and the map of today's proposed sight seeing.

The other members of the board reached Lowell this morning and shortly after nine o'clock the start was made to view sites.

Col. Allen lunched the party about 11 o'clock at his beautiful residence on Rolfe street.

The large number of sites offered made the task of site viewing one of considerable length.

New Sites Offered.

The following new sites for the normal school were received by the state board today, they being offered since the publication of yesterday's list:

Four lots at Fort Hill park offered by E. A. Smith and F. B. Shedd.

Bridge street, corner of Sixth street, 28,000 feet or more, offered by E. P. Woods.

Stevens street, 85,000 feet, offered by A. V. Partridge.

Liberty and Hastings streets, 56,203 feet, offered by the Flint estate.

Liberty and Hastings streets, offered by the Scribner estate.

Moore and Lawrence streets, 15,573 feet, offered by Greenwood Bros.

Third street, Boardman place, offered by Mrs. Boardman.

Stevens streets, 2 lots, H. A. Coburn.

Durant street, per Councilman Tryder.

Beacon and Llewellyn streets, 3 1-2 acres.

Town of Dracut, Thissell hill, Beacon street, 5 acres gift.

Between 7th and 8th avenues, Pawtucketville, gift.

No. Chelmsford opposite new Truant school offered by C. Baron.

Lot between Franklin school and engine house, 66,000 feet offered by Smith heirs.

MAYOR PICKMAN'S TROUBLE.

HE IS LAUGHED AT OVER THE COMMISSION MUDDLE.

Talk That He Will Name An Unknown at Tuesday's Meeting of the Aldermen to Take Mr. Foss' Intended Seat.

Now that it looks pretty certain that Mr. Foss is not to be a license commissioner, there is much speculation as to who will be appointed.

Up and down the street, republicans are quietly laughing, that Mayor Pickman, a lawyer by profession, should be tripped up after so studied an effort to appoint a license commission—which would stand as a model of his ability.

Whether Mr. Rice or Mr. Weaver figure in the contest remains to be seen. Some people think that the mayor will nominate at Tuesday night's meeting of the aldermen, while others think he will take his time. That the appointee will be a Ward Four man, it seems pretty certain.

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Immediate attention given to special orders.
Boston prices on every book.
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79 MERRIMACK AND 15 JOHN STREETS.
"THE FRANKLIN BOOK STORE."

UNIONS AND STRIKES.

How Far Should a Striker Go in Enforcing His Demands.

The Right to Shut Off the Food Supply of Dependents Carries With it Duties—The Case Only Half Stated by the Plutocratic Press—The Better Way.

Every so often the plutocratic newspapers of the country turn loose their editorial columns in condemnation and abuse of labor organizations. Capitalistic editors are like sheep in that they follow a leader. When there is a big strike on or one that attracts general attention, some prominent corporation organ starts the ball rolling, and within a short time all the whipper snapper editors get to grinding out platitudes about the rights guaranteed under our glorious government to every citizen and the danger to our institutions in the lawless acts of striking workingmen. Take the Great Northern strike, for instance. While it was pending and as it became almost a sure thing that the men would win, the plutocratic hirelings gave their readers dissertations upon the great need of some sort of power to crush the life out of such combinations as the American Railway union.

For the purpose of deceiving their readers into the belief that they are not the uncompromising enemies of organized labor these editorial mouthpieces of capitalism stick a sentence in somewhere which states that "labor has the right to organize and to refuse to work under unsatisfactory conditions." Here is the way it is usually put: "They have the right to refuse to work if it so pleases them, but they have not the right to say to others who are willing to work that they shall not do so. Such conduct is perversion of the principles of our government and of the law." This is true, and it is not true. It depends upon how one takes it. I have no wish to defend the taking of life in preventing men from scabbing. On the contrary, I think it is an awful thing, though nothing to cause surprise when one carefully considers the subject.

Your plutocratic editor would have the dissatisfied men lay down their tools and go home or to a picnic and wait until their bosses send for them. Such a course would be extremely silly, and there isn't or should not be anything silly or funny about a strike. I believe that strikes should only be resorted to in extreme cases, after the situation has been thoughtfully considered, every other method of securing justice exhausted, and the prospects of success in case of strike carefully looked into, and when a strike is finally ordered that it should be in dead earnest. Not a wheel should be allowed to turn nor a blow struck which it is possible to prevent. If a man's condition is so bad that he is justified in cutting off supplies from his wife and children by striking work, it is his duty to exercise to its fullest extent his natural right to demand the support of every other workingman's refusal to aid those who have driven him to the step.

Take the coal miners, for instance. It is not denied by any honest, informed person that their condition for a long time has been scarcely better than starvation. The strike of these men was more than a demand for an increase of wages. It was a protest against the murder by starvation of themselves and their families. They had to deal with soulless corporations, which do justice when compelled to and at no other time. If the mines could be worked without paying the living wages asked by the strikers, they would be. If it became clear that only by conceding the demands could the property continue to pay dividends, then and only then would they be conceded. Remember, it is a life and death struggle for the miners, with hungry wives and children on one hand and the engines which capitalism employs to crush labor on the other. And where does the scab come in? He was living somehow, probably half starving, as the striker was before the strike. If there had been no strike, he would not have been sought out by the coal baron. Is it right that he should cause the defeat of his brother in misery?

While our wise and just men of the plutocratic sanctum are telling us about what is right and what is wrong for workingmen to do under certain conditions, let some of them answer if it is right for a man to furnish the power to a common enemy wherewith to crush to death a brother. The constitution of the United States declares such an act to be treason. If such an act is not right, then he who would commit it is not worthy of respect and should be treated as an enemy. The Chicago Tribune says: "The foundations of this free republic were set upon men's free moral agency. Labor unions today deny this inalienable right and teach resistance to it to the death. They seek the establishment of a government that will compel each individual workingman to become a member of a union or starve." It goes on to fasten this charge upon the union of the miners. Is it true? It is not. Just as our federal government believed it to be for the best interests of all concerned for all the states to remain in the Union so the intelligent workingmen believe that all wageworkers should stand together, but organized labor does not attempt to enforce its belief with powder and ball.

The labor unionist says to the nonunion man: "It will be to your interest as well as to mine to join the union (and proves the statement by irrefutable testimony). If you do not accept this invitation, I shall object should you attempt to do me injury by cutting under me or by taking my place when I make a just demand for improved conditions." It is true that union men sometimes refuse to work with men who will not become members of the union, but this is the only course dictated by wisdom while nonunion men are a menace to the welfare of the others in their trade. Besides, in cases where workmen not members of the union are offered and receive the same pay that is given to the union men, they obtain the benefits of organization without sharing in its burdens, and, in addition, are strengthened in their ability to do the union harm. If these points were understood generally, the reading public would not be so ready to swallow the condemnation the press pronounces against every demand made by unions for the discharge of nonunion men.

The latest trick of the corporation organs is to charge that the strikers or rioters—and the words are used as synonyms—are "ignorant and lawless foreigners." We are told that American workingmen are peaceful and law abiding, but that the "foreign element" is lawless and "anarchistic." Take notice that these statements are contained in editorials about the miners' strike or some other union strike. The object is to prevent any possible sympathy for the strikers on the ground that they are fellow citizens of the reader. Here is a strike, but it is not entitled to your sympathy because the strikers are anarchists from the slums of Europe. American workmen, for whom under similar circumstances you might have a little pity, have nothing to do with this strike—or riot. Do you see through the scheme? The truth is that, with few exceptions, the unions of this country are composed almost entirely of American born men. Americans are greatly in the majority in the miners' union, and the national and local unions are officered almost entirely by men born in the United States.

Admitting that in some parts of Pennsylvania the miners are principally men of foreign birth who have but recently come to this country, who brought them here, and why were they brought? The mine owners, through their agents sent to Europe, induced them to come here to work at less wages than those then in the mines were willing to accept. When their wages were squeezed even below the point at which they could earn a poor living, they rebelled just as the men whose places they took rebelled. They thus gave evidence that they were fast becoming Americanized, and most of these men are now citizens. They voted the Republican ticket at the late state election. They didn't commit the crime of voting for the Populists. The Philadelphia Times says, "The honest naturalized American citizen is as law abiding as the native born American." Just about. But neither is "honest" unless he is "law abiding" after The Times' style, which means that he must not fight for his right to live.

What I have written may appear to be very radical, and I may be set down by some as an advocate of violence. My object is of a directly opposite nature. I would like all workingmen to fully understand what a strike may lead to. I would have them see that if they want to avoid being drawn irresistibly into acts of lawlessness and possibly into jail they must keep out of strikes until all the working people are compactly organized, and that there is a better way of enforcing their rights if they will only become mental freemen and exercise for their own benefit the power they possess in the ballot. Men who will submit to the dictation of bosses on election day must expect to have to fight for their economic rights on every other day in the year. And newspapers which, by misleading the uninformed, induce men to vote against their own best interests must expect to be called upon to chronicle acts of violence upon the part of the misguided and betrayed when their condition becomes unbearable, and they must fall back upon their brute natures as the only resource left to them. JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

Labor Forces Must Unite.

In his opening address at the recent meeting of the American Railway union President Debs said:

The forces of labor must unite. The salvation of labor demands it. The dividing lines must grow dimmer day by day until they become imperceptible, and then labor's hosts, marshaled under one conquering banner, shall march together, vote together and fight together until workingmen shall receive and enjoy all the fruits of their toil. Then will our country be truly and grandly free and its institutions as secure and enduring as the eternal mountains. The one supreme demand of the hour is that railway employees shall get together. If they will do this, the officers of the American Railway union will promptly and cheerfully retire to private life. Neither the honors nor emoluments of office will tempt them to stand in the way of unification an instant, and to test their sincerity let the proposition go forth from this convention to all railway employees to meet upon common ground and there unite forces for the protection of all. Such an army would be impregnable. No corporation would assail it. The reign of justice would be inaugurated. The strike would be remanded to the relic chamber of the past. An era of peace and good will would dawn. Let us all do what we can to hasten the coming of that day.

The Three Spirits of Man.

There are but few beliefs that are more peculiar than that of the Mohammedans respecting the three several spirits which they believe inhabit the bodies of all men. The first is the animal spirit, which has its seat in the brain, performing through the nerves all the actions of sense and motion. The second is the vital spirit, which has its seat in the heart and which has control of the motion, blood and animal heat. The third is the natural spirit, which is seated in the liver and upon which depends the temper and general frame of the mind.—St. Louis Republic.

HERE'S A CHRISTIAN.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN TELLS SOME UNVARNISHED TRUTHS.

He Says the Church of Today Caters to the Rich—The Working People Hate Not Christianity, but "Churchianity"—Sound and Wholesome Doctrine.

Rev. C. L. Arnold, pastor of St. Peter's church, Detroit, preached a sermon the other Sunday which a local paper called "a scorcher." Among other things he said in substance:

The command of the Master to go and preach the gospel to every creature precludes all idea of class privileges in the blessedness of the new kingdom of God, which the Saviour established in the world. The gospel is not for the rich, the poor, the Jew, the gentile, the bond, the free, but for all equally. The partiality of the church, if there be such a thing, is reserved for the unfortunate and the oppressed classes. As a fact of her history the church consecrated the activities of the first and following centuries of her life up to comparatively modern times to seeking out and helping those who most needed help—the ignorant, the poor, the unfortunate. Even as the common people heard Jesus gladly, so the common people through all the past centuries flocked to their church as their friend.

But in these times a new thing is seen in the world. There is a Christianity in the nineteenth century with which the common people will have nothing to do—a church which the workingmen all over the world have forsaken and repudiated. Not only have these people deserted the institution which was once their best friend, but they are now out in the world suffering the miseries of indecision, unrest, neglect and conscious oppression. They are bringing anxiety upon all who have at heart the best interests of humanity and society. The preacher cited a large number of facts to show that the desertion and repudiation of the church by the workingmen are profound and seemingly final. The church is so empty of the class whose presence once proved the divinity of her mission that it has come to be a religious and social clubhouse for the "fat and well liking" of the world. He also cited many proofs that the workingmen are not hostile to the person and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. It is not Christianity, but "churchianity," which they have come to hate.

The cause of all this does not lie with the workingmen, but with the church itself. The church does not want these people, and it shows this not always by its acts, but by the very words of its members. Mr. Arnold told a number of anecdotes to illustrate this. A brave man who had saved eight lives at the peril of his own was referred to in prayer meeting as one whom the church ought to get inside and do something for. A pious member rose and said right out in so many words that "this church does not want any of that class of people." The pastor indignantly rebuked the brother and declared that as long as he was pastor the doors should always swing inside for all classes. That pastor, one of the most eloquent and manly in the city, had to go. It has come to the pass that all we think of wanting new members for is their ability to help support the church—not how much can the church help them.

Whenever our older churches must be torn down to give place to new ones, as they sometimes have to be, it is not larger churches, but finer ones, we build. We make them luxurious for ourselves, not useful for others. We talk about "church work," but the whole thing always reduces itself to the amount of money we can raise; the luxuriousness of the furnishings we can put into our buildings. No, we do not always tell the poor and the humble in words that we do not want them, but they have found it out, and they have learned to hate the church for our sakes.

The church is directly responsible, in a certain measure, for all this unrest of mind and soul and body. They need that which a real, living, holy church is designed to supply in the world, but the church of this age has turned them away and will not feed them as the Lord would have them fed.

Mr. Arnold's way of getting back the confidence of the workingmen is to open the social and material opportunities of the church to them. They will not hear our gospel directly, for they are incensed against it through our fault. But we can begin by doing them other kinds of good in a way that they can appreciate. We must first win their confidence by any and all means. We must do it, for the world at large cannot afford that this divorcement of the church and an important class continue longer. There is danger in it for all concerned. We may philosophize, shoot down, scold, write learned essays, but we, the church, must mend our ways.

Who Crows Now?

It is to be feared that a good many Britons felt the truth of the cynical saying about there being something pleasant in the misfortunes of even our best friends when they read of Brother Jonathan's labor troubles. At the time of our own wretched coal war there were not wanting some Americans of the spread eagle species to crow at the expense of poor John Bull and his effete institutions. It is now his turn for that sort of banter, inasmuch as a coal strike far surpassing our own in magnitude is raging in the States.—London Graphic.

An Eye to Business.

Witherby—What did you get a house with such a slanting roof for?

Plankington—Don't you see I am facing the railroad?

Witherby—What's that got to do with it?

Plankington—I expect to pay for that house, old man, out of the advertising privileges.—Brooklyn Life.

A Great Resemblance.

Photographer—Your son ordered this likeness from me.

"It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it?"

"Not yet."

"That is still more like him."—Yankee Blade.

Very.

"Do you think 13 is an unlucky number?"

"I do decidedly."

"Why?"

"Because there still lingers with me a sad memory of long ago when I lent one friend $8 and another $5."—Washington Star.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

FOR USE IN THE HOUSEHOLD AND ELSEWHERE.

Suggestions as to How Old Hats Can be Used—How to Put on and Remove Blood.

If you have an old straw hat, take the trimming off and dust the straw perfectly. Take a half cup of clear coffee and a clean black cloth and wash the straw, rubbing it vigorously until it seems to be pretty wet through; then lay the hat on a flat surface, with a dark cloth under it and another over the brim, and with a moderately hot iron press it till it is dry. For the crown select a tin pan or bucket that is about the same size as the crown and press it over that; then put your wire back in the edge of the rim—if it had one—and bend the hat in the shape that you desire to have it.

You can change the shape entirely if you like. If the crown is too high, take out a few rows of straw close to the brim, where the trimming will cover it. And if the brim is too low for the present fashion put in a few rows of straw taken from another hat or a piece of buckram. It will be covered by the trimming. Then get some good shoe polish and give the hat three coats of the liquid blacking, waiting for each to dry. You will see your straw look like new. This is a good way to freshen old hats during the summer. Brush and apply the polish without removing the trimming.

How to Put on and Remove Gloves.

When putting gloves on, begin by buttoning the second button. Then, when buttoned to the top, you can easily fasten the first button without tearing the kid. Never remove the gloves by pulling the fingers, but by drawing the part covering the wrist over the hand, and leave them thus wrong side out for some time before turning them to their proper shape. Always lay gloves lengthwise—never roll them.

How to Get Rid of Bedbugs.

It isn't a nice subject, I know, but the weather is getting warm, and with a certain little tropical insect it is the ounce of prevention every time. It is especially difficult in apartment houses to keep free from their unwelcome attacks, but naphtha rightly used will make your premises an unwelcome habitation to them. Naphtha, however, is almost as dangerous and certainly more disastrous in the hands of a careless person than the evil it is intended to cure. There is one right and safe way to use it. Apply it in the morning and see to it that no fire or light of any kind is in the apartment. Spray it with a spring bottom oil can into all cracks and crevices in beds, walls and floors where they may hide and leave the windows open for several hours for the gas to escape.

How to Make an Oven Chair.

A low chair, made by sawing off the legs of a common kitchen chair until it is low enough to suit one, with a cushion of dark calico, is a useful adjunct to the work to sit in while waiting a few minutes for the biscuit or cake to bake. One can open the oven door without stooping to examine the article cooking.

How to Boil Asparagus.

Have the asparagus freshly picked, if practicable. Trim the tops and scrape or peel the stalks. Then pare them into equal lengths and tie them into small bunches, separating the larger ones from the smaller; fasten them well with string. Boil the asparagus in plenty of salted water in an untinned copper basin, plunging them into the liquid. Cover the vessel and let cook slowly. As soon as they are done drain them on a sieve, and afterward untie the bunches on a cloth and dress them symmetrically in a pyramid on a folded napkin. Carefully reserve the handsomest ones for the top. Send to the table at the same time a good Hollandaise sauce or else a vinaigrette sauce.

How to Relieve Sleeplessness.

If persons troubled with sleeplessness would keep at hand a bottle of the following mixture and use it as a sponge bath, they would find the greatest relief: Into 8 ounces of alcohol put 2 of ammonia and 2 of camphor. Shake thoroughly, and when well mixed add 4 ounces of sea salt and enough hot water to fill a quart bottle. To apply it pour a little of the liquid in a shallow dish, moisten the whole body a little at a time by dipping a small sponge in it. Rub on only a very little; then finish with a vigorous rubbing with a coarse crash towel, get into bed, and you will promptly fall asleep.

How to Use Cold Cream For the Face.

In no instance should it be used except where the face has become roughened by the wind and then applied only for a night or two. It gives an oily look to the face and has a tendency to enlarge the pores of the skin, and if the skin needs a tonic cocoa butter or cocoanut oil thoroughly rubbed into the skin morning and evening, after having bathed the face in warm water, will improve the complexion in a very short time and will not raise the small crop of hair that is almost inevitable with the nightly use of cold cream.

How to Stuff Breakfast Rolls.

Stuffed breakfast rolls may be somewhat novel. Take one for each person and remove every particle of the crumb. Have ready a cupful of cold cooked and minced poultry or game or even veal, with a trifle of ham mixed with it. Melt in a stewpan a little butter and stir in a dessertspoonful of flour; add a gill of milk or cream and the minced meat; season and stir until very hot; fill the rolls with this, close them again, set in a warm oven for two minutes and serve garnished with parsley.

How to Make Cheese Squares.

By the middle of the week there has usually accumulated a quantity of pieces of stale bread. Trim these as neatly as possible into squares and triangles. Make a sauce of a cupful of milk, half a cupful of grated cheese and 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Lay the bread on a large flat baking dish; pour the sauce over and bake until nicely browned. These are also very nice to serve with a plain consommé soup.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SUMMER SCREENS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

Strawberry Sponge Cake and Other Articles of Diet—Baskets for Serving Berries.

Quite new and decorative are the screens of Japanese manufacture, which are made entirely of fine strips of bamboo placed perpendicularly in a light frame of white wood. They are threefold, and the bamboo, while set closely enough to serve as a protection, yet permits free passage of the air, which is a great desideratum in a screen designed for summer use.

Others of a single fold, intended for fire screens, are of the same material, and these are braided in an intricate pattern, which is fastened at intervals with strips of dark colored bark tied in little knots, in the clever and effective way for which the Japanese are so noted.

Tiny screens of papier mache covered with gay paper stand not more than 2½ feet high and 10 inches across, and their three folds are well adapted to hide an unsightly fireplace in summer, especially if they have a background of feathery pine branches with which the grate may be filled.

A writer in Harper's Bazar, who mentions the foregoing novelties, says that a good way to convert a light clothshorse into a screen is to cover it first with turkey red, stretching the goods tightly so that there will be no wrinkles, and laying over this the coarse canvas of which coffee sacks are made. This material is very loosely woven, and as it allows the red to show through the combination makes a very decorative piece of furniture. The wood is nowhere visible, and gilt nail heads set closely are used to secure the canvas to the frame.

Tea chest matting is an exceedingly durable material for the purpose, and with its gray-green tones forms an effective background for painting.

Strawberry Sponge Cake.

Thoroughly beat a scant pint of granulated sugar and the yolks of 6 eggs together, add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, then 2 teacupfuls of pastry flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together three times, and lastly 2 tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Bake in duplicate long baking pans. During the latter operation make a soft frosting by boiling a cupful of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of milk until it will drop from the spoon in strings. Pour it into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of flour and beat until thick enough to spread. Remove one cake from the tin, spread the frosting over and cover well with strawberries cut in halves; then dust with sugar and place the other cake over. Arrange even sized strawberries neatly over the top.

The Oven For Baking Bread.

The oven should be hot enough to bring bread up to its full height in 15 minutes, but not hot enough to brown until after that. The reason why is plain, says Good Housekeeping, if we remember that the yeast is a plant, and after a certain degree of heat it stops growing. If the oven is too hot at first, it stops the plant before it grows (rises) to its full height, and the bread is heavy. If the oven is not hot enough, the plant grows too much, and the bread sours and is full of large holes.

How to Stain a Floor.

One of the richest ways of treating a floor is that used in the elegant suburban home of a well known artist. Two successive coats of burnt umber thinned with turpentine were applied, and then one of hard oil finish. This latter comes put up in cans or may be purchased by the quart—a pint will be sufficient for a room 15 by 15. It will dry in 12 hours and will cost 20 cents, says a correspondent of The Country Gentleman.

Crystallized Currants.

Currants and gooseberries are very dainty and ornamental when crystallized. Select ripe, firm fruit; leave on the stems; dip first in beaten white of an egg, then in powdered sugar; arrange on paper and set in a cool oven for 10 minutes; when the icing becomes firm pile in a glass dish and set in a cool place.

Pretty Ways of Serving Berries.

Exquisite baskets for serving strawberries may be made thus: From heavy, unruled commercial writing paper shape a suitable number of sections measuring 4 by 5 inches. In each section make four slashes an inch deep, as indicated by the solid lines in Fig. 1. Fold according to the dotted lines, secure with mucilage and add a handle a quarter of an inch wide. Select tissue paper in a light shade of green (lettuce green would be pretty), cut it into strips 2 inches wide, slash them

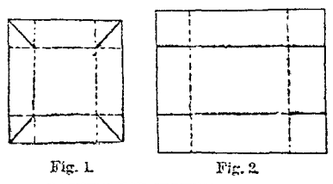

Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

BASKETS FOR SERVING BERRIES.

to form fringe an inch deep and curl the fringe by drawing a blade of the scissors over it. Fasten a strip outside the basket, putting it on in wrinkles and creases and allowing the fringe to cover the rim. Make a bow of the tissue paper or of narrow, bright ribbon, and fasten it to the handle of the basket, which will then be complete.

Diamond shaped paper baskets may be fashioned quite easily according to Fig. 2. The Delineator, in addition to the foregoing, suggests: These pretty receptacles may be used for all sorts of small fruits, such as raspberries, blackberries and the like, and if they are lined with oiled or waxed paper, which may be procured from any confectioner, capped berries may be served in them with ices.

Uncapped strawberries are both pretty and delicious when served in small bowls of cracked ice, from which they may be taken with the fingers and eaten with powdered sugar.

Large uncapped berries are often served in small glass dishes, one of which is presented to each guest on a plate, together with two tiny bowls containing sugar and wine. The berries are dipped in the wine and then in the sugar before being eaten.

Cups made of grape leaves tied with grasses are pretty and unique receptacles for raspberries. And when thus offered the fruit may be sweetened and eaten with a spoon or a wooden toothpick.

Either raspberries or strawberries placed in small glass bowls with finely cracked ice, sugar and, if liked, a little wine make a cool and pleasant dessert that is elegant enough for the most ambitious menu.

How to Make Good Sizing.

To make a strong size for rough walls, dissolve a pound of good ground glue to a bucket of hot water. Stir and use while warm. Apply with an old paste brush or whitewash brush. For ordinary sizing on new walls and walls that have been papered, one-half pound of glue to a bucket of water will be sufficient.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

A PECULIAR ROOT WITH MEDICAL POWERS.

The Jesuit Missionaries Who Penetrated the Mountainous Regions of Tartary.

The Jesuit missionaries who penetrated the mountainous regions of Tartary early in the eighteenth century were especially interested in a certain root to which the natives ascribed almost miraculous curative properties. It was the Tartars' panacea. They believed it capable of healing any disease.

The Chinese, who probably learned of the root and imbibed their faith in its supposed wonderful properties during their invasion of the Tartars' country in the thirteenth century, gave to it the title "ginseng," which means literally "strong back." They, of all nations, are today the largest consumers of the peculiar root, not only collecting it in the wild state and cultivating it as a precious crop in their own country, but importing immense quantities from Korea, Japan and America. To the Chinese it is a whole pharmacopeia, possessing all the virtues of every known medicament, and they place a high value on it, particularly as a curative agent in dyspepsia, vomiting and nervous disorders.

Botanists have given the name Aralia quinquefolia to the American variety, which, like the Chinese, bears a slight resemblance to the body of a man, with head and legs. Externally it is of a light brown color, the interior being white. It has a faint, sweetish odor, and its taste is sweet and slightly aromatic. Its component parts are starch, gum, albumen, rosin and a sweet principal, "panaquilon

GINSENG PLANT.

(from panax, a derivative of panacea). The root is perennial, sending up annually a smooth, round stem, terminating in branches which bear compound leaves of five leaflets and yellowish green or white flowers.

Chemical examination has failed to substantiate any of the claims made for ginseng by the Chinese, and but for the export trade with that people it is highly questionable whether the root would have any commercial value in this country, says Popular Science News, in which occurs the foregoing illustrated description. It is found in Canada, and thence as far south as Georgia, flourishing only in the cool woods of hilly countries. The method of gathering is a process of extermination, for the root is dug as soon as the shoots appear above ground in the early spring. The plant has no opportunity to mature and bear seeds, and the work of extermination threatens to become complete in some sections.

Ancient Wedding Lore.

The use of the ring and cake at weddings is almost as ancient as the ceremony itself. In an old book, "Swinburn's Treatise of Spousals," is the following: "The first inventor of the ring, as is reported, was one Prometheus. The workman which made it was Tubal-Cain. Anciently the wedding cake was usually broken over the head of the bride and then thrown among the guests to be 'scrambled for.'

"Years ago in England, when the bride came from the church, it was usual for one of her friends to throw wheat on her head, and when that newly married pair entered their own house for some to present them with a pot of butter. Of the most remote origin are the nuptial garlands, which were as much used by the heathens as by the Jews, while the Romans considered no bridal costume completed until the wreath was added.

The practice of making wedding gifts probably has its origin in the "bidding parties" of long ago that were held the day previous to the wedding for the avowed purpose of giving friends of the contracting parties an opportunity of assisting them in their new undertaking.

In June, the month of roses, the birth month of the Roman goddess Juno, more weddings occur than in any other month in the year. Its popularity is due to the pretty fiction that Juno (meaning yoke-maker) takes a special interest in marriages and that her protecting care follows and blesses all those who are wedded in June.

Singular Fact About a Cat's Tongue.

The tongue of all the cats is short compared with that of the dog. The upper surface is covered, especially toward the center, with horny, conical papillæ. These are curved backward and resemble so many minute claws, giving to the animals of the cat tribe, as may be seen in the lion and the tiger, the power of licking and rasping the flesh away from the bones of the animals on which they feed. In drinking the tongue is used in a manner very distinct from that of the long flexible tongue of the dog that laps the water, throwing it up, as it were, into its mouth. But the tongue of the cat and of the animals of the group is bent backward in drinking and forms a sort of spoon, lifting the fluid, whether milk or water, into the mouth. An English naturalist says it is a singular fact that the majority of artists invariably draw cats drinking after the fashion of dogs. This false action is not confined to the mere sketchers, but may be noticed in pictures of artists well known, and even one of the most correct of natural history draftsmen delineates a lioness drinking in a manner which is not perfectly natural.

The Right Side.

Signor Scarem, the noted wild animal tamer, had put his trained tigers through their tricks. He had driven them around and around their cage, and they had crouched in a corner at the word of command, though he was but a weak human being, and they were mighty wild beasts and could have torn him limb from limb. He had no weapon in his hand, if we except a short whip which he occasionally cracked over the tigers' heads. His performance, done amid breathless silence on the part of the spectators, being ended, Signor Scarem stepped from the cage, and then the tumultuous applause broke forth. People crowded about him to praise his courage, and one man said:

"Don't you regard that as very dangerous work?"

"Not at all," replied the trainer. "Tigers are not dangerous so long as you keep on the right side of them."

"Which is the right side?" asked the questioner quizzically.

"The outside," replied the trainer as he strode away to the dressing room.—Harper's Bazar.

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UNIONS AND STRIKES.

How Far Should a Striker Go in Enforcing His Demands.

The Right to Shut Off the Food Supply of Dependents Carries With it Duties—The Case Only Half Stated by the Plutocratic Press—The Better Way.

Every so often the plutocratic newspapers of the country turn loose their editorial columns in condemnation and abuse of labor organizations. Capitalistic editors are like sheep in that they follow a leader. When there is a big strike on or one that attracts general attention, some prominent corporation organ starts the ball rolling, and within a short time all the whipper snapper editors get to grinding out platitudes about the rights guaranteed under our glorious government to every citizen and the danger to our institutions in the lawless acts of striking workingmen. Take the Great Northern strike, for instance. While it was pending and as it became almost a sure thing that the men would win, the plutocratic hirelings gave their readers dissertations upon the great need of some sort of power to crush the life out of such combinations as the American Railway union.

For the purpose of deceiving their readers into the belief that they are not the uncompromising enemies of organized labor these editorial mouthpieces of capitalism stick a sentence in somewhere which states that "labor has the right to organize and to refuse to work under unsatisfactory conditions." Here is the way it is usually put: "They have the right to refuse to work if it so pleases them, but they have not the right to say to others who are willing to work that they shall not do so. Such conduct is perversion of the principles of our government and of the law." This is true, and it is not true. It depends upon how one takes it. I have no wish to defend the taking of life in preventing men from scabbing. On the contrary, I think it is an awful thing, though nothing to cause surprise when one carefully considers the subject.

Your plutocratic editor would have the dissatisfied men lay down their tools and go home or to a picnic and wait until their bosses send for them. Such a course would be extremely silly, and there isn't or should not be anything silly or funny about a strike. I believe that strikes should only be resorted to in extreme cases, after the situation has been thoughtfully considered, every other method of securing justice exhausted, and the prospects of success in case of strike carefully looked into, and when a strike is finally ordered that it should be in dead earnest. Not a wheel should be allowed to turn nor a blow struck which it is possible to prevent. If a man's condition is so bad that he is justified in cutting off supplies from his wife and children by striking work, it is his duty to exercise to its fullest extent his natural right to demand the support of every other workingman's refusal to aid those who have driven him to the step.

Take the coal miners, for instance. It is not denied by any honest, informed person that their condition for a long time has been scarcely better than starvation. The strike of those men was more than a demand for an increase of wages. It was a protest against the murder by starvation of themselves and their families. They had to deal with soulless corporations, which do justice when compelled to and at no other time. If the mines could be worked without paying the living wages asked by the strikers, they would be. If it became clear that only by conceding the demands could the property continue to pay dividends, then and only then would they be conceded. Remember, it is a life and death struggle for the miners, with hungry wives and children on one hand and the engines which capitalism employs to crush labor on the other. And where does the scab come in? He was living somehow, probably half starving, as the striker was before the strike. If there had been no strike, he would not have been sought out by the coal baron. Is it right that he should cause the defeat of his brother in misery?

While our wise and just men of the plutocratic sanctum are telling us about what is right and what is wrong for workingmen to do under certain conditions, let some of them answer if it is right for a man to furnish the power to a common enemy wherewith to crush to death a brother. The constitution of the United States declares such an act to be treason. If such an act is not right, then he who would commit it is not worthy of respect and should be treated as an enemy. The Chicago Tribune says: "The foundations of this free republic were set upon men's free moral agency. Labor unions today deny this inalienable right and teach resistance to it to the death. They seek the establishment of a government that will compel each individual workingman to become a member of a union or starve." It goes on to fasten this charge upon the union to the miners. Is it true? It is not, just as our federal government believed it to be for the best interests of all concerned for all the states to remain in the Union so the intelligent workingmen believe that all wageworkers should stand together, but organized labor does not attempt to enforce its belief with powder and ball.

The labor unionist says to the non-union man: "It will be to your interest as well as to mine to join the union (and proves the statement by irrefutable testimony). If you do not accept this invitation, I shall object should you attempt to do me injury by cutting under me or by taking my place when I make a just demand for improved conditions." It is true that union men sometimes refuse to work with even those who will not become members of the union, but this is the only course dictated by wisdom while scabbing men are a menace to the welfare of the others in their trade. Besides, in cases where workmen not members of the union are offered and receive the same pay that is given to the union men, they obtain the benefits of organization without sharing in its burdens, and, in addition, are strengthened in their ability to do the union harm. If these points were understood generally, the reading public would not be so ready to swallow the condemnation the press pronounces against every demand made by unions for the discharge of nonunion men.

The latest trick of the corporation organs is to charge that the strikers or rioters—and the words are used as synonyms—are "ignorant and lawless foreigners." We are told that American workingmen are peaceful and law abiding, but that the "foreign element" is lawless and "anarchistic." Take notice that these statements are contained in editorials about the miners' strike or some other union strike. The object is to prevent any possible sympathy for the strikers on the ground that they are fellow citizens of the reader. Here is a strike, but it is not entitled to your sympathy because the strikers are anarchists from the slums of Europe. American workmen, for whom under similar circumstances you might have a little pity, have nothing to do with this strike—or riot. Do you see through the scheme? The truth is that, with few exceptions, the unions of this country are composed almost entirely of American born men. Americans are greatly in the majority in the miners' union, and the national and local unions are officered almost entirely by men born in the United States.

Admitting that in some parts of Pennsylvania the miners are principally men of foreign birth who have but recently come to this country, where are they from here, and why were they brought? The mine owners, through their agents sent to Europe, induced them to come here to work at less wages than those then in the mines were willing to accept. When their wages were squeezed even below the point at which they could earn a poor living, they rebelled just as the men whose places they took rebelled. They thus gave evidence that they were fast becoming Americanized, and most of these men are now citizens. They voted the Republican ticket at the late state election. They didn't commit the crime of voting for the Populists. The Philadelphia Times says, "The honest naturalized American citizen is as law abiding as the native born American." Just about. But neither is "honest" unless he is "law abiding" after The Times' style, which means that he must not fight for his right to live.

What I have written may appear to be very radical, and I may be set down by some as an advocate of violence. My object is of a directly opposite nature. I would like all workingmen to fully understand what a strike may lead to. I would have them see that if they want to avoid being drawn irresistibly into acts of lawlessness and possibly into jail they must keep out of strikes until all the working people are completely organized, and that there is a better way of enforcing their rights if they will only become mental freemen and exercise for their own benefit the power they possess in the ballot. Men who will submit to the dictation of bosses on election day must expect to have to fight for their economic rights on every other day in the year. And newspapers which, by misleading the uninformed, induce men to vote against their own best interests must expect to be called upon to chronicle acts of violence upon the part of the misguided and betrayed when their condition becomes unbearable, and they must fall back upon their brute natures as the only resource left to them. JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

Labor Forces Must Unite.

In his opening address at the recent meeting of the American Railway union President Debs said:

The forces of labor must unite. The salvation of labor demands it. The dividing lines must grow dimmer day by day until they become imperceptible, and then labor's hosts, marshaled under one conquering banner, shall march together, vote together and fight together until workingmen shall receive and enjoy all the fruits of their toil. Then will our country be truly and grandly free and its institutions as secure and enduring as the eternal mountains. The one supreme demand of the hour is that railway employees shall get together. If they will do this, the officers of the American Railway union will promptly and cheerfully retire to private life. Neither the honors nor emoluments of office will tempt them to stand in the way of unification an instant, and to let their sincerity let the proposition go forth from this convention to all railway employees to meet upon common ground and there unite forces for the protection of all. Such an army would be impregnable. No corporation would assail it. The reign of justice would be inaugurated. The strike would be reminded to the relic chamber of the past. An era of peace and good will would dawn. Let us all do what we can to hasten the coming of that day.

The Three Spirits of Man.

There are but few beliefs that are more peculiar than that of the Mohammedans respecting the three several spirits which they believe inhabit the bodies of all men. The first is the animal spirit, which has its seat in the brain, performing through the nerves all the actions of sense and motion. The second is the vital spirit, which has its seat in the heart and which has control of the motion, pulse and animal heat. The third is the natural spirit, which is seated in the liver and upon which depends the longer and general frame of the mind.—St. Louis Republic.

HERE'S A CHRISTIAN.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN TELLS SOME UNVARNISHED TRUTHS.

He Says the Church of Today Caters to the Rich—The Working People Hate Not Christianity, but "Churchianity"—Sound and Wholesome Doctrine.

Rev. C. L. Arnold, pastor of St. Peter's church, Detroit, preached a sermon the other Sunday which a local paper called "a scorcher." Among other things he said in substance:

The command of the Master to go and preach the gospel to every creature precludes all idea of class privileges in the blessedness of the new kingdom of God, which the Saviour established in the world. The gospel is not for the rich, the poor, the Jew, the gentile, the bond, the free, but for all equally. The partiality of the church, if there be such a thing, is reserved for the unfortunate and the oppressed classes. As a fact of her history the church consecrated the activities of the first and following centuries of her life up to comparatively modern times to seeking out and helping those who most needed help—the ignorant, the poor, the unfortunate. Even as the common people heard Jesus gladly, so the common people through all the past centuries flocked to their church as their friend.

But in these times a new thing is seen in the world. There is a Christianity in the nineteenth century with which the common people will have nothing to do—a church which the workingman all over the world have forsaken and repudiated. Not only have these people deserted the institution which was once their best friend, but they are now out in the world suffering the miseries of indecision, unrest, neglect and conscious oppression. They are bringing anxiety upon all who have at heart the best interests of humanity and society. The preacher cited a large number of facts to show that the desertion and repudiation of the church by the workingmen are profound and seemingly final. The church is so empty of the class whose presence once proved the divinity of her mission that it has come to be a religious and social clubhouse for the "fat and well liking" of the world. He also cited many proofs that the workingmen are not hostile to the person and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. It is not Christianity, but "churchianity," which they have come to hate.

The cause of all this does not lie with the workingmen, but with the church itself. The church does not want these people, and it shows this not always by its acts, but by the very words of its members. Mr. Arnold told a number of anecdotes to illustrate this. A brave man who had saved eight lives at the peril of his own was referred to in prayer meeting as one whom the church ought to get inside and do something for. A pious member rose and said right out in so many words that "this church does not want any of that class of people." The pastor indignantly rebuked the brother and declared that as long as he was pastor the doors should always swing inside for all classes. That pastor, one of the most eloquent and manly in the city, had to go. It has come to the pass that all we think of wanting new members for is their ability to help support the church—not how much can the church help them.

Whenever one older churches must be torn down to give place to new ones, as they sometimes have to be, it is not larger churches, but finer ones, we build. We make them luxurious for ourselves, not useful for others. We talk about "church work," but the whole thing always reduces itself to the amount of money we can raise; the luxuriousness of the furnishings we can put into our buildings. No, we do not always tell the poor and the humble in words that we do not want them, but they have found it out, and they have learned to hate the church for our sakes.

The church is directly responsible, in a certain measure, for all this unrest of mind and soul and body. They need that which a real, living, holy church is designed to supply in the world, but the church of this age has turned them away and will not feed them as the Lord would have them fed.

Mr. Arnold's way of getting back the confidence of the workingmen is to open the social and material opportunities of the church to them. They will not hear our gospel directly, for they are incensed against it through our fault. But we can begin by doing them other kinds of good in a way that they can appreciate. We must first win their confidence by any and all means. We must do it, for the world at large cannot afford that this divorcement of the church and an important class continue longer. There is danger in it for all concerned. We may philosophize, shoot down, scold, write learned essays, but we, the church, must mend our ways.

Who Crows Now?

It is to be feared that a good many Britons felt the truth of the cynical saying about there being something pleasant in the misfortunes of even our best friends when they read of Brother Jonathan's labor troubles. At the time of our own wretched coal war there were not wanting some Americans of the spread eagle species to crow at the expense of poor John Bull and his effete institutions. It is now his turn for that sort of banter, inasmuch as a coal strike far surpassing our own in magnitude is raging in the States.—London Graphic.

An Eye to Business.

Witherby—What did you get a house with such a slanting roof for?

Plankington—Don't you see I am facing the railroad?

Witherby—What's that got to do with it?

Plankington—I expect to pay for that house, old man, out of the advertising privileges.—Brooklyn Life.

A Great Resemblance.

Photographer—Your son ordered this likeness from me.

"It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it?"

"Not yet."

"That is still more like him."—Yankee Blade.

Very.

"Do you think 10 is an unlucky number?"

"I do decidedly."

"Why?"

"Because there still lingers with me a sad memory of long ago when I lent one friend $8 and another $5."—Washington Star.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

FOR USE IN THE HOUSEHOLD AND ELSEWHERE.

Suggestions as to How Old Hats Can be Used—How to Put on and Remove Blood.

If you have an old straw hat, take the trimming off and dust the straw perfectly. Take a half cup of clear coffee and a clean black cloth and wash the straw, rubbing it vigorously until it seems to be pretty wet through; then lay the hat on a flat surface, with a dark cloth under it and another over the brim, and with a moderately hot iron press it till it is dry. For the crown select a tin pan or bucket that is about the same size as the crown and press it over that; then put your wire back in the edge of the rim—if it had one—and bend the hat in the shape that you desire to have it.

You can change the shape entirely if you like. If the crown is too high, take out a few rows of straw close to the brim, where the trimming will cover it. And if the brim is too low for the present fashion put in a few rows of straw taken from another hat or a piece of buckram. It will be covered by the trimming. Then get some good shoe polish and give the hat three coats of the liquid blacking, waiting for each to dry. You will see your straw look like new. This is a good way to freshen old hats during the summer. Brush and apply the polish without removing the trimming.

How to Put on and Remove Gloves.

When putting gloves on, begin by buttoning the second button. Then, when buttoned to the top, you can easily fasten the first button without tearing the kid. Never remove the gloves by pulling the fingers, but by drawing the part covering the wrist over the hand, and leave them thus wrong side out for some time before turning them to their proper shape. Always lay gloves lengthwise—never roll them.

How to Get Rid of Bedbugs.

It isn't a nice subject, I know, but the weather is getting warm, and with a certain little tropical insect it is the ounce of prevention every time. It is especially difficult in apartment houses to keep free from their unwelcome attacks, but naphtha rightly used will make your premises an unwelcome habitation to them. Naphtha, however, is almost as dangerous and certainly more disastrous in the hands of a careless person than the evil it is intended to cure. There is one right and safe way to use it. Apply it in the morning and see to it that no fire or light of any kind is in the apartment. Spray it with a spring bottom oil can into all cracks and crevices in beds, walls and floors where they may hide and leave the windows open for several hours for the gas to escape.

How to Make an Oven Chair.

A low chair, made by sawing off the legs of a common kitchen chair until it is low enough to suit one, with a cushion of dark calico, is a useful adjunct to the work to sit in while waiting a few minutes for the biscuit or cake to bake. One can open the oven door without stooping to examine the article cooking.

How to Boil Asparagus.

Have the asparagus freshly picked, if practicable. Trim the tops and scrape or peel the stalks. Then pare them into equal lengths and tie them into small bunches, separating the larger ones from the smaller; fasten them well with string. Boil the asparagus in plenty of salted water in an untinned copper basin, plunging them into the liquid. Cover the vessel and let cook slowly. As soon as they are done drain them on a sieve, and afterward untie the bunches on a cloth and dress them symmetrically in a pyramid on a folded napkin. Carefully reserve the handsomest ones for the top. Send to the table at the same time a good Hollandaise sauce or else a vinaigrette sauce.

How to Relieve Sleeplessness.

If persons troubled with sleeplessness would keep at hand a bottle of the following mixture and use it as a sponge bath, they would find the greatest relief: Into 8 ounces of alcohol put 2 of ammonia and 2 of camphor. Shake thoroughly, and when well mixed add 4 ounces of sea salt and enough hot water to fill a quart bottle. To apply it pour a little of the liquid in a shallow dish, moisten the whole body a little at a time by dipping a small sponge in it. Rub on only a very little; then finish with a vigorous rubbing with a coarse crash towel, get into bed, and you will promptly fall asleep.

How to Use Cold Cream For the Face.

In no instance should it be used except where the face has become roughened by the wind and then applied only for a night or two. It gives an oily look to the face and has a tendency to enlarge the pores of the skin, and if the skin needs a tonic cocoa butter or cocoanut oil thoroughly rubbed into the skin morning and evening, after having bathed the face in warm water, will improve the complexion in a very short time and will not raise the small crop of hair that is almost inevitable with the nightly use of cold cream.

How to Stuff Breakfast Rolls.

Stuffed breakfast rolls may be somewhat novel. Take one for each person and remove every particle of the crumb. Have ready a cupful of cold cooked and minced poultry or game or even veal, with a trifle of ham mixed with it. Melt in a stewpan a little butter and stir in a dessertspoonful of flour; add a gill of milk or cream and the minced meat; season and stir until very hot; fill the rolls with this, close them again, set in a warm oven for two minutes and serve garnished with parsley.

How to Make Cheese Squares.

By the middle of the week there are usually accumulated a quantity of pieces of stale bread. Trim these as neatly as possible into squares and triangles. Make a sauce of a cupful of milk, half a cupful of grated cheese and 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Lay the bread on a large flat baking dish; pour the sauce over and bake until nicely browned. These are also very nice to serve with a plain consommé soup.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SUMMER SCREENS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

Strawberry Sponge Cake and Other Articles of Diet—Baskets for Serving Berries.

Quite new and decorative are the screens of Japanese manufacture, which are made entirely of fine strips of bamboo placed perpendicularly in a light frame of white wood. They are threefold, and the bamboo, while set closely enough to serve as a protection, yet permits free passage of the air, which is a great desideratum in a screen designed for summer use.

Others of a single fold, intended for fire screens, are of the same material, and these are braided in an intricate pattern, which is fastened at intervals with strips of dark colored bark tied in little knots, in the clever and effective way for which the Japanese are so noted.

Tiny screens of papier mache covered with gay paper stand not more than 2½ feet high and 10 inches across, and their three folds are well adapted to hide an unsightly fireplace in summer, especially if they have a background of feathery pine branches with which the grate may be filled.

A writer in Harper's Bazar, who mentions the foregoing novelties, says that a good way to convert a light clothes horse into a screen is to cover it first with turkey red, stretching the goods tightly so that there will be no wrinkles, and laying over this the coarse canvas of which coffee sacks are made. This material is very loosely woven, and as it allows the red to show through the combination makes a very decorative piece of furniture. The wood is nowhere visible, and gilt nail heads set closely are used to secure the canvas to the frame.

Tea chest matting is an exceedingly durable material for the purpose, and with its gray-green tones forms an effective background for painting.

Strawberry Sponge Cake.

Thoroughly beat a scant pint of granulated sugar and the yolks of 6 eggs together, add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, then 2 teacupfuls of pastry flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together three times, and lastly 2 tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Bake in duplicate long baking pans. During the latter operation make a soft frosting by boiling a cupful of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of milk until it will drop from the spoon in strings. Pour it into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of flour and beat until thick enough to spread. Remove one cake from the tin, spread the frosting over and cover well with strawberries cut in halves; then dust with sugar and place the other cake over. Arrange even sized strawberries neatly over the top.

The Oven For Baking Bread.

The oven should be hot enough to bring bread up to its full height in 15 minutes, but not hot enough to brown until after that. The reason why is plain, says Good Housekeeping, if we remember that the yeast is a plant, and after a certain degree of heat it stops growing. If the oven is too hot at first, it stops the plant before it grows (rises) to its full height, and the bread is heavy. If the oven is not hot enough, the plant grows too much, and the bread sours and is full of large holes.

How to Stain a Floor.

One of the richest ways of treating a floor is that used in the elegant suburban home of a well known artist. Two successive coats of burnt umber thinned with turpentine were applied, and then one of hard oil finish. This latter comes put up in cans or may be purchased by the quart—a pint will be sufficient for a room 15 by 15. It will dry in 12 hours and will cost 20 cents, says a correspondent of The Country Gentleman.

Crystallized Currants.

Currants and gooseberries are very dainty and ornamental when crystallized. Select ripe, firm fruit; leave on the stems; dip first in beaten white of an egg, then in powdered sugar; arrange on paper and set in a cool oven for 10 minutes; when the icing becomes firm pile in a glass dish and set in a cool place.

Pretty Ways of Serving Berries.

Exquisite baskets for serving strawberries may be made thus: From heavy, unruled commercial writing paper shape a suitable number of sections measuring 4 by 5 inches. In each section make four sinishes an inch deep, as indicated by the solid lines in Fig. 1. Fold according to the dotted lines, secure with mucilage and add a handle a quarter of an inch wide. Select tissue paper in a light shade of green (lettuce green would be pretty), cut it into strips 2 inches wide, slash them

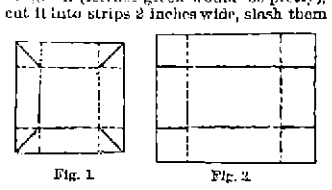

Fig. 1 Fig. 2

BASKETS FOR SERVING BERRIES.

to form fringe an inch deep and curl the fringe by drawing a blade of the scissors over it. Fasten a strip outside the basket, putting it on in wrinkles and creases and allowing the fringe to cover the rim. Make a bow of the tissue paper or of narrow, bright ribbon, and fasten it to the handle of the basket, which will then be complete.

Diamond shaped paper baskets may be fashioned quite easily according to Fig. 2. The Delineator, in addition to the foregoing, suggests: These pretty receptacles may be used for all sorts of small fruits, such as raspberries, blackberries and the like, and if they are lined with oiled or waxed paper, which may be procured from any confectioner, capped berries may be served in them with ices.

Uncapped strawberries are both pretty and delicious when served in small bowls of cracked ice, from which they may be taken with the fingers and eaten with powdered sugar.

Large uncapped berries are often served in small glass dishes, one of which is presented to each guest on a plate, together with two tiny bowls containing sugar and wine. The berries are dipped in the wine and then in the sugar before being eaten.

Cups made of grape leaves tied with grasses are pretty and unique receptacles for raspberries. And when thus offered the fruit may be sweetened and eaten with a spoon or a wooden toothpick.

Either raspberries or strawberries placed in small glass bowls with finely cracked ice, sugar and, if liked, a little wine make a cool and pleasant dessert that is elegant enough for the most ambitious menu.

How to Make Good Sizing.

To make a strong size for rough walls, dissolve a pound of good ground glue to a bucket of hot water. Stir and use while warm. Apply with an old paste brush or whitewash brush. For ordinary sizing on new walls and walls that have been papered, one-half pound of glue to a bucket of water will be sufficient.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

A PECULIAR ROOT WITH MEDICAL POWERS.

The Jesuit Missionaries Who Penetrated the Mountainous Regions of Tartary.

The Jesuit missionaries who penetrated the mountainous regions of Tartary early in the eighteenth century were especially interested in a certain root to which the natives ascribed almost miraculous curative properties. It was the Tartars' panacea. They believed it capable of healing any disease.

The Chinese, who probably learned of the root and imbibed their faith in its supposed wonderful properties during their invasion of the Tartars' country in the thirteenth century, gave to it the title "ginseng," which means literally "strong back." They, of all nations, are today the largest consumers of the peculiar root, not only collecting it in the wild state and cultivating it as a precious crop in their own country, but importing immense quantities from Korea, Japan and America. To the Chinese it is a whole pharmacopeia, possessing all the virtues of every known medicament, and they place a high value on it, particularly as a curative agent in dyspepsia, vomiting and nervous disorders.

Botanists have given the name Aralia quinquefolia to the American variety, which, like the Chinese, bears a slight resemblance to the body of a man, with head and legs. Externally it is of a light brown color, the interior being white. It has a faint, sweetish odor, and its taste is sweet and slightly aromatic. Its component parts are starch, gum, albumen, rosin and a sweet principal, "panaquilon.

GINSENG PLANT.

(from panax, a derivative of panacea). The root is perennial, sending up annually a smooth, round stem, terminating in branches which bear compound leaves of five leaflets and yellowish green or white flowers.

Chemical examination has failed to substantiate any of the claims made for ginseng by the Chinese, and but for the export trade with that people it is highly questionable whether the root would have any commercial value in this country, says Popular Science News, in which occurs the foregoing illustrated description. It is found in Canada, and thence as far south as Georgia, flourishing only in the cool woods of hilly countries. The method of gathering is a process of extermination, for the root is dug as soon as the shoots appear above ground in the early spring. The plant has no opportunity to mature and bear seeds, and the work of extermination threatens to become complete in some sections.

Ancient Wedding Lore.

The use of the ring and cake at weddings is almost as ancient as the ceremony itself. In an old book, "Swinburn's Treatise of Spousals," is the following: "The first inventor of the ring, as is reported, was one Prometheus. The workman which made it was Tubal-Cain. Anciently the wedding cake was usually broken over the head of the bride and then thrown among the guests to be 'scrambled for.'

"Years ago in England, when the bride came from the church, it was usual for one of her friends to throw wheat on her head, and when that newly married pair entered their own house for some to present them with a pot of butter. Of the most remote origin are the nuptial garlands, which were as much used by the heathens as by the Jews, while the Romans considered no bridal costume completed until the wreath was added.

The practice of making wedding gifts probably has its origin in the "bidding parties" of long ago that were held the day previous to the wedding for the avowed purpose of giving friends of the contracting parties an opportunity of assisting them in their new undertaking.

In June, the month of roses, the birth month of the Roman goddess Juno, more weddings occur than in any other month in the year. Its popularity is due to the pretty fiction that Juno (meaning yoke-maker) takes a special interest in marriages and that her protecting care follows and blesses all those who are wedded in June.

Singular Fact About a Cat's Tongue.

The tongue of all the cats is short compared with that of the dog. The upper surface is covered, especially toward the center, with horny, conical papillæ. These are curved backward and resemble so many minute claws, giving to the animals of the cat tribe, as may be seen in the lion and the tiger, the power of licking and rasping the flesh away from the bones of the animals on which they feed. In drinking the tongue is used in a manner very distinct from that of the long flexible tongue of the dog that laps the water, throwing it up, as it were, into its mouth. But the tongue of the cat and of the animals of the group is bent backward in drinking and forms a sort of spoon, lifting the fluid, whether milk or water, into the mouth. An English naturalist says it is a singular fact that the majority of artists invariably draw cats drinking after the fashion of dogs. This false action is not confined to the mere sketchers, but may be noticed in pictures of artists well known, and even one of the most correct of natural history draftsmen delineates a lioness drinking in a manner which is not perfectly natural.

The Right Side.

Signor Scarem, the noted wild animal tamer, had put his trained tigers through their tricks. He had driven them around and around their cage, and they had crouched in a corner at the word of command, though he was but a weak human being, and they were mighty wild beasts and could have torn him limb from limb. He had no weapon in his hand, if we except a short whip which he occasionally cracked over the tigers' heads. His performance, done amid breathless silence on the part of the spectators, being ended, Signor Scarem stepped from the cage, and then the tumultuous applause broke forth. People crowded about him to praise his courage, and one man said:

"Don't you regard that as very dangerous work?"

"Not at all," replied the trainer. "Tigers are not dangerous so long as you keep on the right side of them."

"Which is the right side?" asked the questioner quizzically.

"The outside," replied the trainer as he strode away to the dressing room.—Harper's Bazar.

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Buy your Kitchen Utensilies here and get modern goods at lowest prices.

Biggest Stove Store in the City.

W. A. Mack & Co.,

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NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852. --- CHARTERED 1855.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

What would Lowell be without the spindle? The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."

The Spindle Cigar

is made by HENRY ELOOD; best smoke in town.

JAMES MARREN,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

121 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 436 shall be promptly attended to.

PULLMAN

Says He Did All He Could for Employes.

WORDS OF WARNING FROM PRESIDENT DEBS.

Violators of Law Are the Enemies of Labor.

CHICAGO, June 30.—George M. Pullman president of the Pullman Palace Car company, has issued a comprehensive statement to the public with regard to the efforts of the company to keep its works open and give employment to its men. Among other things he says:

At the commencement of the serious depression last year we were employing at Pullman 5816 men and paying out in wages there $365,000 a month. Negotiations with intending purchasers of railway equipment that were then pending for new work were stopped by them, orders already given by others were cancelled, and we were obliged to lay off a large number of men in every department, so that by Nov. 1, 1893, there were only about 3000 men in all departments, or about one-third of the normal number.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

I realized the necessity for the most strenuous exertions to procure work immediately, without which there would be great embarrassment, not only to the employes and their families at Pullman, but also those living in the immediate vicinity, including between 700 and 800 employes who had purchased homes and to whom employment was actually necessary to enable them to complete their payments.

I canvassed the matter thoroughly with the manager of the works, and the result of this discussion was a revision in piece work prices, which, in the absence of any information to the contrary, I supposed to be acceptable to the men under the circumstances. Under these conditions, and with lower prices upon all materials, I personally undertook the work of the letting of cars, and by making lower bids than any other manufacturers, I secured work enough to gradually increase our force from 2200 up to about 4200, the number employed, according to the April payrolls, in all capacities at Pullman.

This result has not been accomplished merely by reduction in wages, but the company has borne its full share by eliminating from its estimates the use of capital and machinery, and, in many cases, even going below that and taking work at considerable loss. During the night of May 10 a strike was decided upon, and accordingly next day about 2500 of the employes quit, leaving about 600 at work, of whom very few were skilled workmen.

As it was found impracticable to keep the shops in operation with a force thus diminished and disorganized, the next day those remaining were necessarily laid off, and no work has since been done in the shops. The payrolls at the time amounted to about $7000 a day, and were reduced $5500 by the strike, so that during the period of a little more than six weeks, which has elapsed, the employes who quit their work have deprived themselves and their comrades of earnings of more than $200,000.

ALL ASKED TO JOIN

In the Railway Union's Fight Against Railroad Companies.

CHICAGO, June 30.—President Debs has issued the following appeal to the railway employes of America: The struggle with the Pullman company has developed into a contest between the producing classes and the money power of the country.

We stand upon the ground that the workingmen are entitled to a just proportion of the proceeds of their labor. This the Pullman company denied them. Reductions had been made from time to time, until the employes earned barely sufficient wages to live, not enough to prevent them from sinking deeper and deeper into Pullman's debt, thereby mortgaging their bodies and souls, as well as their children, to the heartless corporation.

Up to this point the fight was between the American Railway union and the Pullman company. The American Railway union resolved that its members would refuse to handle Pullman cars and equipment. Then the railway corporations came to the rescue and declared to the world that they would go into partnership with the Pullman, so to speak, and stand by him in his devilish work of starving his employes to death.

The American Railway union accepted the gage of war, and thus the contest is now on between the railway corporations united solidly on the one hand and the labor forces on the other.

Every railway employe of the country should take this stand against the corporations in this fight, for if it should be lost corporations will have despotic sway, and all employes will be reduced to a condition scarcely removed above chattel slavery, but the fight will not be lost.

Corporate power, drunk with its own excesses, has presumed too far upon the forbearance of the American people, and, notwithstanding a subsidized press (to which there are many noble exceptions), public sympathy is with the strikers, who are merely contending for the right of their fellow toilers to receive living wages for their work.

I appeal to strikers everywhere to refrain from any act of violence. Let there be no interference with the affairs of the companies, and above all let there be no act of depredation. A man who will destroy property or violate law is an enemy and not a friend of the cause of labor. The great public is with us, and we need only to maintain a dignified, honest, straightforward policy to achieve victory.

An Act of Violence.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The engineer and fireman of an Illinois Central suburban train were driven from an engine yesterday afternoon by a mob of 200 men, who pelted them with rocks and bricks and chased them away. The train was stopped near the crossing at Burnside station. One striker drew the coupling pin connecting the locomotive with the train, and 12 others boarded the cab and forced the engineer and firemen to jump out. As they did so the mob began to pelt them with stones. The engineer and fireman fled for their lives, pursued by a portion of the mob, while others backed the engine into a roundhouse, close at hand, leaving the cars standing on the main track. A short time later a northbound surburban train appeared, and it, too, was stopped, the engine detached and taken to the roundhouse, and the cars left standing on the northbound tracks. The news was sent to the police station, and a force of 25 men hastened to the scene and scattered the mob.

Meat May Go Up.

CHICAGO, June 30.—Many of the commission houses at the yards regard the situation as serious, and have notified their clients in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Texas and other states not to ship stock unless the railroad companies agree to deliver the shipment and to be responsible for long delays or responsible if there are any losses on account of delay. The result is that the shipments have been stopped in many instances and the price of meat is expected to take a rapid jump upward before many days.

Extended to Stock Yards.

CHICAGO, June 30.—All the trainmen at the Union stock yards struck last night, in obedience to Debs' order calling out all American Railway union men. The number of strikers is only 300, but no cars can be switched in or out of the yards, and all are practically at a standstill at the yards. About 6000 men will be thrown out of employment at once.

Threats of Strikers.

TOPEKA, June 30.—General Manager J. J. Frye said regarding the situation on the Santa Fe: "One of our train dispatchers was chased by a mob of about 500 men, and he was compelled to leave the city and flee to the hills to save his life. The mob then notified the chief night train dispatcher that if he went on duty they would kill him."

Railroad Directors' Attitude.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—At a meeting of the officers of the railways centering here, resolutions were adopted declaring that the boycott is unjustifiable and unwarranted; that it is the duty of the railway companies to resist the same in the interest of their existing contracts, and "that we will act unitedly to that end."

A Change at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, June 30.—The attitude of the railroad employes here seems to have undergone a change. It is now believed that should the Pullman strike continue to spread they will consent to join in the the refusal to handle Pullman cars, and it is possible this may happen in the early part of next week.

Buffalo Not Affected.

BUFFALO, June 30.—No effects of the boycott of Pullman cars are apparent here, except that orders have been received to cease selling tickets over certain blockaded railroads. Little through traffic is handled here with Pullman cars, the Wagner coaches carrying the bulk of it.

Will It Hold Good?

KANSAS CITY, June 30.—Judge Phillips, in the United States circuit court, has issued an order restraining the Santa Fe employes from interfering with the running of Pullman cars and admonishing the employes not to quit the service of the company.

Chicago and Alton Tied Up.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., June 30.—The Pullman boycott struck the Chicago and Alton yesterday, when an order was received for the men to go out upon the Alton's refusal to stop the Pullman service. All is at a standstill in the freight service.

Officials Appear Unconcerned.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The baggagemen at Dearborn street station, the terminus of the Erie, Wabash, Grand Trunk, Eastern Illinois, Western Indiana and Santa Fe roads, have gone out. Officials say they can fill their places in a few hours.

Mails Not Suffering.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Few delays on account of the Pullman boycott were reported to the post office department. The story of a total blockade of the mails sent out from Chicago was denied in official dispatches.

To Be Tied Up Today.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The Rock Island road, which is about the only one here to have escaped thus far, will be tied up today. An order to that effect has been issued by President Debs.

Another Line Affected.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—Director Kern of the American Railway union has received word from President Debs that the strike has been declared on the entire Gould system.

Tie-Up Complete.

PORTLAND, Or., June 30.—The tie-up here is complete. Neither the Southern Pacific nor the Northern Pacific are taking out any trains.

Twelve Hundred Out.

KANSAS CITY, June 30.—Twelve hundred Santa Fe men are out in Argentine.

A Doomed Man.

LONDON, June 30.—The correspondent of The Telegraph, at Paris, says that two anarchists, representing themselves to be journalists, visited the man who arrested Santo, when he was trying to escape after stabbing President Carnot. After offering him flattering congratulations they induced him to give them his photograph. They then abandoned their disguise and told him that his fate was sealed.

Inducements to Cyclers.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 30.—The directors of the Springfield Bicycle club have arranged the program for the big annual tournament on Hampden park, Sept. 11 and 12. There will be an unpaced mile record international race in which the starters will be sent off at intervals to prevent pacing or tagging, and a mile invitation record race.

When Will It Be Completed.

PARIS, June 30.—The civil tribunal has ratified the agreement reached by the liquidators of the old Panama Canal company, by which the latter granted to a new company, having a capital of 60,000,000 francs, a concession which enables them to complete the interoceanic waterway.

THE SUN Job Print leads them all. Try us.

BUSINESS

PRICES OF IRON AND STEEL TOO HIGH.

The Cleaning Up Process in Mills Has Been Very Successfully Carried on.

NEW YORK, June 30.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: The great strike of coal miners has ended at most points, but another threatens to interrupt business more seriously for a time, though the number of hands engaged is comparatively small. Travel and traffic are well nigh arrested on about 20 western roads already, and strikes are threatened on all roads who use Pullman cars.

The resumption of work in mines and mills has made good progress, but the demand for products is as yet smaller and less urgent than was expected. Buyers apparently wait for lower prices of iron and steel products, which manufacturers are slow to give, in view of the increased cost of materials and production.

Shipments of boots and shoes from Boston were smaller for the week than last year, but for four weeks of June were 343,022 cases against 328,142 last year.

Waiting For Tariff Settlement.

Textile manufacturers are much embarrassed by the near approach of probble change in the tariff, the effect of which cannot yet be calculated. In spite of this reason for deferring orders and purchases, the number of mills quitting work is not yet as large as was expected, for there appears a little more demand from clothiers and jobbers.

The cleaning-up process has been accelerated with success by concessions in some cotton goods, but fall orders are still limited and the accumulation of goods continues.

Somewhat better orders in woolens, particularly in low-priced all-wool goods, and in clay diagonals and worsted cheviots, though not large in amount, give hope of larger trade. But the mills are buying cautiously, and sales of wool fell below last year 2,788,700 pounds for the week, against 3,142,900.

In four weeks of June two years ago sales were 23,769,259 pounds, last year only 9,759,876 and this year 11,667,784 pounds. Growers and other holders of wool seem disposed to demand higher prices than can now be paid, but receipts from the interior are liberal, and exceed the present demand.

Wheat has declined 2 cents, the year closing with insignificant exports, for four weeks of June only 2,920,620 bushels from Atlantic ports, against 9,917,549 last year, while western recipts have been 5,620,880 for the same weeks, against 8,910,942 last year, a much smaller decrease.

Corn has declined 7-8 cent, receipts being larger than of wheat, and a heavy crop is expected.

Pork products are also a shade lower. Cotton has yielded a sixteenth, as speculation against the enormous stocks in sight grows tiresome.

The Failures.

No correct statement of failures for June or the half year is yet possible, but our weekly returns show gratifying improvement over last year. In June the failures have been about 950 and in the half year about 7100. The aggregate has been $13,183,465 against $13,515,760 in May, $8,816,862 in April and $99,498,366 in the half year. The classified returns show about $41,000,000 of manufacturing and $52,000,000 of trading liabilities.

In Canada the failures, part of June lacking, were 1032, and the commercial liabilities over $9,000,000, about $6,200,000 being of trading concerns.

This week the failures have been 214 in the United States, against 307 and 35 in Canada, against 27 last year. Of late the number and importance of failures have increased a little, as is usual near the close of a half year.

Gubernatorial Plums.

BOSTON, June 30.—At a meeting of the executive council Governor Greenhalge made these nominations: Board of registration of physicians and surgeons—Edward J. Forster of Boston, seven years; Walter P. Bowers of Clinton, four years; Augustus C. Walker of Greenfield, one year; I. B. Whittier of Fitchburg, five years; S. H. Blodgett of Cambridge, three years; C. Edwin Miles of Boston, two years; Augustus I. Chase of Randolph, six years. Member of dairy bureau, Calvin L. Hartshorn of Worcester. Prison commissioner, J. Warren Bailey of Somerville. Commissioner of nautical training school, Joseph Fyffe, U. S. N., of Charlestown.

Vermont Sons of Veterans.

MORRISVILLE, Vt., June 30.—The 12th annual encampment, Vermont division, Sons of Veterans, was brought to a close yesterday: These officers were elected: Commander, Frank L. Greene, St. Albans; senior vice commander, Frank W. Sault, West Randolph; junior vice commander, H. L. Colegrove, Underhill; delegate at large to national encampment, W. E. Terrell, Underwood.

A Type-Setting Machine Muddle.

NEW YORK, June 30.—Judge Lacombe has granted a preliminary injunction against the Monoline Composing company, restraining them from manufacturing or selling their type-setting machines. The application for the injunction was made by the Mergenthaler Linotype company, the original patentees of such type-setting machines.

Favorite Resort For Suicides.

NEW YORK, June 30.—A Central park policeman yesterday found G. D. Fisher laid on the grass with a bullet wound in the left breast. Another policeman found an unknown man with a bullet wound at the back of the left ear.

Loss of Half a Million.

BROOKLYN, June 30.—Woodruff's stores were gutted by fire yesterday. It is difficult to get a correct estimate of the loss, but it will reach at least $500,000. At least two firemen were killed and two were seriously injured.

No Public Bequests.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—The will of ex-Lieutenant Governor Lapham was admitted to probate yesterday. No public bequests were made. The value of the property is estimated at $1,500,000.

Accepted by Deputies.

ROME, June 30.—The chamber of deputies by a vote of 180 to 74 adopted the entire financial proposals of the government.

COMPLETED

The Tariff Bill Reported to the Senate.

THE PRESIDENT WANTS CERTAIN CHANGES MADE.

Said to Demand Free Coal, Sugar and Iron Ore.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The consideration of the tariff bill, which was begun by the senate in the committee of the whole on April 2, is at last completed, and at 5:45 last night the bill was favorably reported to the senate as amended.

In view of the fact that senators asked some little time to examine the bill as amended, and on account of the general desire for a short respite from the long siege to which they had been subjected, the senate then adjourned over until Monday, when the final struggle over the bill will occur in the senate. This was not done, however, except against the protest of Mr. Harris, the floor manager of the bill. No unusual incident marked the close of the consideration of the bill in committee.

Some of the Changes.

Several changes were made in the bill. On Hoar's motion, section 94 had been amended so as to admit free of duty alcohol used in the arts and manufactures.

The senate had agreed to the amendment to section 104 abrogating reciprocal treaties. The section now repeals the third section of the McKinley act, and provides that "nothing herein contained shall be held to abrogate or in any way affect such reciprocal commercial arrangements as have been heretofore made and now exist between the United States and foreign countries; except where such arrangements are inconsistent with the provisions of this act."

Mr. Hoar appealed to the finance committee to admit a paragraph putting a duty of 10 per cent ad valorem on sea moss or Iceland moss. He asked it in the interest of a few meritorious and hard-working men on the coast of Massachusetts.

Mr. Harris (Dem., Tenn.) joined in the appeal, and Mr. Jones on behalf of the finance committee said that he could not resist the united appeal. The paragraph was, therefore, inserted.

Hoar Was Absent.

The house joint resolution extending for 30 days the appropriations for support of the government was taken up, and, in the absence of Mr. Hoar, was quickly passed. He had blocked the bill by objections Wednesday and Thursday. On his return he made a protest because of its passage.

The resolution offered by Mr. Sherman (Rep., O.) directing an inquiry into the charges for the use of seats, berths and sections in the Pullman sleeping and parlor cars, was laid before the senate and agreed to.

The house bill to define and establish the units of electrical measure was taken from the calendar and passed, with some verbal amendments.

Will the President Interfere?

It is stated that President Cleveland will, when the tariff bill gets into conference, indicate very important changes that he desires made, and that he will intimate in no uncertain terms that if they are not made the bill will not receive his approval. He will, it is understood, demand that sugar, coal and iron ore be placed on the free list.

It is understood that the senate conferees will yield on the whisky schedule and that the tax will be fixed at $1 a gallon, and the bonded period five years.

Black Gets His Seat.

With the exception of a short time, the day in the house was consumed by a filibuster over the contested election case of Watson against Black of the Tenth Georgia district. The filibuster was led by Representative Pence, who contested every inch of ground, even after the aid of the common rules had been invoked. The tangle was finally straightened out, and the resolution of the committee on elections declaring Mr. Black elected was agreed to, only the Populists dissenting.

A few bills of minor interest were passed early in the day, and some resolutions to pay the salaries and funeral expenses of deceased employes of the house were agreed to. At 4:30 o'clock the house took a recess until 8 p. m., when pension bills were discussed.

Miners to Resume Work.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., June 30.—A settlement of differences between the Rochester and Pittsburg Coal and Coke company and their employers was finally reached yesterday. The company reserves the right to refuse to employ any element or men who have been lawbreakers. A general resumption of work will begin Monday.

Jake Hasn't Had Enough.

BALTIMORE, June 30.—Jake Kilrain, who has not appeared in the ring since his memorable encounter with Sullivan, announces his intention to re-enter the pugilistic profession. He wants first whack at Frank Slavin, who cables that he is ready for a match.

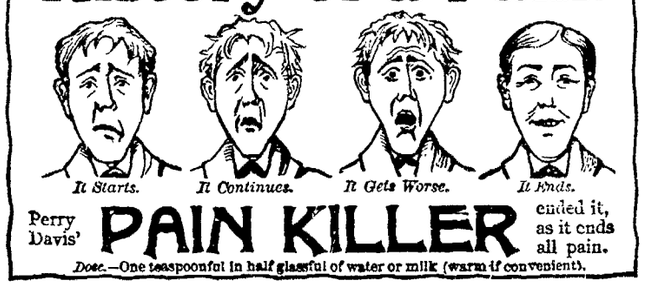
His Absence Unexplained.

THOMPSONVILLE, Conn., June 30.—Fredrick Woodward, Thompsonville's missing A. P. A. man, returned home last night. He says he has been in New Haven, but gives no explanation of his remaining away. His mind appears confused.

Many Deserters.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The Press says that the cruiser New York, lying at anchor off Stapleton, S. I., is said to have lost 60 of her crew since her arrival, because of the strictness of the executive officer.

History of a Pain.



Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER ended it, as it ends all pain.

Dose.—One teaspoonful in half glassful of water or milk (warm if convenient).

Quality, Quantity, Delicacy, Purity, Strength. ALL YOURS

if you get

Knapp's ROOTBEER EXTRACT

One trial will convince any one that it is surely The Best.

All Grocers and Druggists, 25c.

BURDEAU DECLINES.

Dupuy Asked to Reconsider His Decision to Resign the Premiership.

PARIS, June 30.—M. Burdeau has declined the task of forming a cabinet. In consequence, President Casimir-Perier has asked M. Dupuy to reconsider his decision to resign.

BARTHOU. BOINCARE. DUPUY. GUERIN. MERCIER.

GROUP OF FRENCH STATESMEN.

Premier Dupuy has received a telegram from Motta Visconti, northwest of Pavia, Italy, saying that the authorities, the inhabitants and even the families of the infamous Cesario Santo express profound indignation at the crime.

The American colony has opened subscriptions for a wreath to be placed upon the coffin of the late President Carnot. Over $250 has already been subscribed.

Great progress has been made in investigating the murder of President Carnot, and it is now clearly established that a regular plot, in which a number of people were concerned, existed to assassinate the president. It has been ascertained that the final meeting of the conspirators took place at Cette, and that Cesario Santo was there chosen by lot to commit the actual murder. The arrest of Santo's accomplices is expected hourly.

An anarchist named Pie has been arrested at Chalons. Two days prior to the murder of President Carnot he stated that the president would either be destroyed by a bomb or stabbed to death during his visit to Lyons. Pie, at the last general election, contested a seat in the chamber of deputies against M. Bourgeois.

THEY BLACKED UP.

And After the Show Was Over They Discovered Something.

The little village of Clyde in Wayne county is as pretty as you will meet in a week's travel in this state of pretty villages, and into the bargain it has a great number of beautiful young women. Awhile ago somebody organized a show to be given for the benefit of some local church or charitable organization, and a lot of the pretty girls, led by the female members of the choir of the church which was to be benefited, got together to discuss what part they would take in the entertainment. Somebody had been reading of a minstrel show given by young women in Brooklyn and suggested that Clyde follow Brooklyn's lead. The idea took. The girls decided that it would be perfectly lovely, and the details were arranged.

To make the show realistic, the girls thought they ought to black up. There were some protests against going so far, but the blacking up idea proved popular with a majority of the proposed performers, and it was adopted. The performance was given one night last week. The hall was crowded, and things went off nicely. There was singing and the end men (who were men, by the way) worked off their gags, and the whole affair wound up with a song in concert. The Clyde orchestra was present and did wonders with its varied assortment of instruments, and the village folks decided unanimously that they had had their money's worth and were perfectly satisfied.

When the curtain went down, the girls went back to wash the black off their faces. The first one to reach a wash basin took a sponge and began rubbing her cheeks. To the intense horror of the entire company the black would not budge. It was there to stay. The other girls seized pails, basins, anything that would hold water, got water and began to scrub. The black remained. They might just as well have been negroes of the darkest hue for all the impression they made on the color. There were hysterics and all that sort of thing, but the black never budged.

The girls scrubbed and cried and cried and scrubbed with the effect of getting off some small patches of black and heightening their grotesque appearance. After hours of work they managed to whiten their cheeks enough to enable them to go out, and then they all skipped through back streets to their homes. Meanwhile the men were having a similar experience. They couldn't get the black off either. The end men and the principal comedian worked for an hour and then strolled out to the Clyde hotel with their faces all shades from a light drab to a coal black. The leading comedian got some of the black off his nose and chin, a little off his cheeks, but had been able to make no impression on his ears, and he was a very spectacular young man when he walked into the billiard room of the hotel and huskily asked for something to drink.

There was a theatrical man in town, and late that night he was awakened by a heavy knock at his door. "Say," said an excited voice, "are you a theater man?"

He said he was.

"Well, I heard you were. What do you do to get burnt cork off when you black up for nigger minstrels?"

"Wash it off."

"Yes, I know, but how?"

"Why, take a sponge. It ought to wash right off."

There was a long silence. Finally the voice said again, "Say, mister, how do you mix burnt cork when you use it to black up for nigger minstrels?"

"Mix it with water."

"Great heavens," said the voice, "we mixed ours with vaseline!"

In the course of a week or two it is expected that the young women who so successfully participated in the minstrel show will be around to receive the congratulations of their friends. In the meantime the ears of the leading comedian are still of a beautiful, glossy black.—Buffalo Express.

JOHN W. McEVOY.
137 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, June 30th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department.

Gentlemen's List.

Barker, Tom
Bagley, Wm
Bennett, L F
Blancage, A
Benin, Jos
Buckminster, Rollin
Cunningham, Chas
Chou, Harry
Clark, George
Card, Ed B
Carr, Joseph
Dupuis, Daniel
Dunn, Frank J
Desmarais, N
Descoteau, Anselima
Drew, Wallace
Denault, Paul
Erikson, Anders
El Haussan, Geo N
Fahedart, L
Fernley, Wm
Fox, Fred H
Foss, Gillis J Dr
Gashanson, A S
Gillon, Wm
Goodspeed, T H
Gosselin, A
Howes, C S
Hanchet, Chas
Hirbert, G
Hilton, D W
Hubbard, James H
Hughes, J J
Jones, Oliver E
Joly, Alphonse
Kelley, P
Knowles, John
Lashey, John P
Lord, Ludger
Lefevre, David
Leborgne, Edward
Lund, Frank M
McGovern, Thomas
Mercier, Emile
Meul, Joseph
McKeen, C
Monks, John
Morris, Robert J
Massey, Frank K
Murphy, J H
Myron, W H
Mulry, James
Newell, A J
Powell, James
Ryan, Michael
Shattuck, Jos
Seales, T L
Stevenson, Edward
Stebbins, M D
Smith, Robert
Vosburgh, Walter H 2
Williston, John B

Ladies' List

Bartlett, Mrs A
Beaulien, Mrs Henriette
Berry, Mrs E E
Best, Asenatti
Boucher, Mrs Napoleon
Callaghan, Miss Katie
Calkins, Miss Addie T
Clough, Mrs Eliza
Dake, Mrs J Adlie
Daley, Mrs Mary
Dion, Delle Jenny
Doherty, Mrs Delia
Durkee, Miss Lydia
Folsom, Miss Maud G
Fawcett, Mary Ann
Fales, Miss Julia B
Girard, Marie
Griffin, Mrs Ella
Gillick, Miss Katie
Gone, Mrs Alice
Grimes, Miss Matilda
Healey, Mrs Frances
Howarth, Ann
Holden, Miss Clara B
Happie, Melle Maria
Hunter, Miss Jesse
Ingalls, Mrs L E
Knowlton, Mrs R S
Laboute, Dame Severe
Ladd, Mrs Allice
Lane, Miss Eugenie
Levasseur, Miss Susie
Lewis, Mrs Lucy
Lovering, Mrs Lizzie
Murray, Mrs M A
Morse, Mrs Lydia
Morton, Mrs E Lena
Miller, Mrs E B
Meandre, Marie
McDonald, Mrs W
McCarthy, Miss
McNabb, Miss Gertie
McInerney, Mrs Sarah
McMahon, Annie
Mahoney, Mrs Margaret 2
Nadow, Miss Melvina
Nevins, Miss Mary
Nichols, Mrs S B
Openshaw, Miss Annie
O'Neil, Miss Kate
Pereire, Marie
Reilly, Mary
Richard, Miss Minnie
Riley, Miss Julia
Roke, Miss Margaret
Sargent, Mrs Mary A
St Arnauld Dame Azari
Sanger, Miss Blanche
Sweeney, Mrs Bridget
Smith, Mrs Aleather
Smith, Miss Mary
Snow, Miss Mary
Taylor, Mrs Martha 2
Tharesen, Miss Lena
Vernon, Mrs Minnie
Walls, Miss Lucy E 2
Wilson, Mrs Fanny
Wilson, Mrs George
Whitney, Miss Julia
Wood, Mrs Vira P
Yetton, Mrs Laura A

From April 1, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

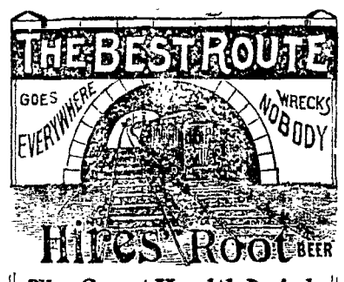
I like IVORINE WASHING powder very much and consider the cake of TOILET SOAP enclosed in each package worth more than the price of whole package.

MRS. F. A. SPRINGER, Sanford, Me.

IVORINE WASHING POWDER

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.

For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.



The Great Health Drink

Safe, sure and reliable. Always on time. A pleasure and a delight. Comfortable, enjoyable.

HIRES' Rootbeer

A 25c. pkg. makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Send 2c. stamp for beautiful picture cards and book.

The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.

Of Course You Will

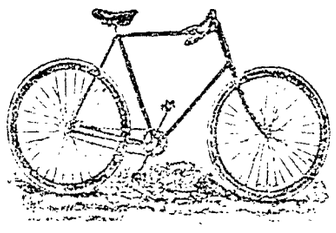
Want one of those Crystal Vases we are offering at one half price at our store for the week ending June 30. We have them all the way from 19c. up.

The Vases are of handsome patterns, well made, and of the best material. They are all sizes and styles.

In this season of flowers and roses, a couple of these Vases will be found invaluable. Come in and look them over.

French & Puffer,

245 Central Street.



CLEVELAND WHEELS.

Callahan & Sanborn

Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 333 to 345 Central St

Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street

Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block.

Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing of all kinds. Telephone 39-5. Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—At Middlesex Village a tenement of six rooms and barn with large yard. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merr'k and Bridge streets.

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F. P. Law, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2700. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 9000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $960 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house; would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANO

Is characterized by that same Highest Standard of Excellence which has achieved a reputation for the Mason & Hamlin Organ as the standard of the world. The Mason & Hamlin Piano is constructed on an improved method of stringing, invented and patented in 1883, which piano experts pronounce "The Greatest Improvement in Pianos in Half a Century. The agency for these Pianos and Organs has been secured for Lowell and vicinity by

GEORGE GARDNER

45 PRESCOTT STREET.

JULY 4th, 1894.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Attention is called to chapter 19, section 1, of the Ordinances of the City of Lowell: "No person shall fire or discharge any gun or firearms within the limits of the city, under a penalty for every such offence not exceeding twenty dollars, provided, however, that this section shall not apply to the use of such weapons at any military exercise or review, or in the lawful defence of persons, family or property of any citizen."

Chief of Police.

Notice is hereby given that the above ordinance, and so much of chapter 102, sections 54 and 55, of the Public Statutes as relates to the discharge of FIREARMS AND FIREWORKS of any description, within the limits of the City of Lowell before 4 o'clock in the morning of July 4th, 1894, and on the public streets at all hours during the day and night, will be strictly enforced, and any violation of the same will be punished according to said statutes and ordinances.

GEORGE R. DAVIS, Chief of Police.

June 30, 1894.

$5000 WORTH OF TRUNKS,

Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

LOWELL Trunk Manufactory

70-72 Middlesex Street.

Old Wooden Building.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

PULLMAN

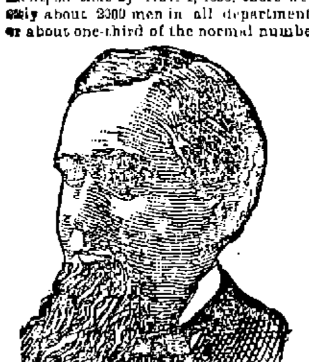
Says He Did All He Could for Employes.

WORDS OF WARNING FROM PRESIDENT DEBS.

Violators of Law Are the Enemies of Labor.

CHICAGO, June 30.—George M. Pullman president of the Pullman Palace C company, has issued a compr hensiv statement to the public with regard to the efforts of the company to keep it works open and give employment to its men. Among other things he says:

At the commencement of the serious depression last year we were employing at Pullman 5816 men and paying out in wages there $305,000 a month. Negotiations with intending purchasers of railway equipment that were then pending for new work were stopped by them, orders already given by others were cancelled, and we were obliged to lay off a large number of men in every department, so that by Nov. 1, 1893, there were only about 2300 men in all departments, or about one-third of the normal number.



GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

I realized the necessity for the most strenuous exertions to procure work immediately, without which there would be great embarrassment, not only to the employes and their families at Pullman, but also those living in the immediate vicinity, including between 700 and 800 employes who had purchased homes and to whom employment was actually necessary to enable them to complete their payments.

I canvassed the matter thoroughly with the manager of the works, and the result of this discussion was a revision in piece work prices, which, in the absence of any information to the contrary, I supposed to be acceptable to the men under the circumstances. Under these conditions, and with lower prices upon all materials, I personally undertook the work of the letting of cars, and by making lower bids than any other manufacturers, I secured work enough to gradually increase our force from 2200 up to about 4200, the number employed, according to the April payrolls, in all capacities at Pullman.

This result has not been accomplished merely by reduction in wages, but the company has borne its full share by eliminating from its estimates the use of capital and machinery, and, in many cases, even going below that and taking work at considerable loss. During the night of May 10 a strike was decided upon, and accordingly next day about 2500 of the employes quit, leaving about 600 at work, of whom very few were skilled workmen.

As it was found impracticable to keep the shops in operation with a force thus diminished and disorganized, the next day those remaining were necessarily laid off, and no work has since been done in the shops. The payrolls at the time amounted to about $7000 a day, and were reduced $5500 by the strike, so that during the period of a little more than six weeks, which has elapsed, the employes who quit their work have deprived themselves and their comrades of earnings of more than $200,000.

ALL ASKED TO JOIN

In the Railway Union's Fight Against Railroad Companies.

CHICAGO, June 30.—President Debs has issued the following appeal to the railway employes of America: The struggle with the Pullman company has developed into a contest between the producing classes and the money power of the country.

We stand upon the ground that the workingmen are entitled to a just proportion of the proceeds of their labor. This the Pullman company denied them. Reductions had been made from time to time, until the employes earned barely sufficient wages to live, not enough to prevent them from sinking deeper and deeper into Pullman's debt, thereby mortgaging their bodies and souls, as well as their children, to the heartless corporation.

Up to this point the fight was between the American Railway union and the Pullman company. The American Railway union resolved that its members would refuse to handle Pullman cars and equipment. Then the railway corporations came to the rescue and declared to the world that they would go into partnership with the Pullman, so to speak, and stand by him in his devilish work of starving his employes to death. The American Railway union accepted the gage of war, and thus the contest is now on between the railway corporations united solidly on the one hand and the labor forces on the other.

Every railway employe of the country should take this stand against the corporations in this fight, for if it should be lost corporations will have despotic sway, and all employes will be reduced to a condition scarcely removed above chattel slavery, but the fight will not be lost.

Corporate power, drunk with its own excesses, has presumed too far upon the forbearance of the American people, and, notwithstanding a subsidized press (to which there are many noble exceptions), public sympathy is with the strikers, who are merely contending for the right of their fellow toilers to receive living wages for their work.

I appeal to strikers everywhere to refrain from any act of violence. Let there be no interference with the affairs of the companies, and above all let there be no act of depredation. A man who will destroy property or violate law is an enemy and not a friend of the cause of labor. The great public is with us, and we need only to maintain a dignified, honest, straightforward policy to achieve victory.

An Act of Violence.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The engineer and fireman of an Illinois Central suburban train were driven from an engine yesterday afternoon by a mob of 200 men, who pelted them with rocks and bricks and chased them away. The train was stopped near the crossing at Burnside station. One striker drew the coupling pin connecting the locomotive with the train, and 12 others boarded the cab and forced the engineer and fireman to jump out. As they did so the mob began to pelt them with stones. The engineer and fireman fled for their lives, pursued by a portion of the mob, while others backed the engine into a roundhouse, close at hand, leaving the cars standing on the main track. A short time later a northbound surburban train appeared, and it, too, was stopped, the engine detached and taken to the roundhouse, and the cars left standing on the northbound tracks. The news was sent to the police station, and a force of 25 men hastened to the scene and scattered the mob.

Meat May Go Up.

CHICAGO, June 30.—Many of the commission houses at the yards regard the situation as serious, and have notified their clients in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Texas and other states not to ship stock unless the railroad companies agree to deliver the shipment and to be responsible for long delays or responsible if there are any losses on account of delay. The result is that the shipments have been stopped in many instances and the price of meat is expected to take a rapid jump upward before many days.

Extended to Stock Yards.

CHICAGO, June 30.—All the trainmen at the Union stock yards struck last night, in obedience to Debs' order calling out all American Railway union men. The number of strikers is only 300, but no cars can be switched in or out of the yards, and all are practically at a standstill at the yards. About 6000 men will be thrown out of employment at once.

Threats of Strikers.

TOPEKA, June 30.—General Manager J. J. Fry said regarding the situation on the Santa Fe: "One of our train dispatchers was chased by a mob of about 500 men, and he was compelled to leave the city and flee to the hills to save his life. The mob then notified the chief night train dispatcher that if he went on duty they would kill him."

Railroad Directors' Attitude.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—At a meeting of the officers of the railways centering here, resolutions were adopted declaring that the boycott is unjustifiable and unwarranted; that it is the duty of the railway companies to resist the same in the interest of their existing contracts, and "that we will act unitedly to that end."

A Change at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, June 30.—The attitude of the railroad employes here seems to have undergone a change. It is now believed that should the Pullman strike continue to spread they will consent to join in the the refusal to handle Pullman cars, and it is possible this may happen in the early part of next week.

Buffalo Not Affected.

BUFFALO, June 30.—No effects of the boycott of Pullman cars are apparent here, except that orders have been received to cease selling tickets over certain blockaded railroads. Little through traffic is handled here with Pullman cars, the Wagner coaches carrying the bulk of it.

Will It Hold Good?

KANSAS CITY, June 30.—Judge Phillips, in the United States circuit court, has issued an order restraining the Santa Fe employes from interfering with the running of Pullman cars and admonishing the employes not to quit the service of the company.

Chicago and Alton Tied Up.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., June 30.—The Pullman boycott struck the Chicago and Alton yesterday, when an order was received for the men to go out upon the Alton's refusal to stop the Pullman service. All is at a standstill in the freight service.

Officials Appear Unconcerned.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The baggagemen at Dearborn street station, the terminus of the Erie, Wabash, Grand Trunk, Eastern Illinois, Western Indiana and Santa Fe roads, have gone out. Officials say they can fill their places in a few hours.

Mails Not Suffering.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Few delays on account of the Pullman boycott were reported to the postoffice department. The story of a total blockade of the mails sent out from Chicago was denied in official dispatches.

To Be Tied Up Today.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The Rock Island road, which is about the only one here to have escaped thus far, will be tied up today. An order to that effect has been issued by President Debs.

Another Line Affected.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—Director Kern of the American Railway union has received word from President Debs that the strike has been declared on the entire Gould system.

Tie-Up Complete.

PORTLAND, Or., June 30.—The tie-up here is complete. Neither the Southern Pacific nor the Northern Pacific are taking out any trains.

Twelve Hundred Out.

KANSAS CITY, June 30.—Twelve hundred Santa Fe men are out in Argentine.

A Doomed Man.

LONDON, June 30.—The correspondent of The Telegraph, at Paris, says that two anarchists, representing themselves to be journalists, visited the man who arrested Santo, when he was trying to escape after stabbing President Carnot. After offering him flattering congratulations they induced him to give them his photograph. They then abandoned their disguise and told him that his fate was sealed.

Inducements to Cyclers.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 30.—The directors of the Springfield Bicycle club have arranged the program for the big annual tournament on Hampden park, Sept. 11 and 12. There will be an unpaced mile record international race in which the starters will be sent off at intervals to prevent pacing or tagging, and a mile invitation record race.

When Will It Be Completed.

PARIS, June 30.—The civil tribunal has ratified the agreement reached by the liquidators of the old Panama Canal company, by which the latter granted to a new company, having a capital of 60,000,000 francs, a concession which enables them to complete the interoceanic waterway.

THE SUN Job Print leads them all. Try us.

BUSINESS

PRICES OF IRON AND STEEL TOO HIGH.

The Cleaning Up Process in Mills Has Been Very Successfully Carried on.

NEW YORK, June 30.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: The great strike of coal miners has ended at most points, but another threatens to interrupt business more seriously for a time, though the number of hands engaged is comparatively small. Travel and traffic are well nigh arrested on about 20 western roads already, and strikes are threatened on all roads who use Pullman cars.

The resumption of work in mines and mills has made good progress, but the demand for products is as yet smaller and less urgent than was expected. Buyers apparently wait for lower prices of iron and steel products, which manufacturers are slow to give, in view of the increased cost of materials and production.

Shipments of boots and shoes from Boston were smaller for the week than last year, but for four weeks of June were 343,022 cases against 328,143 last year.

Waiting For Tariff Settlement.

Textile manufacturers are much embarrassed by the near approach of probable change in the tariff, the effect of which cannot yet be calculated. In spite of this reason for deferring orders and purchases, the number of mills quitting work is not yet as large as was expected, for there appears a little more demand from clothiers and jobbers.

The cleaning-up process has been accelerated with success by concessions in some cotton goods, but fall orders are still limited and the accumulation of goods continues.

Somewhat better orders in woolens, particularly in low-priced all-wool goods, and in clay diagonals and worsted cheviots, though not large in amount, give hope of larger trade. But the mills are buying cautiously, and sales of wool fell below last year 2,768,700 pounds for the week, against 3,142,9.0.

In four weeks of June two years ago sales were 23,769,250 pounds, last year only 9,759,876 and this year 11,667,784 pounds. Growers and other holders of wool seem disposed to demand higher prices than can now be paid, but receipts from the interior are liberal, and exceed the present demand.

Wheat has declined 2 cents, the year closing with insignificant exports, for four weeks of June only 2,920,620 bushels from Atlantic ports, against 9,917,549 last year, while western recipts have been 5,620,680 for the same weeks, against 6,910,942 last year, a much smaller decrease.

Corn has declined 7-8 cent, receipts being larger than of wheat, and a heavy crop is expected.

Pork products are also a shade lower. Cotton has yielded a sixteenth, as speculation against the enormous stocks in sight grows tiresome.

The Failures.

No correct statement of failures for June or the half year is yet possible, but our weekly returns show gratifying improvement over last year. In June the failures have been about 950 and in the half year about 7100. The aggregate has been $13,183,465 against $13,515,700 in May, $8,816,802 in April and $99,498,300 in the half year. The classified returns show about $41,000,000 of manufacturing and $52,000,000 of trading liabilities.

In Canada the failures, part of June lacking, were 1032, and the commercial liabilities over $9,000,000, about $6,200,000 being of trading concerns.

This week the failures have been 214 in the United States, against 307 and 35 in Canada, against 27 last year. Of late the number and importance of failures have increased a little, as is usual near the close of a half year.

Gubernatorial Plums.

BOSTON, June 30.—At a meeting of the executive council Governor Greenhalge made these nominations: Board of registration of physicians and surgeons—Edward J. Forster of Boston, seven years; Walter P. Bowers of Clinton, four years; Augustus C. Walker of Greenfield, one year; I. B. Whittier of Fitchburg, five years; S. H. Blodgett of Cambridge, three years; C. Edwin Miles of Boston, two years; Augustus I. Chase of Randolph, six years. Member of dairy bureau, Calvin L. Hartshorn of Worcester. Prison commissioner, J. Warren Bailey of Somerville. Commissioner of nautical training school, Joseph Fyffe, U. S. N., of Charlestown.

Vermont Sons of Veterans.

MORRISVILLE, Vt., June 30.—The 12th annual encampment, Vermont division, Sons of Veterans, was brought to a close yesterday: These officers were elected: Commander, Frank L. Greene, St. Albans; senior vice commander, Frank W. Sault, West Randolph; junior vice commander, H. L. Colegrove, Underhill; delegate at large to national encampment, W. E. Terrell, Underwood.

A Type-Setting Machine Muddle.

NEW YORK, June 30.—Judge Lacombe has granted a preliminary injunction against the Monoline Composing company, restraining them from manufacturing or selling their type-setting machines. The application for the injunction was made by the Mergenthaler Linotype company, the original patentees of such type-setting machines.

Favorite Resort For Suicides.

NEW YORK, June 30.—A Central park policeman yesterday found G. D. Fisher laid on the grass with a bullet wound in the left breast. Another policeman found an unknown man with a bullet wound at the back of the left ear.

Loss of Half a Million.

BROOKLYN, June 30.—Woodruff's stores were gutted by fire yesterday. It is difficult to get a correct estimate of the loss, but it will reach at least $500,000. At least two firemen were killed and two were seriously injured.

No Public Bequests.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—The will of ex-Lieutenant Governor Lapham was admitted to probate yesterday. No public bequests were made. The value of the property is estimated at $1,500,000.

Accepted by Deputies.

ROME, June 30.—The chamber of deputies by a vote of 180 to 74 adopted the entire financial proposals of the government.

COMPLETED

The Tariff Bill Reported to the Senate.

THE PRESIDENT WANTS CERTAIN CHANGES MADE.

Said to Demand Free Coal, Sugar and Iron Ore.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The consideration of the tariff bill, which was begun by the senate in the committee of the whole on April 2, is at last completed, and at 5:45 last night the bill was favorably reported to the senate as amended.

In view of the fact that senators asked some little time to examine the bill as amended, and on account of the general desire for a short respite from the long siege to which they had been subjected, the senate then adjourned over until Monday, when the final struggle over the bill will occur in the senate. This was not done, however, except against the protest of Mr. Harris, the floor manager of the bill. No unusual incident marked the close of the consideration of the bill in committee.

Some of the Changes.

Several changes were made in the bill. On Hoar's motion, section 64 had been amended so as to admit free of duty alcohol used in the arts and manufactures.

The senate had agreed to the amendment to section 104 abrogating reciprocal treaties. The section now repeals the third section of the McKinley act, and provides that "nothing herein contained shall be held to abrogate or in any way affect such reciprocal commercial arrangements as have been heretofore made and now exist between the United States and foreign countries; except where such arrangements are inconsistent with the provisions of this act."

Mr. Hoar appealed to the finance committee to admit a paragraph putting a duty of 10 per cent ad valorem on sea moss or Iceland moss. He asked it in the interest of a few meritorious and hard-working men on the coast of Massachusetts.

Mr. Harris (Dem., Tenn.) joined in the appeal, and Mr. Jones on behalf of the finance committee said that he could not resist the united appeal. The paragraph was, therefore, inserted.

Hoar Was Absent.

The house joint resolution extending for 30 days the appropriations for support of the government was taken up, and, in the absence of Mr. Hoar, was quickly passed. He had blocked the bill by objections Wednesday and Thursday. On his return he made a protest because of its passage.

The resolution offered by Mr. Sherman (Rep., O.) directing an inquiry into the charges for the use of seats, berths and sections in the Pullman sleeping and parlor cars, was laid before the senate and agreed to.

The house bill to define and establish the units of electrical measure was taken from the calendar and passed, with some verbal amendments.

Will the President Interfere?

It is stated that President Cleveland will, when the tariff bill gets into conference, indicate very important changes that he desires made, and that he will intimate in no uncertain terms that if they are not made the bill will not receive his approval. He will, it is understood, demand that sugar, coal and iron ore be placed on the free list.

It is understood that the senate conferees will yield on the whisky schedule and that the tax will be fixed at $1 a gallon, and the bonded period five years.

Black Gets His Seat.

With the exception of a short time, the day in the house was consumed by a filibuster over the contested election case of Watson against Black of the Tenth Georgia district. The filibuster was led by Representative Pence, who contested every inch of ground, even after the aid of the common rules had been invoked. The tangle was finally straightened out, and the resolution of the committee on elections declaring Mr. Black elected was agreed to, only the Populists dissenting.

A few bills of minor interest were passed early in the day, and some resolutions to pay the salaries and funeral expenses of deceased employes of the house were agreed to. At 4:30 o'clock the house took a recess until 8 p. m., when pension bills were discussed.

Miners to Resume Work.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., June 30.—A settlement of differences between the Rochester and Pittsburg Coal and Coke company and their employers was finally reached yesterday. The company reserves the right to refuse to employ any element or men who have been lawbreakers. A general resumption of work will begin Monday.

Jake Hasn't Had Enough.

BALTIMORE, June 30.—Jake Kilrain, who has not appeared in the ring since his memorable encounter with Sullivan, announces his intention to re-enter the pugilistic profession. He wants first whack at Frank Slavin, who cables that he is ready for a match.

His Absence Unexplained.

THOMPSONVILLE, Conn., June 30.—Fredrick Woodward, Thompsonville's missing A. P. A. man, returned home last night. He says he has been in New Haven, but gives no explanation of his remaining away. His mind appears confused.

Many Deserters.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The Press says that the cruiser New York, lying at anchor off Stapleton, S. I., is said to have lost 60 of her crew since her arrival, because of the strictness of the executive officer.

BURDEAU DECLINES.

Dupuy Asked to Reconsider His Decision to Resign the Premiership.

PARIS, June 30.—M. Burdeau has declined the task of forming a cabinet. In consequence, President Casimir-Perier has asked M. Dupuy to reconsider his decision to resign.

BARTHOU. DUPUY. POINCARE.
GUERIN. MERCEIR.
GROUP OF FRENCH STATESMEN.

Premier Dupuy has received a telegram from Motta Visconti, northwest of Pavia, Italy, saying that the authorities, the inhabitants and even the families of the infamous Cesario Santo express profound indignation at the crime.

The American colony has opened subscriptions for a wreath to be placed upon the coffin of the late President Carnot. Over $250 has already been subscribed.

Great progress has been made in investigating the murder of President Carnot, and it is now clearly established that a regular plot, in which a number of people were concerned, existed to assassinate the president. It has been ascertained that the final meeting of the conspirators took place at Cette, and that Cesario Santo was there chosen by lot to commit the actual murder. The arrest of Santo's accomplices is expected hourly.

An anarchist named Pie has been arrested at Chalons. Two days prior to the murder of President Carnot he stated that the president would either be destroyed by a bomb or stabbed to death during his visit to Lyons. Pie, at the last general election, contested a seat in the chamber of deputies against M. Bourgeois.

THEY BLACKED UP.

And After the Show Was Over They Discovered Something.

The little village of Clyde in Wayne county is as pretty as you will meet in a week's travel in this state of pretty villages, and into the bargain it has a great number of beautiful young women. Awhile ago somebody organized a show to be given for the benefit of some local church or charitable organization, and a lot of the pretty girls, led by the female members of the choir of the church which was to be benefited, got together to discuss what part they would take in the entertainment. Somebody had been reading of a minstrel show given by young women in Brooklyn and suggested that Clyde follow Brooklyn's lead. The idea took. The girls decided that it would be perfectly lovely, and the details were arranged.

To make the show realistic, the girls thought they ought to black up. There were some protests against going so far, but the blacking up idea proved popular with a majority of the proposed performers, and it was adopted. The performance was given one night last week. The hall was crowded, and things went off nicely. There was singing and the end men (who were men, by the way) worked off their gags, and the whole affair wound up with a song in concert. The Clyde orchestra was present and did wonders with its varied assortment of instruments, and the village folks decided unanimously that they had had their money's worth and were perfectly satisfied.

When the curtain went down, the girls went back to wash the black off their faces. The first one to reach a wash basin took a sponge and began rubbing her cheeks. To the intense horror of the entire company the black would not budge. It was there to stay. The other girls seized pails, basins, anything that would hold water, got water and began to scrub. The black remained. They might just as well have been negroes of the darkest hue for all the impression they made on the color. There were hysterics and all that sort of thing, but the black never budged.

The girls scrubbed and cried and cried and scrubbed with the effect of getting off some small patches of black and heightening their grotesque appearance. After hours of work they managed to whiten their cheeks enough to enable them to go out, and then they all skipped through back streets to their homes. Meanwhile the men were having a similar experience. They couldn't get the black off either. The end men and the principal comedian worked for an hour and then strolled out to the Clyde hotel with their faces all shades from a light drab to a coal black. The leading comedian got some of the black off his nose and chin, a little off his cheeks, but had been able to make no impression on his ears, and he was a very spectacular young man when he walked into the billiard room of the hotel and huskily asked for something to drink.

There was a theatrical man in town, and late that night he was awakened by a heavy knock at his door. "Say," said an excited voice, "are you a theater man?"

He said he was.

"Well, I heard you were. What do you do to get burnt cork off when you black up for nigger minstrels?"

"Wash it off."

"Yes, I know, but how?"

"Why, take a sponge. It ought to wash right off."

There was a long silence. Finally the voice said again, "Say, mister, how do you mix burnt cork when you use it to black up for nigger minstrels?"

"Mix it with water."

"Great heavens," said the voice, "we mixed ours with vaseline!"

In the course of a week or two it is expected that the young women who so successfully participated in the minstrel show will be around to receive the congratulations of their friends. In the meantime the ears of the leading comedian are still of a beautiful, glossy black.—Buffalo Express.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, June 30th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department.

Gentlemen's List.

Barker, Tom
Bagley, Wm
Bennett, L F
Blanenge, A
Benin, Jos
Buckminster, Rollin
Cunningham, Chas
Chou, Harry
Clark, George
Card, Ed B
Carr, Joseph
Dupuis, Daniel
Dunn, Frank J
Desmarais, N
Descoteau, Ansellma
Drew, Wallace
Donault, Paul
Erikson, Anders
El Haussen, Geo N
Fahndart, L
Farnley, Wm
Fox, Fred H
Foss, Gillis I Dr
Gashmison, A S
Gilton, Wm
Goodspeed, T H
Gosselin, A
Howes, C S
Hanchat, Chas
Hirbert, G
Hilton, D W
Hubbard, James H
Hughes, J J
Jones, Oliver E
Joly, Alphonse
Kelley, P
Knowles, John
Lashey, John P
Lord, Ludger
Lefavre, David
Loborgne, Edward
Lund, Frank M
McGovern, Thomas
Mercier, Emile
Mout, Joseph
McKeen, C
Monks, John
Morris, Robert J
Mussey, Frank K
Murphy, J H
Myron, W H
Mulfry, James
Newell, A J
Powell, James
Ryan, Michael
Shattuck, Jos
Seates, T L
Stevenson, Edward
Stebbins, M D
Smith, Robert
Vosburgh, Walter H 2
Williston, John B

Ladies' List.

Bartlett, Mrs A
Beaulieu, Mrs Henriette
Berry, Mrs E E
Best, Asenath
Boucher, Mrs Napoleon
Callighan, Miss Katie
Conkins, Miss Addie T
Clough, Mrs Eliza
Dyke, Mrs J Addie
Daley, Mrs Mary
Dion, Delle Jenny
Doherty, Mrs Delia
Durkee, Miss Lydia
Folsom, Miss Maud G
Fawcett, Mary Ann
Fales, Miss Julia B
Girard, Marie
Griffin, Mrs Ella
Gillick, Miss Katie
Gone, Mrs Alice
Grimes, Miss Matilda
Healey, Mrs Frances
Howarth, Ann
Holden, Miss Clara B
Hupple, Melle Maria
Hunter, Miss Jessie
Ingalls, Mrs L E
Knowlton, Mrs R S
Labonte, Dame Severe
Ladd, Mrs Allice
Lane, Miss Eugenie
Lavasseur, Miss Susie
Lewis, Mrs Lucy
Lovering, Mrs Lizzie
Murray, Mrs M A
Morse, Mrs Lydia
Morton, Mrs E Lena
Miller, Mrs E D
Meaudre, Marie
McDonald, Mrs W
McCarthy, Miss
McNabb, Miss Gertie
McInerney, Mrs Sarah
McMahon, Annie
Mahoney, Mrs Margaret 2
Nadow, Miss Melvina
Nevins, Miss Mary
Nichols, Mrs S B
Openshaw, Miss Annie
O'Neil, Miss Kate
Pereire, Marie
Reilly, Mary
Richard, Miss Minnie
Riley, Miss Julia
Roke, Miss Margaret
Sargent, Mrs Mary A
St Arnauld Dame Azari
Sanger, Miss Blanche
Sweeney, Mrs Bridget
Smith, Mrs Aleather
Smith, Miss Mary
Snow, Miss Mary
Taylor, Mrs Martha 2
Thareven, Miss Lena
Vernon, Mrs Minnie
Wells, Miss Lucy E 2
Wilson, Mrs Fanny
Wilson, Mrs George
Whitney, Miss Julia
Wood, Mrs Vira P
Yetton, Mrs Laura A

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—At Middlesex Village a tenement of six rooms and barn with large yard. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merr'k and Bridge streets.

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1600. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 177 Merrimack street, F.P. Law, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2540 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2300. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 5000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2800.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1650. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have board ing and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house; would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

From April 1, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

I like IVORINE WASHING powder very much and consider the cake of TOILET SOAP enclosed in each package worth more than the price of whole package.

MRS. F. A. SPRINGER, Sanford, Me.

Ivorine
WASHING POWDER
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

THE BEST ROUTE
GOES EVERYWHERE WRECKS NOBODY

Hires' Root Beer
The Great Health Drink
Safe, sure and reliable. Always on time. A pleasure and a delight. Comfortable, enjoyable.
HIRES' Rootbeer
A 25c. pkg. makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.
Send 2c. stamp for beautiful picture cards and book.
The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

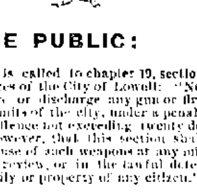
THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANO

is characterized by that same Highest Standard of Excellence which has achieved a reputation for the Mason & Hamlin Organ as the standard of the world. The Mason & Hamlin Piano is constructed on an improved method of stringing, invented and patented in 1883, which piano experts pronounce "The Greatest Improvement in Pianos in Half a Century. The agency for these Pianos and Organs has been secured for Lowell and vicinity by

GEORGE GARDNER

45 PRESCOTT STREET.

JULY 4th, 1894.



TO THE PUBLIC:

Attention is called to chapter 19, section 1, of the Ordinances of the City of Lowell: "No person shall fire or discharge any gun or firearms within the limits of the city, under a penalty for every such offence not exceeding twenty dollars, provided, however, that this section shall not apply to the use of such weapons at any military exercise or review, or in the lawful defence of persons, family or property of any citizen."

Chief of Police.

Notice is hereby given that the above ordinance, and so much of chapter 102, sections 54 and 55, of the Public Statutes as relates to the discharge of FIREARMS AND FIREWORKS of any description, within the limits of the City of Lowell before 4 o'clock in the morning of July 4th 1894, and on the public streets at all hours during the day and night, will be strictly enforced, and all violations of the same will be punished according to said statutes and ordinances.

GEORGE R. DAVIS,
Chief of Police.
June 6, 1894

Of Course You Will

Want one of those Crystal Vases we are offering at one half price at our store for the week ending June 30. We have them all the way from 19c. up.

The Vases are of handsome patterns, well made, and of the best material. They are all sizes and styles.

In this season of flowers and roses, a couple of these Vases will be found invaluable. Come in and look them over.

French & Puffer,

245 Central Street.

CLEVELAND WHEELS.

Callahan & Sanborn

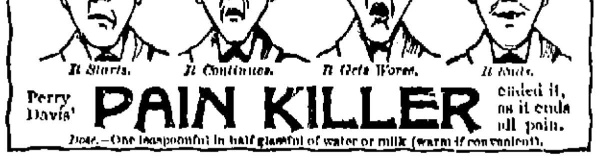
Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

$5000 WORTH OF TRUNKS,

Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

LOWELL
Trunk Manufactory
70-72 Middlesex Street.
Old Wooden Building.
P. F. Devine, Prop.

History of a Pain.



It Starts. It Continues. It Gets Worse. It Ends.

Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER ended it, as it ends all pain.

Dose.—One teaspoonful in half glassful of water or milk (warm if convenient).

Quality,
Quantity,
Delicacy,
Purity,
Strength.

ALL YOURS

— if you get —

Knapp's
ROOTBEER EXTRACT

One trial will convince any one that it is surely The Best.

All Grocers and Druggists, 25c.

JOHN W. McEVOY,
137 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD,
Nos. 333 to 345 Central St.
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc.,
Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

CHARLES H. FROST,
78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
Room 1, Shattuck's New Block,
Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing
of all kinds. Telephone 30-5, Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily: Sundays excepted.

Per Year $3.00 - - - Per Month, 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 38
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 25	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 03
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 53
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 44
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 30	7 05
§6 28	7 15	6 15	7 28
§6 52	8 05	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

§7 18	8 09	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 30	8 55
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 57
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 05	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 30	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 2[illegible]	5 00	6 15
5 40	6 42	5 50	7 16
6 55	8 05	6 35	7 45
9 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

8 15	9 40	8 00	9 10
12 05	1 20	11 45	12 58
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 20
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

PLAYED OUT.

The idea that any kind of a paper will do for one cent, is played out. The reader who buys a cent paper is entitled to his money's worth. We give it to you by printing the news, the whole news and nothing but the news.

THE FOSS bill has been killed by the senate. Try again, Mr. Mayor.

THE LEGISLATURE dies hard. Massachusetts is a wonderful place for legislative longevity.

THE SENATE bill is now complete and the question comes on its passage. All in favor say aye p.—q.

SENATOR HILL'S opposition to the income tax had no other effect than to solidify the democrats in its favor.

PRESIDENT CARNOT wished that he might be succeeded by Casimir Perier and by the irony of fate his wish has been fulfilled by his own assassination.

PRES. ELIOT took occasion on commencement day to compliment Mr. Greenhalge for killing the telephone bill. He likes to dwell upon the best deeds of some of his best graduates.

THE RETURNS made on statements in accordance with the statutes show that the cost of the state election in 1892 was a round half million dollars. How much of this was for legitimate work?

Governor Greenhalge must have had trouble with "Central" at some time or other.—Nashua Telegraph.

Yes Central wanted to use both ends of the line and be paid for so doing.

NEW ENGLAND would be satisfied, it seems, with a higher tariff on carpets than that proposed by the Wilson bill. Why not try the effect of free wool before making any other radical change in the woolen schedule?

LAWRENCE is getting ready a lot of red lemonade at 5 cents a glass for Lowell people on the Fourth. Do they imagine we're country folks going to a circus? We're used to something better than lemonade and peanuts.

THE NEW Meigs bill has been introduced in the senate and will be referred to the people of Boston. It is an improvement upon the original bill, and the use of the referendum will prove the best way of deciding the matter.

THE BELL Telephone company is to make another attempt to get that $30,000,000. The chief change in the new bill is that the stock is to be sold at auction. That bill should be killed also. The legislature ought to go home.

THE REMOVAL of the statue of Liberty on Monument square is one that concerns all citizens. Every citizen is interested in the sacred dust of Ladd and Whitney, the protomartyrs of the war, there entombed, but their memory is not honored by such a burlesque upon art.

MORE AND more as the days pass is Gov. Greenhalge praised for his veto of the Bell Telephone bill. It shows that he is not in favor of special legislation in favor of monopolies, and that he can be relied upon to protect the interests of the masses. His veto of the Telephone bill will be one of the brightest pages in the record of his administration.

IT IS well that some citizen of Lowell had the liberality to offer a free site for the new normal school. The location may not be the best; but the offer is nevertheless to be appreciated. It is not often that any Lowell citizen shows so much public spirit. The great trouble with Lowell in this regard is, that the owners of her principal factories reside outside the city, and have no interest in her affairs further than their dividends are concerned.

EXCITING SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

The house of commons and the sycophants of royalty were shocked at the vigorous protest of Mr. Hardie, on Thursday, against the motion to offer congratulations to the queen on the birth of an heir to the Duke of York. Mr. Hardie was unsparing in his denunciation of the fripperies of royalty. He was even more severe than Henry Labouchere in denouncing royal grants. It is but a short time since such expressions of opinion would be regarded as rank treason. But the world moves and gradually the thraldom of reigning dynasties is disappearing. They are steadily becoming more democratic.

IT IS not often that anybody feels disposed to drown a boy, but there are times and occasions in which the actions of the average urchin suggests that extreme penalty. There was such an occasion the other day, when a couple of urchins from sheer deviltry raised an alarm of a boy drowned, knowing it to be false, and gathered a crowd of rescuers to the scene. When divers failed to find any boy, they went to break the sad news to the drowned boy's parents. The mother heard the intelligence of her boy's death with strange complacency and then called her son "Johnny" who was supposed to be drowned, and he served as a living witness to the falsity of the report. The men who were deceived thought it was a pity that the boy who had fooled them had not been drowned instead of "Johnny."

It is all very well to talk about police corruption in New York and all that sort of thing. Bribery is very wicked where a policeman is concerned, but are the alleged respectable business men who bribed the police in order that they might violate the law, one whit better than the man who took the money?—Haverhill Gazette.

How's that? Suppose the whole list of witnesses who gave such detailed evidence to the Lexow committee would be adjudged guilty of a criminal offence. Jeminy wouldn't they howl when sentenced on their own statements. If those who offer bribes for the granting of liquor licenses are amenable to the law why not those who bribe policemen for connivance at violations of various laws? What a fix these people may find themselves in some day.

IT IS strange the circuit court should refuse naturalization papers to Japanese because they are, without exception, by far the most progressive of Asiatic tribes. They furthermore come here and copy the laws and institutions of the country; they copy our factories and bring Americans to Japan to establish industries. They are a better class of immigrants than many who come from Europe and it is rank injustice to put them under the Chinese bann. They are a 1000 years in advance of the Chinese. The naturalization act draws the line at the colored and on this ground the Japs are excluded. If any exception should be made or any modification in the provisions of the act, it should be in favor of allowing the Japanese to become citizens same as whites.

THE WEAVERS bill will become law but no new inspectors will be appointed to enforce its provisions.

NO CELEBRATION on the Fourth. Let everybody go to Lawrence.

LIONS AND TIGERS.

How They Differ In Strength, Quickness, Fierceness and Cunning.

It is the opinion of tamers that the tiger is more to be feared than the lion. One will kill a man with as much ease as the other, but the lion gives fair warning of his murderous intention by rushing at his victim with a roar, whereas the tiger, true representative of the cat tribe, comes sneaking up with the semblance of an affectionate pur, only to set his fangs, with sudden spring, into the very life of his victim. The lion has somewhat greater muscular power than the tiger, but the latter has greater quickness. In intelligence they are about equal.

If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease, but if the lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction and were allowed to exert his strength in backing he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling. A lion springing through the air from a distance of six feet would knock down a horse or bullock with a single blow of his forearm, backed by the momentum of his 500 pounds weight.

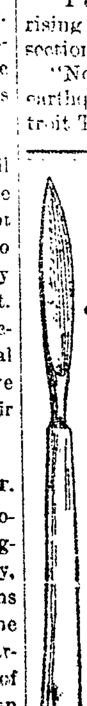
A full grown lion in the jungles will jump 25 or 30 feet on the level from a running start. In captivity the same lion would clear a distance about half as great. A lion can jump over a fence 8 or 10 feet high, but not at a bound. He catches first with his fore legs and drags his body after him. I have repeatedly watched the lion Yellow Prince jump over the tigers with a bound which would have cleared an obstacle 4 or 5 feet above the floor. Tigers will jump a trifle higher than this. But of all wild animals the leopards are the greatest jumpers, being able to hurl their lithe and beautiful bodies, curled up almost into a ball, extraordinary heights. They bound with ease, for instance, from the floor of the cage so as to touch a ceiling 12 feet high.

For a short distance a lion or a tiger can outrun a man and can equal the speed of a fast horse, but they lose their wind at the end of half a mile at the most. They have little endurance and are remarkably weak in lung power. Their strength is the kind which is capable of a terrific effort for a short time. It would take six men to hold a lion down, even after his legs were tied so that he could not use his paws.—Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine.

Fluctuations.

"I understand there is no such sudden rising and falling in real estate in your section as there used to be."

"No, we haven't had a real smart earthquake in more than a year."—Detroit Tribune.



A SURGEON'S KNIFE gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery is well illustrated by the fact that **RUPTURE** or Breach, is now *radically* cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

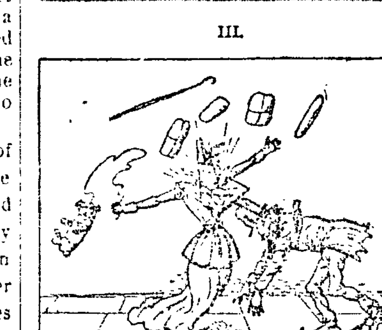
SUNBEAMS.

Misplaced Gallantry.

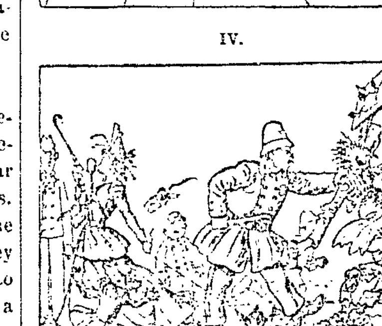
I.

II.

III.



IV.



—Scribner's Magazine.

No Chance to Call Him.

Inquisitive people sometimes find satisfaction in catechising little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious bodies of Lockport recently fared:

"Hello, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as dad's," said the boy.

"What's your dad's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me to breakfast?"

"Why don't they?"

"'Cause I allus git there fust."—Quips.

WHERE IT WAS.

She Saved the $10, but Blobbs Didn't See It.

It was late when Mr. Blobbs got up yesterday morning, and he hustled around his bedroom like a wild man. When it came time to put on his trousers, he plunged into a wardrobe and pulled down all the garments that were on the hooks. Then he fell on his knees and pawed the pile over nervously. He handled every garment twice and did not find what he wanted. He swore three separate and distinct times and then shouted, "Mary!"

There was no reply. Blobbs poked his head out of the door and yelled again, "Mary!"

"What is it, dear?" asked some one at the rear end of the flat.

"Come here, and get a move on too."

Mrs. Blobbs came into the room. Her face was flushed from breakfast preparations and there was a soot on her nose. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Where's them gray pants of mine?"

"What gray pants?"

"Them gray ones that's been hanging in that closet for two months."

"Aren't they in there?"

"No; they ain't in there. Now, what have you done with them?"

"Were they gray, with a little red stripe in them?"

"You know well enough that they were. Don't stand there chewing about them any longer. Where are they?"

"Gray ones with red stripes," mused Mrs. Blobbs. "I'm sure I don't know—oh, yes, I do too. I traded them to a man for a lovely kettle."

"You what?" gasped Mr. Blobbs.

"Traded them for a kettle. You didn't want them, did you?"

Mr. Blobbs was so mad that he frothed at the mouth. He raved and shouted around the room. He kept this up for 10 minutes. Then he saw that Mrs. Blobbs didn't care and he tried other tactics. "I'm sorry you sold them," he said, "not because I needed them but because you did yourself an injury."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Blobbs interestedly.

"Why, I had $10 in one of the pockets of those pants that I was going to use to get you a birthday present next week. I kept it here so I would have no opportunity to spend it. Now aren't you sorry you sold the pants?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mrs. Blobbs sweetly, for she saw through the scheme immediately. "You see, I went through the pockets and found the money. I went shopping with it yesterday."

Do you wonder that Blobbs would not eat his breakfast?—Buffalo Express.

Dogs In War.

A very interesting history might be written of the part played by living creatures, other than human beings, in war. As far as we are aware, no convention or conference has pronounced either for or against this means of injuring an enemy. Where dogs are used as sentinels, or pigeons in carrying dispatches, the injury done by the dumb creatures is not direct. The service rendered to their own side may be no less great than that of the geese which saved the capital or of the dog which foiled Aurangzeb in his siege of Golconda and was rewarded with a golden collar, but in neither of these cases is the attack confided to bird or animal.

But dogs have been used, and by ourselves, to attack an enemy. The Celts used them, the Gauls used them, Columbus used them, Queen Elizabeth is said to have given Essex 600 fighting dogs for purposes of war, and late in the eighteenth century 100 bloodhounds were landed in Jamaica by our government to attack the Maroons. Fortunately it was destined that the disgrace of using them should be spared us, for the enemy, hearing of the dogs, surrendered without a blow.

Effectively as dogs may be trained to destroy human beings, it has been well said in this connection that, in the words of Pascal, "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connoist pas."—Saturday Review.

Get all your printing done at THE SUN office.

AFRICA AND COLUMBUS.

But His Unwilling Listener Wasn't Interested.

In the waiting room of the Fort Street depot the other afternoon there was a man with a satchel between his feet, who was nodding and napping and now and then almost jerking his hat off as his head bobbed forward or back. By and by an old man with a long goatee and a benign expression of countenance went over to him and slapped him on the knee and said:

"Stranger, I feel just like talkin with some one. Hov you ever been in Africa?"

"Did you hit me on the leg?" demanded the sleeper as he roused up.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll thank you to keep your paws off'n me. How dare you come over and hit me?"

"I jest teched you lightly to wake you up. Have you ever been in Africa?"

"Africa! Africa! None o' your business, sir! What right had you to come over here and paw me around?"

"I didn't paw! If you are so mighty perticklar that a man can't tech you on the knee, you'd better git in a corner. How would anybody go to Africa from Detroit?"

"In a balloon, if he wanted to!" growled the man with the satchel as he rose up and took another seat.

"How fur is it?" asked the old man as he followed him and stood before him.

"You go away from me, or there'll be a row!"

"Gittin mad, eh? That's the way with some folks. They can't even answer a civil question. I'm glad I haven't got to ask you fur a match or a chaw of terbacker. Why can't you answer a feller about Africa?"

"What in Texas do I know about Africa?" shouted the other.

"Hain't you never been there?"

"No, of course not."

"Waal, you needn't snap my head off! I've had a hundred different men ask me if I'd been in Africa, and I never got mad about it. It hain't agin a man that he was never in Africa. That country is a long ways off, and we can't git away from home every day in the week. I was jest a-wonderin about Columbus. Must have bin a joyful hour fur him when he diskivered America, eh?"

"What has Columbus got to do with me?" howled the touchy man.

"There you go agin! If I had your fat on me, I'd be afraid of the apoplexy. You'll git so mad you'll bust some day. What did Columbus have to do with you? That's a purty answer for a grown man to make."

"I want you to go away."

"Yes, I know, but I want to talk a little first. What was the date of the discovery of America?"

"I don't care when it was."

"You don't, eh? Perfectly indifferent as to whether America was discovered or not? Some men love their country and are willing to die fur her, while some others don't keer a continental whether they live in America or the cannibal islands."

"If you don't go away from me, I'll twist your old goatee!" said the man who had been pawed as he rose up and assumed a threatening attitude.

"Yes of course," replied the other. "Jest because we can't agree you want to do me bodily injury. Waal, I don't want no row and I'll go away. I don't want to talk to no man who don't want to talk to me. I could tell you more about Columbus in 10 minits than you have learned in 40 years, but you don't want to hear it. You want to go around wonderin whether you belong to Kamchatka or the United States."

He went off and sat down, but presently returned to add:

"And, say, if I ever catch you in my town, I'll hop right on to you and lick you blind in two minits!"

Then he sat down, pulled an 1894 almanac from his coattail pocket and was soon deeply immersed in the moon's phases.—Detroit Free Press.

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EXCURSION TO LAWRENCE, July 4th.

The steamer "Startled Fawn" will leave Varnum's Landing (Belle Grove) on the morning of the Fourth at 5 and 7 o'clock, arriving in Lawrence in time for the Horribles parade.

Regular trips to Lawrence at 10 and 12 a. m., 3, 5 and 7 p. m. Returning at 9 and 11 a. m., 2, 4 and 6 p. m.

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Have you ever thought how little it costs to accomplish a cure of any chronic disease with Drs. Pearson and Carroll? No drug bill to pay. No $3 to $5 visits to pay for. No expensive examinations to be charged extra. Three dollars a month covers everything. Suppose it takes five months—$15. How long could you take treatment with your family physician for $15, counting your drug bills? Drs. Pearson and Carroll are curing others; they can cure you. Why not go have a talk with them? It will cost you nothing for careful examination and professional advice. Can you afford to neglect your health when the cost of a cure is so slight? Don't abuse the choicest blessing of life. Don't allow disease to run on until it reaches an incurable stage. Don't put off this matter a single day. Start now and get rid of the trouble while the conditions are favorable.

STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

Mr. Garrison's Case Proves That the Cures Effected by Dr. Pearson Are Permanent.

Many will recall the announcement one year ago of the remarkable cure of Mr. Amos Garrison, of Tewksbury, after years of suffering from acute dyspepsia. His friends will be pleased and the public interested to hear that his cure has proved permanent and that he is still in excellent health.

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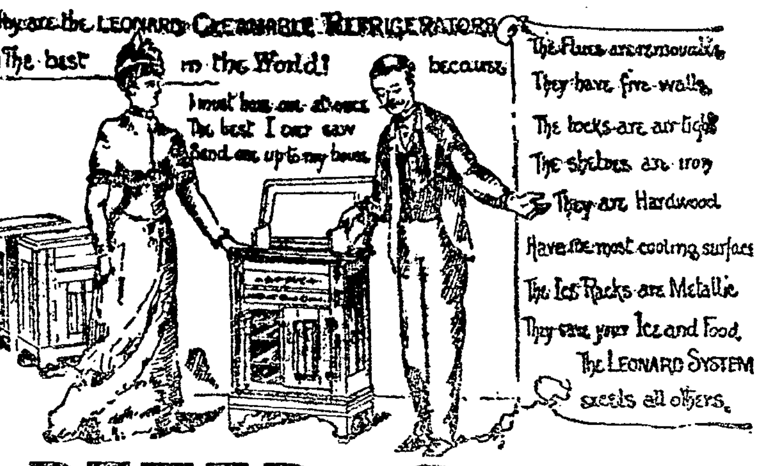

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24 doz. 12c. Leather Belts, now 5c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 15, now 12 1-2c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 25c., now 17c. each.
50 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs 3c. each, regular price 5c.
25 doz. Gent's Fancy Embroidered Suspenders, 15c. a pair, regular price 25c.
1 lot of Children's Sun Hats 10c. each, just half price.
Mosquito Netting, best quality, full measure, 37c. a piece, not 45c.
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57 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
8 18	8 02	8 30	9 12
8 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
9 25	9 35	9 05	10 15
9 50	9 40	10 00	11 35
55 00	10 35	10 45	11 59
9 50	10 40	11 30	12 02
11 05	12 05	1 00	1 55
511 42	12 45	2 00	2 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
2 10	3 23	3 30	4 40
52 02	4 45	4 20	5 37
4 21	5 30	5 00	5 44
56 35	6 30	5 25	6 27
5 40	6 50	6 50	7 05
56 28	7 15	6 15	7 18
56 52	8 33	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 22

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To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
57 18	8 00	4 00	5 35
57 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 55	9 50	5 45	7 57
9 16	10 10	5 40	5 55
56 25	6 52	7 30	8 10
56 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
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8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 05	11 43
10 07	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 33
2 35	3 50	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 20	5 05	6 19
5 40	6 45	6 00	7 07
6 35	8 05	6 35	7 45
9 25	10 30		

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 40	5 00	6 19
12 05	1 20	11 45	12 56
4 15	5 20	7 00	7 26
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

PLAYED OUT.

The idea that any kind of a paper will do for one cent, is played out. The reader who buys a real paper is entitled to his money's worth. We give it to you by printing the news, the whole news and nothing but the news.

THE FOSS bill has been killed by the senate. Try again, Mr. Mayor.

THE LEGISLATURE dies hard. Massachusetts is a wonderful place for legislative longevity.

THE SENATE bill is now complete and the question comes on its passage. All in favor say aye p.—q.

SENATOR HILL'S opposition to the income tax had no other effect than to solidify the democrats in its favor.

PRESIDENT CARNOT wished that he might be succeeded by Casimir Perier and by the irony of fate his wish has been fulfilled by his own assassination.

PRES. ELIOT took occasion on commencement day to compliment Mr. Greenhalge for killing the telephone bill. He likes to dwell upon the best deeds of some of his best graduates.

THE RETURNS made on statements in accordance with the statutes show that the cost of the state election in 1892 was a round half million dollars. How much of this was for legitimate work?

Governor Greenhalge must have had trouble with "Central" at some time or other.—Nashua Telegraph.

Yes Central wanted to use both ends of the line and be paid for so doing.

NEW ENGLAND would be satisfied, it seems, with a higher tariff on carpets than that proposed by the Wilson bill. Why not try the effect of free wool before making any other radical change in the woolen schedule?

LAWRENCEIANS getting ready a lot of red lemonade at 5 cents a glass for Lowell people on the Fourth. Do they imagine we're country folks going to a circus? We're used to something better than lemonade and peanuts.

THE NEW Meigs bill has been introduced in the senate and will be referred to the people of Boston. It is an improvement upon the original bill, and the use of the referendum will prove the best way of deciding the matter.

THE BELL Telephone company is to make another attempt to get that $30,000,000. The chief change in the new bill is that the stock is to be sold at auction. That bill should be killed also. The legislature ought to go home.

THE REMOVAL of the statue of Liberty on Monument square is one that concerns all citizens. Every citizen is interested in the sacred dust of Ladd and Whitney, the protomartyrs of the war, there entombed, but their memory is not honored by such a burlesque upon art.

MORE AND more as the days pass is Gov. Greenhalge praised for his veto of the Bell Telephone bill. It shows that he is not in favor of special legislation in favor of monopolies, and that he can be relied upon to protect the interests of the masses. His veto of the Telephone bill will be one of the brightest pages in the record of his administration.

IT IS well that some citizen of Lowell had the liberality to offer a irresite for the new normal school. The location may not be the best; but the offer is nevertheless to be appreciated. It is not often that any Lowell citizen shows so much public spirit. The great trouble with Lowell in this regard is, that the owners of her principal factories reside outside the city, and have no interest in her affairs further than their dividends are concerned.

EXCITING SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

The house of commons and the sycophants of royalty were shocked at the vigorous protest of Mr. Hardie, on Thursday, against the motion to offer congratulations to the queen on the birth of an heir to the duke of York. Mr. Hardie was unsparing in his denunciation of the tripperies of royalty. He was even more severe than Mr. Henry Labouchere in denouncing royal grants. It is but a short time since such expressions of opinion would be regarded as rank treason. But the world moves and gradually the thraldom of reigning dynasties is disappearing. They are steadily becoming more democratic.

IT IS not often that anybody feels disposed to drown a boy, but there are times and occasions in which the actions of the average urchin suggests that extreme penalty. There was such an occasion the other day, when a couple of urchins from sheer deviltry raised an alarm of a boy drowned, knowing it to be false, and gathered a crowd of rescuers to the scene. When divers failed to find any boy, they went to break the sad news to the drowned boy's parents. The mother heard the intelligence of her boy's death with strange complacency and then called her son "Johnny" who was supposed to be drowned, and he served as a living witness to the falsity of the report. The men who were deceived thought it was a pity that the boy who had fooled them had not been drowned instead of "Johnny."

It is all very well to talk about police corruption in New York and all that sort of thing. Bribery is very wicked where a policeman is concerned, but are the alleged respectable business men who bribed the police in order that they might violate the law, one whit better than the man who took the money?—Haverhill Gazette.

How's that? Suppose the whole list of witnesses who gave such detailed evidence to the Lexow committee would be adjudged guilty of a criminal offence. Jemmy wouldn't they howl when sentenced on their own statements. If those who offer bribes for the granting of liquor licenses are amenable to the law why not those who bribe policemen for connivance at violations of various laws? What a fix these people may find themselves in some day.

IT IS strange the circuit court should refuse naturalization papers to Japanese because they are, without exception, by far the most progressive of Asiatic tribes. They furthermore come here and copy the laws and institutions of the country; they copy our factories and bring Americans to Japan to establish industries. They are a better class of immigrants than many who come from Europe and it is rank injustice to put them under the Chinese ban. They are a 1000 years in advance of the Chinese. The naturalization act draws the line at the colored and on this ground the Japs are excluded. If any exception should be made or any modification in the provisions of the act, it should be in favor of allowing the Japanese to become citizens same as whites.

THE WEAVERS bill will become law but no new inspectors will be appointed to enforce its provisions.

NO CELEBRATION on the Fourth. Let everybody go to Lawrence.

LIONS AND TIGERS.

How They Differ In Strength, Quickness, Fierceness and Cunning.

It is the opinion of tamers that the tiger is more to be feared than the lion. One will kill a man with as much ease as the other, but the lion gives fair warning of his murderous intention by rushing at his victim with a roar whereas the tiger, true representative of the cat tribe, comes sneaking up with the semblance of an affectionate pur, only to set his fangs, with sudden spring, into the very life of his victim. The lion has somewhat greater muscular power than the tiger, but the latter has greater quickness. In intelligence they are about equal.

If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease, but if the lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction and were allowed to exert his strength in backing he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling. A lion springing through the air from a distance of six feet would knock down a horse or bullock with a single blow of his forearm, backed by the momentum of his 300 pounds weight.

A full grown lion in the jungles will jump 25 or 30 feet on the level from a running start. In captivity the same lion would clear a distance about half as great. A lion can jump over a fence 8 or 10 feet high, but not at a bound. He catches first with his fore legs and drags his body after him. I have repeatedly watched the lion Yellow Prince jump over the tigers with a bound which would have cleared an obstacle 4 or 5 feet above the floor. Tigers will jump a trifle higher than this. But of all wild animals the leopards are the greatest jumpers, being able to hurl their lithe and beautiful bodies, curled up almost into a ball, extraordinary heights. They bound with ease, for instance, from the floor of the cage so as to touch a ceiling 12 feet high.

For a short distance a lion or a tiger can outrun a man and can equal the speed of a fast horse, but they lose their wind at the end of half a mile at the most. They have little endurance and are remarkably weak in lung power. Their strength is the kind which is capable of a terrific effort for a short time. It would take six men to hold a lion down, even after his legs were tied so that he could not use his paws.—Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine.

Fluctuations.

"I understand there is no such sudden rising and falling in real estate in your section as there used to be."

"No, we haven't had a real smart earthquake in more than a year."—Detroit Tribune.

A SURGEON'S KNIFE

gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many disease formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that

RUPTURE or Breach, is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

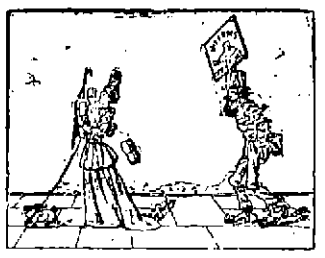
STONE in the bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

SUNBEAMS.

Misplaced Gallantry.

I.



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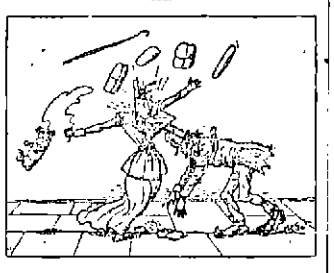

IV.

—Scribner's Magazine.

No Chance to Call Him.

Inquisitive people sometimes find satisfaction in catechising little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious bodies of Lockport recently fared:

"Hello, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as dad's," said the boy.

"What's your dad's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me to breakfast?"

"Why don't they?"

"'Cause I allus git there fust."—Quips.

WHERE IT WAS.

She Saved the $10, but Blobbs Didn't See It.

It was late when Mr. Blobbs got up yesterday morning, and he hustled around his bedroom like a wild man. When it came time to put on his trousers, he plunged into a wardrobe and pulled down all the garments that were on the hooks. Then he fell on his knees and pawed the pile over nervously. He handled every garment twice and did not find what he wanted. He swore three separate and distinct times and then shouted, "Mary!"

There was no reply. Blobbs poked his head out of the door and yelled again, "Mary!"

"What is it, dear?" asked some one at the rear end of the flat.

"Come here, and get a move on too."

Mrs. Blobbs came into the room. Her face was flushed from breakfast preparations and there was [illegible] soot on her nose.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Where's them gray pants of mine?"

"What gray pants?"

"Them gray ones that's been hanging in that closet for two months."

"Aren't they in there?"

"No; they ain't in there. Now, what have you done with them?"

"Were they gray, with a little red stripe in them?"

"You know well enough that they were. Don't stand there chewing about them any longer. Where are they?"

"Gray ones with red stripes," mused Mrs. Blobbs. "I'm sure I don't know—oh, yes, I do too. I traded them to a man for a lovely kettle."

"You what?" gasped Mr. Blobbs.

"Traded them for a kettle. You didn't want them, did you?"

Mr. Blobbs was so mad that he frothed at the mouth. He raved and shouted around the room. He kept this up for 10 minutes. Then he saw that Mrs. Blobbs didn't care and he tried other tactics. "I'm sorry you sold them," he said, "not because I needed them but because you did yourself an injury."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Blobbs interestedly.

"Why, I had $10 in one of the pockets of those pants that I was going to use to get you a birthday present next week. I kept it here so I would have no opportunity to spend it. Now aren't you sorry you sold the pants?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mrs. Blobbs sweetly, for she saw through the scheme immediately. "You see, I went through the pockets and found the money. I went shopping with it yesterday."

Do you wonder that Blobbs would not eat his breakfast?—Buffalo Express.

Dogs In War.

A very interesting history might be written of the part played by living creatures, other than human beings, in war. As far as we are aware, no convention or conference has pronounced either for or against this means of injuring an enemy. Where dogs are used as sentinels, or pigeons in carrying dispatches, the injury done by the dumb creatures is not direct. The service rendered to their own side may be no less great than that of the geese which saved the capital or of the dog which foiled Aurungzeb in his siege of Golconda and was rewarded with a golden collar, but in neither of these cases is the attack confided to bird or animal.

But dogs have been used, and by ourselves, to attack an enemy. The Celts used them, the Gauls used them, Columbus used them, Queen Elizabeth is said to have given Essex 400 fighting dogs for purposes of war, and late in the eighteenth century 100 bloodhounds were landed in Jamaica by our government to attack the Maroons. Fortunately it was destined that the disgrace of using them should be spared us, for the enemy, hearing of the dogs, surrendered without a blow.

Effectively as dogs may be trained to destroy human beings, it has been well said in this connection that, in the words of Pascal, "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connoist pas."—Saturday Review.

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AFRICA AND COLUMBUS.

But His Unwilling Listener Wasn't Interested.

In the waiting-room of the Fort Street depot the other afternoon there was a man with a satchel between his feet, who was nodding and napping and now and then almost jerking his hat off as his head bobbed forward or back. By and by an old man with a long goatee and a benign expression of countenance went over to him and slapped him on the knee and said:

"Stranger, I feel just like talkin with some one. How you ever been in Africa?"

"Did you hit me on the leg?" demanded the sleeper as he roused up.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll thank you to keep your paws off'n me. How dare you come over and hit me?"

"I jest teched you lightly to wake you up. Have you ever been in Africa?"

"Africa! Africa! None o' your business, sir! What right had you to come over here and paw me around?"

"I didn't paw! If you are so mighty particklar that a man can't tech you on the knee, you'd better git in a corner. How would anybody go to Africa from Detroit?"

"In a balloon, if he wanted to!" growled the man with the satchel as he rose up and took another seat.

"How far is it?" asked the old man as he followed him and stood before him.

"You go away from me, or there'll be a row!"

"Gittin mad, eh? That's the way with some folks. They can't even answer a civil question. I'm glad I haven't got to ask you fur a match or a chaw of terbacker. Why can't you answer a feller about Africa?"

"What in Texas do I know about Africa?" shouted the other.

"Hain't you never been there?"

"No, of course not."

"Waal, you needn't snap my head off! I've had a hundred different men ask me if I'd been in Africa, and I never got mad about it. It hain't agin a man that he was never in Africa. That country is a long ways off, and we can't git away from home every day in the week. I was jest a-wonderin about Columbus. Must have bin a joyful hour fur him when he diskivered America, eh?"

"What has Columbus got to do with me?" howled the touchy man.

"There you go agin! If I had your fat on me, I'd be afraid of the apoplexy. You'll git so mad you'll bust some day. What did Columbus have to do with you? That's a purty answer for a grown man to make."

"I want you to go away."

"Yes, I know, but I want to talk a little first. What was the date of the discovery of America?"

"I don't care when it was."

"You don't, eh? Perfectly indifferent as to whether America was discovered or not? Some men love their country and are willing to die fur her, while some others don't keer a continental whether they live in America or the cannibal islands.

"If you don't go away from me, I'll twist your old goatee!" said the man who had been pawed as he rose up and assumed a threatening attitude.

"Yes of course," replied the other. "Jest because we can't agree you want to do me bodily injury. Waal, I don't want no row and I'll go away. I don't want to talk to no man who don't want to talk to me. I could tell you more about Columbus in 10 minits than you have learned in 40 years, but you don't want to hear it. You want to go around wondering whether you belong to Kamchatka or the United States."

He went off and sat down, but presently returned to add:

"And, say, if I ever catch you in my town, I'll hop right on to you and lick you blind in two minits!"

Then he sat down, pulled an 1894 almanac from his coattail pocket and was soon deeply immersed in the moon's phases.—Detroit Free Press.

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1 lot of Children's Sun Hats 10c. each, just half price.
Mosquito Netting, best quality, full measure, 37c. a piece, not 45c.
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THE KAISER'S TREE.

Being a Story of the Love and Triumph of an Artist.

He Followed the Instructions of Good Kaiser Maximilian and Became the Inspired Carver of His Day—He Fulfilled His Oath and Won His Bride.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

It was in the year of grace 1511. Two men were crossing the turf of the quiet minster square in Breisach. One was somewhat advanced in years, with fine, aquiline nose, full blond beard verging on gray, and long hair that escaped in heavy locks from under a red velvet beretta. He walked with so majestic a tread that it was very evident he was no common man, but one on whose broad shoulders rested an invisible world. Handsome, tall and noble, he was indeed a king among men—a kaiser—a German kaiser from crown to toe. A poet, too, he was, and a hero in the true sense of the word—Anastasius Grün's "Last Knight," Maximilian I.

Here in Breisach—his city, as he called it—the kaiser escaped from all affairs of state, and here he wrote those tender letters to his daughter, Margaret, in the Netherlands. But in 1511 threatening clouds hung low and shadowed the kaiser's brow, for they presaged a storm that was to carry him away forever from the quiet spot of earth he loved so well. His eyes swept sadly over the bright landscape that lay at his feet. And suddenly turning to his companion he asked:

"Whose children are those?" pointing, as he spoke, to a niche in the wall where a boy and girl knelt and with great industry were planting a rosebush. The girl was about 8 years old and the boy some four years her senior, and so absorbed were they in their work that they did not hear the kaiser's approach. When he stood beside them, the boy looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, it is the kaiser!"

"What are you doing there?" asked Maximilian, his artist eye feeding the while upon the charming little pair.

"We are planting a rose tree to the dear God," said the lad fearlessly.

"And do you think the dear God will be much pleased?"

"It is the best we have," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

The kaiser smiled as he asked, "What is your name?"

"Hans Liefrink."

"And is the little girl your sister?"

"No; she is our little neighbor, Councilor Ruppacher's Maria."

"Ah, indeed! And you love each other very much?"

"Yes; when I grow up—and have a knife—I am going to marry her." The kaiser looked astonished.

"Must you have a knife to get married?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the lad. "Without a knife I cannot cut, and if I cannot cut I cannot earn money, and I must have a great deal to marry Mailie, because she is a councilor's daughter."

"But what will you cut?"

"I will cut wood."

"Ah, I understand now; you want to be a wood carver. Was that your father's art?"

"Yes. When I was little, I watched him carve, and now I want to learn myself, but father is dead, and mother cannot buy me a knife."

"Will this do?" And the kaiser drew a magnificent, many bladed one from his pocket.

The hot color rushed into the boy's face, and one could almost see his heart beat with joy through the little, coarse, torn shirt.

"Yes, yes," he stammered; "it is splendid!"

"It is yours. Be diligent with it," said the kaiser.

Hans took it timidly. "Thank you, very, very much," was all he could say, but a bright fire glowed in the dark eyes that showered sparks of love and gratitude upon the kaiser.

"Now you can go to Nuremberg."

"I should love to go there to Durer's, for I will never carve plates. I can't bear such flat work. I mean to carve figures that are natural and that one can take hold of."

"The genuine sculptor!" exclaimed the kaiser. "You are right, Hans Liefrink. Hold to what is natural, and you will never fail." He drew a leathern purse from his doublet, and handing it to the lad said: "Only have patience, Hans. Keep these guldens until you are old enough to travel, then go to Durer and tell him that as his sister once held the ladder for him so shall he hold it now for you, to mount as high as he. Will you promise me all this?"

"Yes, dear Herr Kaiser," cried Hans enthusiastically, and he took the kaiser's hand and kissed it in his sudden joy. "If I ever carve the dear God," he exclaimed, "I will make him look just like you."

"Farewell," laughed the kaiser as he strode down the mountain with his companion.

The boy stood as in a dream, while Mailie chewed a hole in her apron. A maid came in search of her, and to her Mailie told the story of the kaiser and the knife. It soon became the gossip of all Breisach. "Hans Liefrink was such a bold fellow. It was no marvel that he should have been prattling to the kaiser"—and every one wanted to see the wonderful knife and the contents of the leathern purse. But the latter Hans was prudent enough to show to no one.

* * * * * * *

Years passed. Hans Liefrink lost his mother, Mailie hers, and the orphan children were drawn closer together. In the evening after work Hans would break through the hedge that separated the gardens and would carve lovely figures for Mailie, such as no child in all Breisach possessed, and she listened in open eyed wonder and admiration while he told her of the wonderful pictures and wood carvings he had seen in the Freiburg cathedral. Whenever they could they ran up to the minster and watered the rose tree—the kaiser's tree, Hans had named it—and there they loved to linger, hoping always that their kind friend might come again. Often they called aloud, "Herr Kaiser, dear Herr Kaiser, come again," but the childish voices echoed and re-echoed in vain under the blue sky, and the kaiser came no more.

The little ones grew up, and the kaiser's tree grew with them, and they seemed more and more drawn to it and to each other, as though its tender roots had reached out silver threads of love into each heart and bound them close with ties that held them fast. But, alas! this one true friend was not strong enough to hold together what men would keep apart.

The lovely, stately Ruppacherin, the councilor's daughter, dared no longer be friendly with the poor woodcarver. Her father strongly forbade it and put a high wall between the two gardens, so that Hans and Mailie lost all chance of meeting save at the "kaiser's tree," and here but rarely when the minster was deserted.

But this only made the stream of love that coursed in their hearts overflow their lips, and one evening when Mailie had long been absent from the "kaiser's tree" Hans sang his first love song under her window that overlooked the little garden:

My heart is mine no longer.
'Tis stolen quite away
By a maiden, sweet and lovely,
Who listens to my lay.

There grows a slender rose tree
Within the minster's shade,
And under its fair branches
A sign of love is laid.

Early the next morning Mailie came to the rose tree and found a tiny golden heart hidd in the moist grass. She listened with sparkling eyes and burning cheeks to Hans' words of love and laid the tiny golden heart on her own fast beating one and swore never to let it go, while Hans, half mad with joy, cried, "Ah, if only the kaiser would come now," but the kaiser came no more.

The fall passed, winter came, and the young people saw each other more rarely than ever, but Hans often sang the song of the rose tree and many another, all telling of his love for Mailie, till at last her father noticed it and threatened her with his curse if she did not stop all intercourse with the "good for nothing artist."

So one day Hans and Mailie stood for the last time beside the rose tree they had planted many years before. Mailie had told Hans of her father's threat, and now she stood silent, her hand resting in his, while tears coursed slowly down her cheeks.

"Mailie, tell me that you do not think me such a worthless fellow."

Her blue eyes looked full into his brown ones, and a smile of love and trust crept over her face.

"No, Hans, indeed I do not. No one shall ever make me think that. They do not know you as I do. You have taught me all that I know that is great and beautiful. Your have molded me and made me what I am even as your artist hand forms an image from a shapeless piece of wood," and she took his strong hand and pressed it to her soft, warm lips, then folded her white fingers over his brown ones and added, "I will believe in you always, for you honor God with your art, and whoever does that cannot be evil."

"And will you be true to me, Mailie, till I have brought my art and myself to honor, and till I come back to claim you for my bride?"

"Yes, Hans, I will never leave my father's house but to go to you—or to the cloister. And if I should die before you come I will ask them to bury me here under the kaiser's tree, where we have been so happy. Then, if you come back and lie here in the sunshine to rest you from your toil and sorrow, every rose leaf that falls on you shall be a kiss from me," and she wept on his breast, their tired hearts beating against each other in the pain of parting, while the promise of spring—of buds and roses—pulsed and throbbed in the rose tree with the rising sap.

"Don't cry, Mailie," Hans said, trying to be strong. "I am going to Durer's, and when I have learned to do something of worth I will seek the kaiser and ask him to use his influence with your father."

"Oh, yes, if the dear kaiser would but come."

"He will certainly come, my love," said Hans, "for we will pray the good God to bring him to us—or me to him." They knelt together in the cool, damp grass, and it seemed to their trusting hearts that God must work a miracle and change the kaiser's tree into his own loved presence.

Suddenly the sound of the great minster bell smote upon their ears—full of forebodings, mournfully, slowly it tolled. People began to climb the hill that led to the church, and Hans ran to them with eager inquiry.

"Where have you been? Have you not heard that our kaiser is dead?"

The kaiser dead! Poor Hans stood as if turned to stone. Where were all his hopes now? He rested his burning brow against the cool stem of the rose tree and groaned aloud.

The knell had ceased, and all of nature was so still and dead it seemed as though spring and life could never come again. A light hand rested on his bowed head. Mailie had come to be his comforter.

"Oh, Mailie, the kaiser will never come again!"

"But God is with us," said Mailie softly. As she stood before Hans in her maiden purity and beauty the light of inspiration overspread his face, and he whispered low:

"Mailie, God is truly with us. He shows me now, as in a vision, the queen of heaven surrounded by holy angels, and if I can but carve all that he shows me I shall be great myself and need a kaiser's help no longer."

Next morning at daybreak Hans set out. As he passed Ruppacher's house loud and clear his voice rang out:

My heart is mine no longer.
'Tis stolen quite away.

Softly one of the lower windows was raised, and a white handkerchief waved a last farewell through the dusky light, the song went on, but the voice grew tremulous and uncertain—full of unshed tears—then ceased, and all was still once more.

Years passed and nothing was heard of Hans Liefrink, and no one thought of him save Mailie, in whose gentle, loving heart he was ever present and ever dear and who watched for him till at last hope was almost dead, and the roses faded in her cheeks, and a dumb sorrow looked out of the sweet blue eyes. Breisach was trembling for its old faith, and Duke Ferdinand, Kaiser Maximilian's nephew and successor, counseled her children to do all they could to strengthen the Catholic faith by means of votive offerings and ideal paintings and sculptures in their churches. The minster had long lacked a high altar worthy of it, and notices were sent broadcast bidding all German artists to send in their plans, that the best might be chosen and the work begun.

Mailie heard but little of all this, for she never went about among the people and lived alone in her little bay windowed room waiting for Hans to come. But she was growing weak and weary with waiting, and the eyes she turned toward the Christ that Hans had carved for her were often full of tears. Five long years had passed since she had seen him, when one evening

There grows a slender rose tree
Within the minster's shade,

echoed softly as a summer zephyr under her window. She sprang to the casement and looked out, but could see no one in the darkness. Love lent wings to her feet, and like an escaped bird she flew up the mountain side to the kaiser's tree, where two strong arms clasped her and held her close, while her head swam, and it seemed as if the waters of the Rhine were closing in about her. They held each other long in silent embrace, for true love needs no words to tell its depths. Hans was the first to speak.

"How pale you are, sweetheart! Are you ill?"

She shook her head, with a happy laugh. "Oh, no, not now. But you were gone so long. Why did you not come sooner?"

"I could not, little one. If I had come back a poor, unknown fellow, your father would have dismissed me again. So I staid and feasted my eyes on all the art treasures of the great cities and worked in Durer's studio till my name was mentioned with honor among his pupils, and I said to myself, 'Now you may woo the lovely Mailie.' And when I heard there was to be a new altar put in our minster I hastened here to make application, and if I am found worthy to do the work what can your father have against me then?"

Mailie shook her head doubtfully, but Hans was full of joy.

"How the kaiser's tree has grown!" he cried in wonder. "It seems to have taken all the warm blood out of your cheeks, its roses are so red. Give my love's roses back to her," he said, playfully brushing her cheek with a flower, but they were pale and white. "That is not good paint. Let us try this," and he pressed a kiss on her cheek. "Aye, that is better," he laughed, and laid her blushing face against his breast. "Bloom out, my little rose. The spring is almost here."

The next morning the usher of the high gabled town hall came into the council chamber with hesitating steps.

"Your honorable body will be graciously pleased to pardon, but there is one without who insists upon coming into your presence."

"Who is it?" asked the burgomaster.

"It is Hans Liefrink," said the usher, "but so much changed I hardly knew him. He wants to compete for the new altar and submit his plans."

"What should we have to do with such a scapegrace as he? Let him go back where he came from," was the decision. "We want no such bunglers as he."

The kindly old messenger left the room, with a somewhat crestfallen air, but returned almost immediately, bringing a paper of draftings with him, which he presented with many bows and apologies.

"Liefrink begs you will examine these, your worships, and you can inquire of Durer, in Nuremberg, as to his ability."

"If the fellow don't take himself off we will have the jailor after him," cried Ruppacher, in a rage.

"Softly, softly, Master Ruppacher; the draft represents the coming of the Mother of God in heaven and is right fancifully thought out, it seems to me."

"But to imagine a thing is much easier than to do it. Liefrink never could do such a thing," said one of the councilors. Besides, it was simply ridiculous to give such a work into the hands of a Breisacher child, whom some had even looked askance upon. So Hans was summarily dismissed.

The authorities finally decided to send their plans to Albrecht Durer and to let him be their judge. And at the same time with the letter from the council went a letter from Hans to his great teacher and good friend.

Weeks slipped by in alternate anxiety and sweet stolen happiness for the lovers. They met as formerly at the kaiser's tree, for the struggles of 1524 drew Ruppacher's attention from his daughter, and Mailie grew bright and rosy in this springtime of love. At last Durer's answer came, but who can describe the amazement of the council when it was found that the letter contained Hans Liefrink's despised plan and these words, "I can recommend nothing more beautiful than this plan of my friend and pupil, Hans Liefrink, whose ability to execute it I fully guarantee."

A half hour later a crowd of people pressed up the narrow street and stopped before Hans Liefrink's little house. He came to the door, and to his astonishment saw a deputation from the council, one of whom stepped up and told him with great pomp that his plan had been approved by Durer and he had been chosen by the council to execute the high altar for the minster.

Hans clapped his hands for joy. Was it really true or only a beautiful dream? When the deputation had departed, he hastened over to Ruppacher's, for this was his time to speak.

Mailie opened the door for him—a low cry of happy fright, a quick kiss—and she disappeared into her own room, where, with bearing heart, she sank before her crucifix and implored the blessed Virgin's help. Hans stepped fearlessly into Ruppacher's presence, who cried, with flaming eyes:

"What do you want?"

"Herr Ruppacher, I know an honest man who loves your daughter and who would marry her, and I want to bring him to you."

"So—and who may he be?"

"Myself, Herr Councilor."

"You! Did any one ever hear such impudence. The beggar dares"——

"Herr Councilor," Hans cried out, "I never was a beggar. My father was poor, but he supported us with his wood carving, and after his death my mother took care of herself and me by the honest labor of her hands. The only things I ever received in my life were the knife and the purse from Kaiser Max, and those I did not beg—he gave them to a poor boy in whom he recognized an aspiration for better things. I have worked hard with the knife and educated myself with the money, and both have yielded me good interest. I am no beggar, Herr Councilor, and for the next two years the commission I have just received will enable me to abundantly provide for a wife."

"Two years, and what then?" sneered Ruppacher.

"Then new commissions will come!"

"Oh, you think you are something fine, no doubt, but you belong to a race of star gazers and loafers, who do nothing but spin dreams and are too lazy to work."

Hans was burning with indignation, but he controlled himself for Mailie's sake and only said:

"A kaiser held the ladder for Albrecht Durer—the ladder on which he painted—and a town councilor of Breisach, whose dust will soon be scattered to the winds, insults his best loved pupil. There I tasted all the honor of my reputation. Here I must be insulted and trampled upon!"

"Then go back to your honor! Why did you come here with your silly art?"

"Because I love your daughter so truly that no sacrifice is too great to be made for her, and because I want her for my wife."

"Well, then I will tell you that you are as likely to marry a wife as far above you as my daughter is as you are to build an altar in the minster higher than the minster itself."

"Is that all you have to say, Herr Councilor?"

He laughed contemptously. "Carve an altar that is higher than the church in which it stands, and you shall have my daughter—not before—so help me God!"

A piteous cry came from the next room. Ruppacher opened the door. Mailie lay unconscious before the crucifix. Hans hastened to her, but the angry man raised his hand against him. For a moment it seemed to him that the sacred knife must leap from his pocket, but he struggled with himself and rushed out of the house, up the hill to the minster, to his friend, the "kaiser's tree."

It was a perfect noonday. A cloudless sky arched the shadowless earth. The castle of Sponeck was outlined against a background of gold, like some fairy palace, and the Rhine broke in foaming surf on her steep rocks. He could never win Mailie now, no one could help him, not even Kaiser Max, if he should come back from the grave, for had not Ruppacher sworn a terrible oath that he should never have her till he had made an altar higher than the church?

Suddenly something struck him sharply on the back. He started and turned quickly, but it was only the little rose tree that had at last, by its own strength, broken forth from the niche where Mailie's hand had bound it, and in escaping had struck him as if in greeting. There it stood tall and straight, and he saw for the first time how much higher it was than the niche in which it grew. Quick as lightning a thought shot through his tired brain. A moment of reflection—a cry of triumph—then he fell on his knees in joyful thanksgiving. "Lord God, thou art great, even in thy small things, and thy wonders never cease!" What was it that the little tree had taught him? What was it that made him kiss its rough bark in a wild transport of joy?

* * * * * * *

Hans saw Mailie no more. Her father had sent her to the convent at Marienau, yet her prison walls were not so strong but that a song, a greeting, from Hans sometimes reached her. He, too, lived like a hermit in his cell, working from early dawn till the last faint streaks of light tinged the western sky. Curiosity ran high, but every request to see his work received the same answer: "That was not included in the contract. They must wait." At last, after two years of patient labor, he declared the work done, and three days later, on the Feast of the Assumption, the new altar was to be dedicated. Great was the excitement, and that morning an unusual crowd of worshipers climbed the minster hill. The doors were opened, the crowd streamed in and a cry of surprise wonder and admiration echoed through the church. The altar lay in the full rays of the morning sun, and the whole glorious vision stood out before their eyes in perfect rounded forms. In the center was the blessed Mother, with her arms crossed over her bosom and head meekly bowed to receive the crown that God the Father and God the Son held above her. A storm of joy seemed sweeping through heaven that stirred the locks and garments of the celestial choir chanting "Alleluiah." Was it possible that this could be hard, unyielding wood? And the simple country folk, who had never before seen anything so beautiful, stood in childlike awe and silent wonder. When the service was over, all pressed forward to see the master of the great work. He came from behind the altar, modest and deeply moved, but so handsome and so full of unconscious pride that every eye hung on him in admiration. One by one the members of the council shook him heartily by the hand, all but Ruppacher, who leaned glowering against a pillar. Mailie was with him. She had left the convent for this festival, and stood beside him, a holy light in her sweet, pale face.

"Is not the Ruppacherin like the blessed mother of God?" whispered one in the crowd.

"And God the Father is like Kaiser Max," said an old man. "'Tis his face exactly."

Like a train of fire, it ran through the crowd that Liefrink had put Mailie Ruppacher and Kaiser Max in his work.

"Yes, dear friends," said Hans quietly, "you are right, and I have done it because I know of nothing in the world more beautiful and good than the Ruppacherin and our dear dead kaiser."

"Well said! He is right," was heard on all sides. Now Hans went fearlessly to where Ruppacher stood.

"Herr Ruppacher," he said, "two years ago you promised me your daughter for my wife when I should have fulfilled a strange condition made by you. I was to build an altar higher than the church—an impossible thing you thought—but look up, Master Ruppacher, the altar is a foot higher than the place in which it stands. I have only bent the top."

The councilor looked up and grew pale. He had not thought of that. A moment of applause ran through the crowd.

"I have done my part, Herr Councilor. Now do yours and give me your daughter for my wife."

Ruppacher tottered as if struck by a heavy blow. Hans had taken him at his word, and he was not the man to trifle with his oath. He took Mailie's hand and placed it in her lover's.

Three weeks later Hans and Mailie were betrothed before the altar. Breisach had never seen so magnificent an affair, and Father Ruppacher was no longer so testy as one might think, for he had now more respect for the worthless art of his son-in-law.—Adapted From the German of Wilhelmine von Hillern For Short Stories.

There Was No Hurry.

Barber—I am sorry dere vos so many ahead of you, sir.

Greene Gates—Oh, that's all right. I've got plenty of time. My wife and I are going out tonight, and she was just getting ready to adjust her bonnet as I left the house.—Brandon Backsaw.

Praiseworthy.

"How do you like your new watchdog?"

Bragg—He's first class. The least little noise attracts his notice, and instead of barking like most dogs he just crawls under the bed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cautious.

She had kissed the baby for the last time until she returned and then kissed him again. She had carefully locked every door in the house and all the windows. She had turned the gas to the exact point at which it was to be left until her return. She had attended to the furnace and warned Bridget not to meddle with it for fear of fire. She had explained to that functionary the use of the burglar alarm, the fire alarm and the watchman's rattle. She had put the canary and dog in the cellar and had wrapped a newspaper around the canary's cage. She had cast a gossamer over her new sealskin sacque, although it was starlight, because as she informed her husband, "She never expected to get another one—they would end in the poorhouse she knew." And then she was ready.

She locked the inside door and tried it.

Then she locked the outside door and tried it.

Then she opened the outside door and tried the inside door again.

Then she locked the outside door again, tried it, and they started.

They had proceeded two blocks, and her husband had almost forgotten his craving for a good round swear, when she suddenly stopped.

"John," she said, "I must go back and tell Bridget to be sure not to wake the baby up unless he wakes himself."—Life.

Retrogression.

Talkum—Professor Garner says that monkeys do not actually converse, but confine themselves to single remarks on matters of importance.

Thinkum—Dear me! How man has degenerated!—New York Weekly.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

A CLOSE CALL FOR AN ADVENTURE ON A RAILROAD.

Mysterious Bumping and Jolting That Bothered the Passengers—A Man Hunt in the Woods—The Long Conductor and His Murderous Weapon.

There are adventures and adventures. This one is the mildest of adventures—a parlor adventure, a schoolgirl adventure, an adventure to be taken at breakfast along with oatmeal and other ingenious imitations of food. But adventures can't be ordered like roast beef and pie at a restaurant, but must be taken as they come, like the weather.

The train was hurrying along close to the river, smoothly and quietly enough, with only an occasional flourish of the whistle or irruption of the trainboy selling "John Smith, Backslider," "Peter Brown, Greenlander," "Polly Perkins, Woman," "Hollow Minds, Novelist," or some other stirring work of contemporaneous fiction. No one was thinking of danger, as is always the case just before an adventure—indeed the time was ripe for an adventure of magnitude, such as they used to have many years ago or still have many miles away, but it didn't come, for we live in fallen days and in an evil quarter of the earth.

Nevertheless as we glided along the train began to hump and jolt in an alarming manner. Then it went smoothly enough again for a little way; then again it had a spasm of jolting and pitching about as if it were a Fifth avenue stage or some such athletic apparatus rather than a vehicle.

"Broken rail," said one foolish man.

"Off on the ties," said another weak fellow.

Then all was quiet again, followed by more humps.

"This seems to be the corduroy line," said the foolish man.

"There are pieces broken out of the wheels," said the weak fellow. "I saw them when I got on. They look like broken nosed pitchers."

"Then why doesn't it jolt all the time?" asked the foolish man, which broke up the friendship and made them enemies.

But the train went on, and for half an hour continued to have occasional paroxysms of jolting. Then it came to a little station, which consisted of a platform and a dog, and stopped. Three men—evident scoundrels, self heralding enemies of society—were seen running from the train along a little stream toward the woods, with a half dozen of the trainmen close behind. Then there was a struggle among the bushes, and shocking bad language, and the noble trainmen came back with one of the desperadoes and put him in the baggage car with the trunks, while the other two men ran away and disappeared in the underbrush.

But our blood was up, and we held the train and had a man hunt. The bellcord was taken out and all hands mustered, except the baggage master and the porter of the sleeping car, which latter individual staid at his post of duty, "sah, gua'ding the property of the passengahs, sah." The forces were marshaled under the train conductor, a man whom nature had found so ductile that she had drawn him out to such an extent that the thought occurred that if the bellcord was lost he could be put up in its place. So leaving those two desperate men in the baggage car—that is, the train robber and the baggage master—our forces set out, the conductor, with the bell rope over his shoulder, presenting the exact appearance of a bamboo fishpole and line, at the head of the company.

For the next half hour there was a dodging in and out of men among the bushes and small trees of a 100 acre field beside the train. At last the men were surrounded on a little patch of turf near the stream. The train hands closed in, the conductor waving like a reed at the front. Then there was another struggle, and the chief bent like a weeping willow, wound his arms half a dozen times around one of the men and held him, while the other knocked down a brakeman, kicked the engineer in the stomach and again ran off. The more substantial bellcord was substituted for the arms of the conductor, and the prisoner was brought in and put into the baggage car with the other outlaw.

Once more the army moved. This time the conductor had reached down and borrowed a revolver from a passenger, a little nickel plated, pocket popgun affair, intended perhaps for defense against Jersey mosquitoes, but in no way designed for hunting that noble animal—man. But he took it up with him, and they were off. More dodging, running, deploying, shouting, and again the hardened individual was surrounded. He seemed to have become tired of the game, and now produced a long knife. The men paused and took astronomical observations of the upper end of the conductor. He was clearly seen to produce the pistol, and then, floating down through the still evening air, there came, one after the other, six times, a peevish pop, which indicated that the thing was going off. He might as well have held up a nickel plated clock and allowed it to strike 6. With a derisive laugh, which was quite the proper thing, the outlaw turned, flourished his knife and ran away across the open field toward the river. The men came back, the passenger who owned the revolver fastened it to his watch chain, a half dozen young lady bicyclists who had been watching the proceedings flopped themselves onto their machines and rolled away, the train started, and we, too, rolled away, taking our prisoners with us.

In a little while the conductor came back into the sleeper to wash off the smoke of battle. It seems that the three men had boarded the train some time during the afternoon, getting on the rear of the tender. As the observing traveler knows, there is situated here a long box in which is kept various overgrown tools for repairs, such as a 10 pound monkey wrench, an absurd hammer, extra coupling links and pins, some chain with links like sausages and similar things. It appears that this box was not locked, and these amiable tourists had amused themselves by dropping out these articles on the rails, their intention evidently being to throw the following cars off the track. Asked as to his opinion of the object which the men had in view in wrecking the train, the conductor leaned down near his questioner, while he wiped each finger repeatedly with a furious twisting motion, as if trying to unscrew it from the hand, and hissed the one word, "Blunder!"

So it was not much of an adventure, but it might have been.—New York Tribune.

Twelve thousand infants are annually received at a foundling asylum in Moscow. The boys are trained for the navy.

No Better.

"Henry, I have something to say to you."

"Go ahead, my dear. I am all ears."

"I know you are, but that doesn't alter matters at all."—Harper's Bazar.

It Would Be Necessary.

Friend—Do you think you will marry a rich girl?

Poet—I'll have to if I keep on in this business.—Life.

TURGENEFF'S MOTHER.

A Female Counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. Her Treatment of Her Serfs.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, who has frequently confessed his great admiraton for Ivan Turgeneff, and who has written charmingly of his intimate friendship with the novelist, gives an entertaining account of the latter's mother in The Century. His life was clouded, Mr. Boyesen believes, by an unhappy childhood and by the tyranny and abuse of his mother. Turgeneff referred to his mother but twice in the presence of Mr. Boyesen, once when he declared that she was the typical noble lady of Russia, and afterward when he said: "The utter irresponsibility of the master in his intercourse with the serf has the most detrimental effect upon character—as I saw exemplified in the case of my own mother."

Mr. Boyesen writes:

"I concluded from this that his mother had been a hard and tyrannical woman, and that he was unable to cherish her memory. But never did I dream, until his sister's narration fell into my hands, that she was the female counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. She delighted in the most arbitrary exercise of power, and from sheer ennui tormented every one who came within the reach of her authority. She had herself been cruelly maltreated in her childhood—nay, she had been direfully insulted by her stepfather and compelled in consequence to flee from home and seek refuge with a relative. By the death of her uncle, Ivan Loutovinoff, she inherited an immense fortune, on the receipt of which she characteristically remarked, 'Now I can do anything I like' ('Maintenant, je peux tout'). Among the many suitors who competed for her favor, she chose for a husband Serglus Nicolaevitch Turgeneff because of his extraordinary beauty. She established herself in princely opulence on her estate of Spasskoe, and as she was determined upon keeping the reins of authority in her own hands her husband thought it wiser to indulge her caprices and refrain as far as possible from interfering with her wishes. Probably he had by this time discovered with whom he had to deal. He was too prudent a man to provoke a quarrel with a woman of so formidable a temperament.

"It was, in fact, not only he whom she governed, but she insisted upon regulating the affairs of every one who approached her or entered into any sort of relation with her, however remote. Her autocratic will did not tolerate even a suspicion of criticism, far less opposition, and the devices she hit upon for humiliating those who manifested what she regarded as a spirit of insubordination were worthy of her imperial prototype Catherine, miscalled the Great. When her daughter was ill with typhoid fever, she gave the physician, who was a highly educated serf, the choice between a complete exile and Siberia. A favorite serf, whom it pleased her from sheer caprice to persecute, she degraded from the position of a waiter to that of a field laborer and made him exchange his fine livery for the coarse garb of a peasant. Her major domo, Paliakoff, she assaulted in a fit of uncontrollable fury with a crutch and would have killed him if her brother-in-law had not interfered. She separated him from his wife and children, to whom he was warmly devoted, and exercised a diabolical ingenuity in devising new tortures for the unhappy man. His offense was that he had out of love for his young master, Nicholas Turgeneff, deceived her regarding the latter's relation to a certain beautiful German governess with whom Nicholas was deeply in love and whom he had secretly married."

A Lost Novel.

A good many years ago a historical novel by Mr. Hoffman was announced as soon to apper under the title of "The Red Spur of Ramapo." But the book never was published, and the cause of its nonappearance may well be set down among the calamities which befall authors.

Mr. Hoffman had been employed more than six months upon his romance. He had taken unusual care in its composition, and an eminent book publisher had contracted with him for the copyright. The novel was nearly completed, the public was talking about it and romance readers were anticipating a treat. The author, as he wrote it, placed the manuscript sheets in a large portfolio by the side of his writing table, so that none of them should be lost. One day, on looking into his literary subtreasury, he discovered to his astonishment and dismay that only a few sheets of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" were to be found.

Not many men could have acted so calmly as did the author of "Greyslaer" on this occasion and as the great Newton is reported to have done on a similar one.

He called the chambermaid who had been intrusted with the care of his room and said:

"Mary, have you ever taken any papers from this place?"

"Sure, it's mesiff that has, sorr," she replied with perfect frankness.

"For what purpose did you take them?" inquired the author, with a sinking heart.

"Sure, sorr, to kindle the foire," replied the guileless Mary, "an many's the toime Oi've thought how good ye was to put 'em there for me."

"And how long have you been in the habit of taking papers from this place?" groaned the poor author.

"Oi couldn't say jist how long, sorr," murmured Mary, seeing at last that something was amiss, "but Oi niver misthrusted there was any good to 'em, for they was all scribbled over, sorr."

And with sobs and wild protestations of sorrow the destroyer of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" fled from the room, leaving the afflicted author to console himself for his loss as best he might.—Youth's Companion.

Spiders' Threads.

Some interesting experiments were made last summer on spiders' threads. A thread having been obtained, one end was carefully fixed with gum to a support, and to the other end small weights were gradually attached till it broke. In order to compare from these tests the strength of the thread with, say, steel thread of the same thickness, it was necessary to determine its diameter. This was done by means of a powerful microscope, and it was found that it would require 25,000 threads to make a sheet an inch broad.

When it is remembered that each of these threads is composed of some 4,000 strands the tenuity is seen to be almost inconceivable, as it would require 100,000,000 to make an inch. As a result of these tests it was found, incredible as it may seem, that spiders' thread is, thickness for thickness, actually stronger than cast iron, nearly as strong as copper, gold, platinum, silver, and about one-fifth as strong as steel. It may not be generally known that spiders' threads are used to support small weights in several delicate scientific instruments, and for this purpose they are much more suitable than any other material.—Chambers' Journal.

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THE KAISER'S TREE.

Being a Story of the Love and Triumph of an Artist.

He Followed the Instructions of Good Kaiser Maximilian and Became the Inspired Carver of His Day—He Fulfilled His Oath and Won His Bride.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

It was in the year of grace 1511. Two men were crossing the turf of the quiet minster square in Breisach. One was somewhat advanced in years, with fine, aquiline nose, full blond beard verging on gray, and long hair that escaped in heavy locks from under a red velvet beretta. He walked with so majestic a tread that it was very evident he was no common man, but one on whose broad shoulders rested an invisible world. Handsome, tall and noble, he was indeed a king among men—a kaiser—a German kaiser from crown to toe. A poet, too, he was, and a hero in the true sense of the word—Anastasius Grun's "Last Knight," Maximilian I.

Here in Breisach—his city, as he called it—the kaiser escaped from all affairs of state, and here he wrote those tender letters to his daughter, Margaret, in the Netherlands. But in 1511 threatening clouds hung low and shadowed the kaiser's brow, for they presaged a storm that was to carry him away forever from the quiet spot of earth he loved so well. His eyes swept sadly over the bright landscape that lay at his feet. And suddenly turning to his companion he asked:

"Whose children are those?" pointing, as he spoke, to a niche in the wall where a boy and girl knelt and with great industry were planting a rosebush. The girl was about 8 years old and the boy some four years her senior, and so absorbed were they in their work that they did not hear the kaiser's approach. When he stood beside them, the boy looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, it is the kaiser!"

"What are you doing there?" asked Maximilian, his artist eye feeding the while upon the charming little group.

"We are planting a rose tree to the dear God," said the lad fearlessly.

"And do you think the dear God will be much pleased?"

"It is the best we have," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

The kaiser smiled as he asked, "What is your name?"

"Hans Liefrink."

"And is the little girl your sister?"

"No; she is our little neighbor, Councillor Ruppacher's Marie."

"Ah, indeed! And you love each other very much?"

"Yes; when I grow up—and have a knife—I am going to marry her." The kaiser looked astonished.

"Must you have a knife to get married?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the lad. "Without a knife I cannot cut, and if I cannot cut I cannot earn money, and I must have a great deal to marry Mailie, because she is a councillor's daughter."

"But what will you cut?"

"I will cut wood."

"Ah, I understand now; you want to be a wood carver. Was that your father's art?"

"Yes. When I was little, I watched him carve, and now I want to learn myself, but father is dead, and mother cannot buy me a knife."

"Will this do?" And the kaiser drew a magnificent, many bladed one from his pocket.

The hot color rushed into the boy's face, and one could almost see his heart beat with joy through the little, coarse, torn shirt.

"Yes, yes," he stammered; "it is splendid!"

"It is yours. Be diligent with it," said the kaiser.

Hans took it timidly. "Thank you, very, very much," was all he could say, but a bright fire glowed in the dark eyes that showered sparks of love and gratitude upon the kaiser.

"Now you can go to Nuremberg."

"I should love to go there to Durer's, for I will never carve plates. I can't bear such flat work. I mean to carve figures that are natural and that one can take hold of."

"The genuine sculptor!" exclaimed the kaiser. "You are right, Hans Liefrink. Hold to what is natural, and you will never fail." He drew a leathern purse from his doublet, and handing it to the lad said: "Only have patience, Hans. Keep these guilders until you are old enough to travel, then go to Durer and tell him that as his sister once held the ladder for him so shall he hold it now for you, to mount as high as he. Will you promise me all this?"

"Yes, dear Herr Kaiser," cried Hans enthusiastically, and he took the kaiser's hand and kissed it in his sudden joy. "If I ever carve the dear God," he exclaimed, "I will make Him look just like you."

"Farewell," laughed the kaiser as he strode down the mountain with his companion.

The boy stood as in a dream, while Mailie chewed a hole in her apron. A maid came in search of her, and to her Mailie told the story of the kaiser and the knife. It soon became the gossip of all Breisach. "Hans Liefrink was such a bold fellow. It was no marvel that he should have been praising to the kaiser"—and every one wanted to see the wonderful knife and the contents of the leathern purse. But the lucky Hans was prudent enough to show to no one.

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Years passed. Hans Liefrink lost his mother, Mailie hers, and the orphan children were drawn closer together. In the evening after work Hans would peep through the hedge that separated the gardens and would carve lovely figures for Mailie, such as no child in all Breisach possessed, and she listened in open eyed wonder and admiration while he told her of the wonderful pictures and wood carvings he had seen in the Freiburg cathedral. Whenever they could they ran up to the minster and watered the rose tree—the kaiser's tree, Hans had named it—and there they loved to linger, hoping always that their kind friend might come again. Often they called aloud, "Herr Kaiser, dear Herr Kaiser, come again," but the childish voices echoed and re-echoed in vain under the blue sky, and the kaiser came no more.

The little ones grew up, and the kaiser's tree grew with them, and they seemed more and more drawn to it and to each other, as though its tender roots had reached out silver threads of love into each heart and bound them close with ties that held them fast. But, alas! this one true friend was not strong enough to hold together what men would keep apart.

The lovely, stately Ruppacherin, the councillor's daughter, dared no longer be friendly with the poor woodcarver. Her father strongly forbade it and put a high wall between the two gardens, so that Hans and Mailie lost all chance of meeting save at the "kaiser's tree," and here but rarely when the minster was deserted.

But this only made the stream of love that coursed in their hearts overflow their lips, and one evening when Mailie had long been absent from the "kaiser's tree" Hans sang his first love song under her window that overlooked the little garden:

My heart is mine no longer.
'Tis stolen quite away
By a maiden, sweet and lovely,
Who listens to my lay.

There grows a slender rose tree
Within the minster's shade,
And underneath its branches
A sign of love is laid.

Early the next morning Mailie came to the rose tree and found a clay golden heart hidden in the moist grass. She listened with sparkling eyes and burning cheeks to Hans' words of love and laid the tiny golden heart on her own fast beating one and swore never to let it go, while Hans, half mad with joy, cried, "Ah, if only the kaiser would come now," but the kaiser came no more.

The fall passed, winter came, and the young people saw each other more rarely than ever, but Hans often sang the song of the rose tree and many another, all telling of his love for Mailie, till at last her father noticed it and threatened her with his curse if she did not stop all intercourse with the "good for nothing artist."

So one day Hans and Mailie stood for the last time beside the rose tree they had planted many years before. Mailie had told Hans of her father's threat, and now she stood silent, her hand resting in his, while tears coursed slowly down her cheeks.

"Mailie, tell me that you do not think me such a worthless fellow."

Her blue eyes looked full into his brown ones, and a smile of love and trust crept over her face.

"No, Hans, indeed I do not. No one shall ever make me think that. They do not know you as I do. You have taught me all that I know that is great and beautiful. Your love molded me and made me what I am even as your artist hand forms an image from a shapeless piece of wood," and she took his strong hand and pressed it to her soft, warm lips, then folded her white fingers over his brown ones and added, "I will believe in you always, for you honor God with your art, and whoever does that cannot be evil."

"And will you be true to me, Mailie, till I have brought my art and myself to honor, and till I come back to claim you for my bride?"

"Yes, Hans, I will never leave my father's house but to go to you—or to the cloister. And if I should die before you come I will ask them to bury me here under the kaiser's tree, where we have been so happy. Then, if you come back and lie here in the sunshine to rest you from your toil and sorrow, every rose leaf that falls on you shall be a kiss from me," and she wept on his breast, their tired hearts beating against each other in the pain of parting, while the promise of spring—of buds and roses—pulsed and throbbed in the rose tree with the rising sap.

"Don't cry, Mailie," Hans said, trying to be strong. "I am going to Durer's, and when I have learned to do something of worth I will seek the kaiser and ask him to use his influence with your father."

"Oh, yes, if the dear kaiser would but come."

"He will certainly come, my love," said Hans, "for we will pray the good God to bring him to us—or me to him." They knelt together in the cool, damp grass, and it seemed to their trusting hearts that God must work a miracle and change the kaiser's tree into his own loved presence.

Suddenly the sound of the great minster bell smote upon their ears—full of forebodings, mournfully, slowly it tolled. People began to climb the hill that led to the church, and Hans ran to them with eager inquiry.

"Where have you been? Have you not heard that our kaiser is dead?"

The kaiser dead! Poor Hans stood as if turned to stone. Where were all his hopes now? He rested his burning brow against the cool stem of the rose tree and groaned aloud.

The knell had ceased, and all of nature was so still and dead it seemed as though sorrow and life could never come again. A light hand rested on his bowed head. Mailie had come to be his comforter.

"Oh, Mailie, the kaiser will never come again!"

"But God is with us," said Mailie softly. As she stood before Hans in her maiden purity and beauty the light of inspiration overspread his face, and he whispered low:

"Mailie, God is truly with us. He shows me now, as in a vision, the queen of heaven surrounded by holy angels, and if I can but carve all that he shows me I shall be great myself and need a kaiser's help no longer."

Next morning at daybreak Hans set out. As he passed Ruppacher's house loud and clear his voice rang out:

My heart is mine no longer.
'Tis stolen quite away.

Softly one of the lower windows was raised, and a white handkerchief waved a last farewell through the dusky light, the song went on, but the voice grew trembling and murmuring—full of unshed tears—then ceased, and all was still once more.

Years passed and nothing was heard of Hans Liefrink, and no one thought of him save Mailie, in whose gentle, loving heart he was ever present and ever dear and who watched for him till at last hope was almost dead, and the roses faded in her cheeks, and a dumb sorrow looked out of the sweet blue eyes. Breisach was trembling for its old faith, and Duke Ferdinand, Kaiser Maximilian's nephew and successor, counseled her children to do all they could to strengthen the Catholic faith by means of votive offerings and ideal paintings and sculptures in their churches. The minster had long lacked a high altar worthy of it, and notices were sent broadcast bidding all German artists to send in their plans, that the best might be chosen and the work begun.

Mailie heard but little of all this, for she never went about among the people and lived alone in her little bay windowed room waiting for Hans to come. But she was growing weak and weary with waiting, and the eyes she turned toward the Christ that Hans had carved for her were often full of tears. Five long years had passed since she had seen him, when one evening

There grows a slender rose tree
Within the minster's shade.

echoed softly as a summer zephyr under her window. She sprang to the casement and looked out, but could see no one in the darkness. Love lent wings to her feet, and like an escaped bird she flew up the mountain side to the kaiser's tree, where two strong arms clasped her and held her close, while her head swam, and it seemed as if the waters of the Rhine were closing in about her. They held each other long in silent embrace, for true love needs no words to tell its depths. Hans was the first to speak.

"How pale you are, sweetheart! Are you ill?"

She shook her head, with a happy laugh. "Oh, no, not now. But you were gone so long. Why did you not come sooner?"

"I could not, little one. If I had come back a poor, unknown fellow, your father would have dismissed me again. So I staid and feasted my eyes on all the art treasures of the great cities and worked in Durer's studio till my name was mentioned with honor among his pupils, and I said to myself, 'Now you may woo the lovely Mailie.' And when I heard there was to be a new altar put in our minster I hastened here to make application, and if I am found worthy to do the work what can your father have against me then?"

Mailie shook her head doubtfully, but Hans was full of joy.

"How the kaiser's tree has grown!" he cried in wonder. "It seems to have taken all the warm blood out of your cheeks, its roses are so red. Give my love's roses back to her," he said, playfully brushing her cheek with a flower, but they were pale and white. "That is not good paint. Let us try this," and he pressed a kiss on her cheek. "Aye, that is better," he laughed, and laid her blushing face against his breast. "Bloom out, my little rose. The spring is almost here."

The next morning the usher of the high gabled town hall came into the council chamber with hesitating steps.

"Your honorable body will be graciously pleased to pardon, but there is one without who insists upon coming into your presence."

"Who is it?" asked the burgomaster.

"It is Hans Liefrink," said the usher, "but so much changed I hardly knew him. He wants to compete for the new altar and submit his plans."

"What should we have to do with such a scapegrace as he? Let him go back whence he came from," was the decision. "We want no such bunglers as he."

The kindly old messenger left the room, with a somewhat crestfallen air, but returned almost immediately, bringing a paper of draftings with him, which he presented with many bows and apologies.

"Liefrink begs you will examine these, your worships, and you can inquire of Durer, in Nuremberg, as to his ability."

"If the fellow don't take himself off we will have the jailor after him," cried Ruppacher, in a rage.

"Softly, softly, Master Ruppacher; the draft represents the coming of the Mother of God in heaven and is right fancifully thought out, it seems to me."

"But to imagine a thing is much easier than to do it. Liefrink never could do such a thing," said one of the councilors. Besides, it was simply ridiculous to give such a work into the hands of a Breisacher child, whom some had even looked askance upon. So Hans was summarily dismissed.

The authorities finally decided to send their plans to Albrecht Durer and to let him be their judge. And at the same time with the letter from the council went a letter from Hans to his great teacher and good friend.

Weeks slipped by in alternate anxiety and sweet stolen happiness for the lovers. They met as formerly at the kaiser's tree, for the struggles of 1524 drew Ruppacher's attention from his daughter, and Mailie grew bright and rosy in this springtime of love. At last Durer's answer came, but who can describe the amazement of the council when it was found that the letter contained Hans Liefrink's despised plan and these words: "I can recommend nothing more beautiful than this plan of my friend and pupil, Hans Liefrink, whose ability to execute it I fully guarantee."

A half hour later a crowd of people pressed up the narrow street and stopped before Hans Liefrink's little house. He came to the door, and to his astonishment saw a deputation from the council, one of whom stepped up and told him with great pomp that his plan had been approved by Durer and he had been chosen by the council to execute the high altar for the minster.

Hans clapped his hands for joy. Was it really true or only a beautiful dream? When the deputation had departed, he hastened over to Ruppacher's, for this was his time to speak.

Mailie opened the door for him—a low cry of happy fright, a quick kiss—and she disappeared into her own room, where, with bearing heart, she sank before her crucifix and implored the blessed Virgin's help. Hans stepped fearlessly into Ruppacher's presence, who cried, with flaming eyes:

"What do you want?"

"Herr Ruppacher, I know an honest man who loves your daughter and who would marry her, and I want to bring him to you."

"So—and who may he be?"

"Myself, Herr Councilor."

"You! Did any one ever hear such impudence. The beggar dares"——

"Herr Councilor," Hans cried out, "I never was a beggar. My father was poor, but he supported us with his wood carving, and after his death my mother took care of herself and me by the honest labor of her hands. The only things I ever received in my life were the knife and the purse from Kaiser Max, and these I did not beg—he gave them to a poor boy in whom he recognized an aspiration for better things. I have worked hard with the knife and educated myself with the money, and both have yielded me good interest. I am no beggar, Herr Councilor, and for the next two years the commission I have just received will enable me to abundantly provide for a wife."

"Two years, and what then?" sneered Ruppacher.

"Then now commissions will come!"

"Oh, you think you are something fine, no doubt, but you belong to a race of star gazers and loafers, who do nothing but spin dreams and are too lazy to work."

Hans was burning with indignation, but he controlled himself for Mailie's sake and only said:

"A kaiser held the ladder for Albrecht Durer—the ladder on which he painted—and a town councilor of Breisach, whose dust will soon be scattered to the winds, insults his best loved pupil. There I tasted all the honor of my reputation. Here I must be insulted and trampled upon!"

"Then go back to your honor! Why did you come here with your silly art?"

"Because I love your daughter so truly that no sacrifice is too great to be made for her, and because I want her for my wife."

"Well, then I will tell you that you are as likely to marry a wife as far above you as my daughter is as you are to build an altar in the minster higher than the minster itself."

"Is that all you have to say, Herr Councilor?"

He laughed contemptuously. "Carve an altar that is higher than the church in which it stands, and you shall have my daughter—not before—so help me God!"

A piteous cry came from the next room. Ruppacher opened the door. Mailie lay unconscious before the crucifix. Hans hastened to her, but the angry man raised his hand against him. For a moment it seemed to him that the sacred knife must leap from his pocket, but he struggled with himself and rushed out of the house, up the hill to the minster, to his friend, the "kaiser's tree."

It was a perfect noonday. A cloudless sky arched the shadowless earth. The castle of Speneck was outlined against a background of gold, like some fairy palace, and the Rhine broke in foaming surf on her steep rocks. He could never win Mailie now, no one could help him, not even Kaiser Max, if he should come back from the grave, for had not Ruppacher sworn a terrible oath that he should never have her till he had made an altar higher than the church?

Suddenly something struck him sharply on the back. He started and turned quickly, but it was only the little rose tree that had at last, by its own strength, broken forth from the niche where Mailie's hand had bound it, and in escaping had struck him as if in greeting. There it stood tall and straight, and he saw for the first time how much higher it was than the niche in which it grew. Quick as lightning a thought shot through his tired brain. A moment of reflection—a cry of triumph—then he fell on his knees in joyful thanksgiving. "Lord God, thou art great, even in thy small things, and thy wonders never cease!" What was it that the little tree had taught him? What was it that made him kiss its rough bark in a wild transport of joy?

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Hans saw Mailie no more. Her father had sent her to the convent at Marienau, yet her prison walls were not so strong but that a song, a greeting, from Hans sometimes reached her. He, too, lived like a hermit in his cell, working from early dawn till the last faint streaks of light tinged the western sky. Curiosity ran high, but every request to see his work received the same answer: "That was not included in the contract. They must wait." At last, after two years of patient labor, he declared the work done, and three days later, on the Feast of the Assumption, the new altar was to be dedicated. Great was the excitement, and that morning an unusual crowd of worshipers climbed the minster hill. The doors were opened, the crowd streamed in and a cry of surprise wonder and admiration echoed through the church. The altar lay in the full rays of the morning sun, and the whole glorious vision stood out before their eyes in perfect rounded forms. In the center was the blessed Mother, with her arms crossed over her bosom and head meekly bowed to receive the crown that God the Father and God the Son held above her. A storm of joy seemed sweeping through heaven that stirred the locks and garments of the celestial choir chanting "Alleluiah." Was it possible that this could be hard, unyielding wood? And the simple country folk, who had never before seen anything so beautiful, stood in childlike awe and silent wonder. When the service was over, all pressed forward to see the master of the great work. He came from behind the altar, modest and deeply moved, but so handsome and so full of unconscious pride that every eye hung on him in admiration. One by one the members of the council shook him heartily by the hand, all but Ruppacher, who leaned glowering against a pillar. Mailie was with him. She had left the convent for this festival, and stood beside him, a holy light in her sweet, pale face.

"Is not the Ruppacherin like the blessed mother of God?" whispered one in the crowd.

"And God the Father is like Kaiser Max," said an old man. "'Tis his face exactly."

Like a train of fire, it ran through the crowd that Liefrink had put Mailie Ruppacher and Kaiser Max in his work.

"Yes, dear friends," said Hans quietly, "you are right, and I have done it because I know of nothing in the world more beautiful and good than the Ruppacherin and our dear dead kaiser."

"Well said! He is right," was heard on all sides. Now Hans went fearlessly to where Ruppacher stood.

"Herr Ruppacher," he said, "two years ago you promised me your daughter for my wife when I should have fulfilled a strange condition made by you. I was to build an altar higher than the church—an impossible thing you thought—but look up, Master Ruppacher, the altar is a foot higher than the place in which it stands. I have only bent the top."

The councilor looked up and grew pale. He had not thought of that. A moment of applause ran through the crowd.

"I have done my part, Herr Councilor. Now do yours and give me your daughter for my wife."

Ruppacher tottered as if struck by a heavy blow. Hans had taken him at his word, and he was not the man to trifle with his oath. He took Mailie's hand and placed it in her lover's.

Three weeks later Hans and Mailie were betrothed before the altar. Breisach had never seen so magnificent an affair, and Father Ruppacher was no longer so testy as one might think, for he had now more respect for the wonderful art of his son-in-law.—Adapted From the German of Wilhelmine von Hillern For Short Stories.

There Was No Hurry.

Barber—I am sorry dem vos so many ahead of you, sir.

Greene Gaze—Oh, that's all right. I've got plenty of time. My wife and I are going out tonight, and she was just getting ready to adjust her bonnet as I left the house.—Brooklyn Bricksaw.

Praise worthy.

"How do you like your new watchdog?"

Bragg—He's first class. The least little noise attracts his notice, and instead of barking like most dogs he just crawls under the bed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cautious.

She had kissed the baby for the last time until she returned and then kissed him again. She had carefully locked every door in the house and all the windows. She had turned the gas to the exact point at which it was to be left until her return. She had attended to the furnace and warned Bridget not to meddle with it for fear of fire. She had explained to the functionary the use of the burglar alarm, the fire alarm and the watchman's rattle. She had put the cat and dog in the cellar and had wrapped a newspaper around the canary's cage. She had put a gossamer over her new sealskin sacque, although it was starlight, because as she informed her husband, "She never expected to get another one—they would end in the poorhouse she knew." And then she was ready.

She locked the inside door and tried it.

Then she locked the outside door and tried it.

Then she opened the outside door and tried the inside door again.

Then she locked the outside door again, tried it, and they started.

They had proceeded two blocks, and her husband had almost forgotten his craving for a good round swear, when she suddenly stopped.

"John," she said, "I must go back and tell Bridget to be sure not to wake the baby up unless he wakes himself."—Life.

Retrogression.

Talkum—Professor Garner says that monkeys do not actually converse, but confine themselves to single remarks on matters of importance.

Thinkum—Dear me! How man has degenerated!—New York Weekly.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

A CLOSE CALL FOR AN ADVENTURE ON A RAILROAD.

Mysterious Bumping and Jolting That Bothered the Passengers—A Man Hunt In the Woods—The Long Conductor and His Murderous Weapon.

There are adventures and adventures. This one is the mildest of adventures—a parlor adventure, a schoolgirl adventure, an adventure to be taken at breakfast along with oatmeal and other ingenious imitations of food. But adventures can't be ordered like roast beef and pie at a restaurant, but must be taken as they come, like the weather.

The train was hurrying along close to the river, smoothly and quietly enough, with only an occasional flourish of the whistle or eruption of the trainboy selling "John Smith, Backslider;" "Peter Brown, Greenlander;" "Polly Perkins, Woman;" "Hollow Minds, Novelist," or some other stirring work of contemporaneous fiction. No one was thinking of danger, as is always the case just before an adventure—indeed the time was ripe for an adventure of magnitude, such as they used to have many years ago or still have many miles away, but it didn't come, for we live in fallen days and in an evil quarter of the earth.

Nevertheless as we glided along the train began to hump and jolt in an alarming manner. Then it went smoothly enough again for a little way; then again it had a spasm of jolting and pitching about as if it were a Fifth avenue stage or some such athletic apparatus rather than a vehicle.

"Broken rail," said one foolish man.

"Off on the ties," said another weak fellow.

Then all was quiet again, followed by more humps.

"This seems to be the corduroy line," said the foolish man.

"There are pieces broken out of the wheels," said the weak fellow. "I saw them when I got on. They look like broken nosed pitchers."

"Then why doesn't it jolt all the time?" asked the foolish man, which broke up the friendship and made them enemies.

But the train went on, and for half an hour continued to have occasional paroxysms of jolting. Then it came to a little station, which consisted of a platform and a dog, and stopped. Three men—evident scoundrels, self heralding enemies of society—were seen running from the train along a little stream toward the woods, with a half dozen of the trainmen close behind. Then there was a struggle among the bushes, and shocking bad language, and the noble trainmen came back with one of the desperadoes and put him in the baggage car with the trunks, while the other two men ran away and disappeared in the underbrush.

But our blood was up, and we held the train and had a man hunt. The bellcord was taken out and all hands mustered, except the baggage master and the porter of the sleeping car, which latter individual staid at his post of duty, "seh, guarding the property of the passengahs, seh." The forces were marshaled under the train conductor, a man whom nature had found so ductile that she had drawn him out to such an extent that the thought occurred that if the bellcord was lost he could be put up in its place. So leaving those two desperate men in the baggage car—that is, the train robber and the baggage master—our forces set out, the conductor, with the bell rope over his shoulder, presenting the exact appearance of a bamboo fishpole and line, at the head of the company.

For the next half hour there was a dodging in and out of men among the bushes and small trees of a 100 acre field beside the train. At last the men were surrounded on a little patch of turf near the stream. The train hands closed in, the conductor waving like a reed at the front. Then there was another struggle, and the chief bent like a weeping willow, wound his arms half a dozen times around one of the men and held him, while the other knocked down a brakeman, kicked the engineer in the stomach and again ran off. The more substantial bellcord was substituted for the arms of the conductor, and the prisoner was brought in and put into the baggage car with the other outlaw.

Once more the army moved. This time the conductor had reached down and borrowed a revolver from a passenger, a little nickel plated, pocket popgun affair, intended perhaps for defense against Jersey mosquitoes, but in no way designed for hunting that noble animal—man. But he took it up with him, and they were off. More dodging, running, deploying, shouting, and again the hardened individual was surrounded. He seemed to have become tired of the game, and now produced a long knife. The men paused and took astronomical observations of the upper end of the conductor. He was clearly seen to produce the pistol, and then, floating down through the still evening air, there came, one after the other, six times, a peevish pop, which indicated that the thing was going off. He might as well have held up a nickel plated clock and allowed it to strike it. With a derisive laugh, which was quite the proper thing, the outlaw turned, flourished his knife and ran away across the open field toward the river. The men came back, the passenger who owned the revolver fastened it to his watch chain, a half dozen young lady bicyclists who had been watching the proceedings flopped themselves onto their machines and rolled away, the train started, and we, too, rolled away, taking our prisoners with us.

In a little while the conductor came back into the sleeper to wash off the smoke of battle. It seems that the three men had boarded the train some time during the afternoon, getting on the rear of the tender. As the observing traveler knows, there is situated here a long box in which is kept various overgrown tools for repairs, such as a 10 pound monkey wrench, an absurd hammer, extra coupling links and pins, some chain with links like sausages and similar things. It appears that this box was not locked, and these amiable tourists had manned themselves by dropping out these articles on the rails, their intention evidently being to throw the following cars off the track. Asked as to his opinion of the object which the men had in view in wrecking the train, the conductor leaned down near his questioner, while he wiped each finger repeatedly with a furious twisting motion, as if trying to unscrew it from the hand, and hissed the one word, "Plunder!"

So it was not much of an adventure, but it might have been.—New York Tribune.

Twelve thousand infants are annually received at a foundling asylum in Moscow. The boys are trained for the navy.

No Better.

"Henry, I have something to say to you."

"Go ahead, my dear. I am all ears."

"I know you are, but that doesn't alter matters at all."—Harper's Bazar.

It Would Be Necessary.

Friend—Do you think you will marry a rich girl?

Poet—I'll have to if I keep on in this business.—Life.

TURGENEFF'S MOTHER.

A Female Counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. Her Treatment of Her Serfs.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, who has frequently confessed his great admiration for Ivan Turgeneff, and who has written charmingly of his intimate friendship with the novelist, gives an entertaining account of the latter's mother in The Century. His life was clouded, Mr. Boyesen believes, by an unhappy childhood and by the tyranny and abuse of his mother. Turgeneff referred to his mother but twice in the presence of Mr. Boyesen, once when he declared that she was the typical noble lady of Russia, and afterward when he said, "The utter irresponsibility of the master in his intercourse with the serf has the most detrimental effect upon character—as I saw exemplified in the case of my own mother."

Mr. Boyesen writes:

"I concluded from this that his mother had been a hard and tyrannical woman, and that he was unable to cherish her memory. But never did I dream, until his sister's narration fell into my hands, that she was the female counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. She delighted in the most arbitrary exercise of power, and from sheer cruel tormented every one who came within the reach of her authority. She had herself been cruelly maltreated in her childhood—nay, she had been direfully insulted by her stepfather and compelled in consequence to flee from home and seek refuge with a relative. By the death of her uncle, Ivan Lutovinoff, she inherited an immense fortune, on the receipt of which she characteristically remarked, 'Now I can do anything I like' ('Maintenant, je peux tout'). Among the many suitors who competed for her favor, she chose for a husband Serglus Nicolaevitch Turgeneff because of his extraordinary beauty. She established herself in princely opulence on her estate of Spasskoe, and as she was determined upon keeping the reins of authority in her own hands her husband thought it wise to indulge her caprices and refrain as far as possible from interfering with her wishes. Probably he had by this time discovered with whom he had to deal. He was too prudent a man to provoke a quarrel with a woman of so formidable a temperament.

"It was, in fact, not only he whom she governed, but she insisted upon regulating the affairs of every one who approached her or entered into any sort of relation with her, however remote. Her autocratic will did not tolerate even a suspicion of criticism, far less opposition, and the devices she hit upon for humiliating those who manifested what she regarded as a spirit of insubordination were worthy of her imperial prototype Catherine, surnamed the Great. When her daughter was ill with typhoid fever, she gave the physician, who was a highly educated serf, the choice between a complete cure and Siberia. A favorite serf, whom it pleased her from sheer caprice to persecute, she degraded from the position of a waiter to that of a field laborer and made him exchange his fine livery for the coarse garb of a peasant. Her major domo, Pulikoff, she assaulted in a fit of uncontrollable fury with a crutch and would have killed him if her brother-in-law had not interfered. She separated him from his wife and children, to whom he was warmly devoted, and exercised a diabolical ingenuity in devising new tortures for the unhappy man. His offense was that he had cut of love for his young master, Nicholas Turgeneff, deceived her regarding the latter's relation to a certain beautiful German governess with whom Nicholas was deeply in love and whom he had secretly married."

A Lost Novel.

A good many years ago a historical novel by Mr. Hoffman was announced as soon to appear under the title of "The Red Spur of Ramapo." But the book never was published, and the cause of its nonappearance may well be set down among the calamities which befall authors.

Mr. Hoffman had been employed more than six months upon his romance. He had taken unusual care in its composition, and an eminent book publisher had contracted with him for the copyright. The novel was nearly completed, the public was talking about it and romance readers were anticipating a treat. The author, as he wrote it, placed the manuscript sheets in a large portfolio by the side of his writing table, so that none of them should be lost. One day, on looking into his library subtreasury, he discovered to his astonishment and dismay that only a few sheets of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" were to be found.

Not many men could have acted so calmly as did the author of "Greysleer" on this occasion and as the great Newton is reported to have done on a similar one.

He called the chambermaid who had been intrusted with the care of his room and said:

"Mary, have you ever taken any papers from this place?"

"Sure, it's mesiff that has, sorr," she replied with perfect frankness.

"For what purpose did you take them?" inquired the author, with a sinking heart.

"Sure, sorr, to kindle the foire," replied the guileless Mary, "an many's the toime Ol've thought how good ye was to put 'em there for me."

"And how long have you been in the habit of taking papers from this place?" groaned the poor author.

"Oh couldn't say jist how long, sorr," resumed Mary, seeing at last that something was amiss, "but Ol niver mistrusted there was any good to 'em, for they was all scribbled over, sorr."

And with sobs and wild protestations of sorrow the destroyer of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" fled from the room, leaving the afflicted author to console himself for his loss as best he might.—Youth's Companion.

Spiders' Threads.

Some interesting experiments were made last summer on spiders' threads. A thread having been obtained, one end was carefully fixed with gum to a support, and to the other end small weights were gradually attached till it broke. In order to compare from these tests the strength of the thread with, say, steel thread of the same thickness, it was necessary to determine its diameter. This was done by means of a powerful microscope, and it was found that it would require 26,000 threads to make a sheet an inch broad.

When it is remembered that each of these threads is composed of some 4,000 strands the tenuity is seen to be almost inconceivable, as it would require 100,000,000 to make an inch. As a result of these tests it was found, incredible as it may seem, that spiders' thread is, thickness for thickness, actually stronger than cast iron, nearly as strong as copper, gold, platinum, silver, and about one-fifth as strong as steel. It may not be generally known that spiders' threads are used to support small weights in several delicate scientific instruments, and for this purpose they are much more suitable than any other material.—Chambers' Journal.

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Montgomery, Mass.

TWO YEARS OF AGONY.
FIVE Remedies and :: ::
FOUR Physicians Failed. ::
"DANA'S CURED ME."

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GENTLEMEN:—I wish to tell you of the wonderful cure DANA'S SARSAPARILLA has done for me.
For two years I suffered agony with my back and side, also my stomach, caused by the effects of La Grippe. My stomach would retain no food and I could not lie down for the terrible pains in my back and side—was reduced to flesh to 97 lbs. My friends despaired of my recovery. One of your papers containing testimonials of the wonderful cures came in my hands. I resolved to try DANA'S. From the first I began to improve. Have taken two bottles and am well, and in five weeks I gained 18 lbs. Pain every minute a few months ago—now perfectly well. Thank the Lord! I know
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cured me as Hundred Five different remedies and four Physicians without any benefit.
Yours respectfully,
MISS GERTIE S. COWLES.
Montgomery, Mass.
The length of life above is certified to by E. W. Davis, School Committee; Lewis T. Allen, Town Clerk and Treasurer; L. O. Moore, Chairman of Selectmen and Assessors, and Mat. H. C. Allen.
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insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay

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DR. WALKER DENTIST

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Mate Leroy on the Revival of the Tea Gown.

The Princess a Favorite With Women of Good Figure—Novelties in Fancy Corsages—New Styles in Summer Sleeves—Variegated Straw Hats.

AN OUTFIT FOR TRAVELING.

The traveling dress on the left is of snuff brown cloth, triple skirt, tailor finished. The waist is of striped silk. The cape is of the cloth. The central figure is of slate cheviot with stitching. The waist is of the same and the pretty blazer coat is lined with tan silk. The little girl's dress is of diagonal wool in two shades. The waist is of red and white plaid flannel.

Tea gowns had such a sudden and violent rage that for a year they were worn at all hours of the day, and often they were slightly modified and worn as evening and reception dresses. They were loaded with the richest trimmings and made of the most sumptuous materials, and the amount of lace and ribbons used to decorate them must have made many a man's hair stand on end. Then they became too common to please those fastidious ladies

TEA GOWN AND WALKING DRESS.

who like to have something that everybody else does not, and they grew scarce for a season, but now the tea gown has with one fell swoop come down upon us again, more graceful and elegant than before, and is trimmed with even greater elaboration than ever.

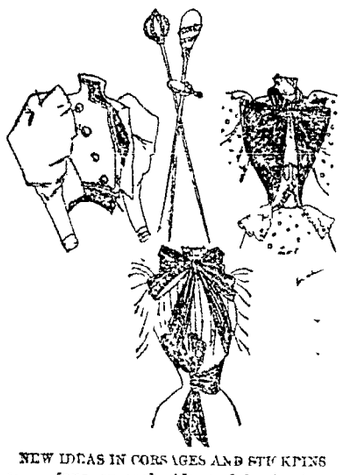
I saw one yesterday that was most beautiful. It was of cream white camel's hair of the finest quality. The gown was cut princess shape, with extremely full back. The front opened over a panel of pink satin lavishly beaded in fine cut jet with a five inch fringe of the same. The side portions of the gown were embroidered with black velvet applique in arabesques and palm leaf pattern, all the outlining being done in very small gold beads. Where the palm leaf came at the bottom of the front it formed a scallop, and this was followed all around the bottom, and beneath the black velvet scallop formed by the leaf there was a narrow plaited ruffle of pink satin. The sleeves hung open in the old-new bell shape, and they were embroidered in a similar manner, though in a smaller pattern. The sleeves were lined with pink satin. The neck was finished with scallops at the top formed by the palm leaves, which were set upside down, and a narrow quilling of black lace laid against the white neck. There was no collar of any description, as the neck was cut down quite to the collar bone. There was a bow with deep loops and long ends set at the back of the neck made of rich pink moire ribbon.

Another exquisite tea gown was of cigale green crepon, the back laid in deep godet plaits, which fell from the seams in the princess back. The neck was cut out square and had a black velvet yoke cut in points on the lower side. From this came a vandyked accordion plaited ruffle of cigale green silk muslin. There was a ruffle of the same style around the bottom of the skirt, headed by a row of black velvet ribbon. The front of the dress was loose, of cigale green silk muslin, and had four rows of black lace insertion laid down the front, each ended with a rich fringe of jet. Along the bottom of the front was a fine row of beaded work, with imitation emeralds, black jet and gold beads mingled, sewed directly on the material, and beneath this was a fringe of chenille and the mingled beads. The upper portion of the sleeves was of faille to match the crepon, with lace falls. They reached only to the elbow.

There was another gown made almost exactly like this, but of oyster white bengaline, with Lincoln green velvet yoke and lace jabots down the sides of the front, which was made of apple green crepe du japon. The black lace insertion was laid down the front in the same manner, but the flounce was of fine black chantilly. There is really no limit to the elegant designs shown in the new tea gowns. With each there is a tiny mite of a fancy cap.

The princess shape always was a favorite with women who have good figures, and the last two seasons have shown a marked increase in its popularity. A very elegant dress in this style made by a prominent house was of black "diagonal weave" silk. The rich fabric seemed almost to have grown upon the graceful young figure. It was opened on the left side under a row of wheels of heavy passementerie and was looped up a little on that side, just showing an underskirt of black velutina. The lower sleeves were also made of that beautiful fabric, and the upper ones of silk with a row of narrower passementerie like that on the body. The front was plain, but the back of the skirt ample and full.

Novelties during these days run more to fancy corsages than to anything more important, but the corsage now makes the most important part of the costume. Very few are made entirely of the same material—that is, except the various "waists," which I do not count as really corsages. There are 20 variations on the Eton jacket, some of them very swell and stylish. Some of them are to wear with underwaists of different material, and others are made of the same. One of the prettiest conceits in this style was where the gown itself was made of navy B B serge. The Eton jacket and gigot sleeves were made of cadet gray cloth. It had two lines of self covered buttons in graduated



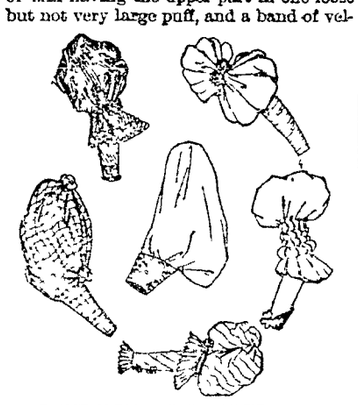
NEW IDEAS IN CORSAGES AND STICKPINS

sizes, four on each side, and beginning at the shoulder to end at the bottom. There were two rows of fine soutache all around the edge and the standing collar. The fronts were made to button, or to hang open, or to fold back like revers. It was altogether a stylish design. Around the bottom of the skirt was a band of the gray cloth edged with black soutache. The band was four inches wide.

A very dainty and girlish bodice was a waist gathered very full in front and back and the fullness all brought in to the bottom of the waist in front and back, leaving the sides smooth, as they were cut princess shape. There was a double bow of ribbon at the throat, the two lower ones setting out to the shoulders. From under this two ends crossed the bust in figaro shape and went plainly around the back directly across it, as though it was a real figaro. From the left side seam there was brought forward a drapery made of three rows of ribbon sewed together ending a little to the right side under loops and ends of ribbon. This trimming can be adapted to almost any waist and can be separate so as to be added to any gown at short notice. Such a trimming would be suitable and pretty for any of the light woolens, figured or plain, or the pretty cotton goods of the season. It is a dressy caprice. Velvet always looks well as an accessory over any kind of a waist.

A novelty in a velvet additional corsage was cut like a cutaway basque, reaching only to the waist line. The upper portion was cut away as though for a gulmpe and piped with black silk. In front there was a large drooping bow of the velvet, and a drapery of the same around the neck ended in a sailor knot. There was a frill of lace around the bottom, and a jabot in the opening of the waist. This is made to slip on over any kind of a plain waist and is very novel and affective. It tones down a high colored dress and gives a brightness to a dull colored one, and it is particularly rich over white.

There are several novelties in sleeves to summer gowns. I notice a number of elbow sleeves, and these have so evidently been specially ordered on account of the heat, and possibly because the wearer has dainty wrists, that I think they could hardly be called a style. But the others seem to me to have a better claim to the name of new styles. There is the new Duse, which has a stiff turned up cuff covered with velvet or embroidery, and one was made so that the material in the sleeve drooped over the elbow and sagged deeply, while the shoulder part was narrow and brought down in straight lines. The upper part is much narrower than the lower portion. The new leg o' mutton sleeve is not so large as it was, and the wrist and forearm are as narrow as they can be. Some have queer little rosettes of silk or ribbon set on the shoulder and also on the bend of the elbow. A more graceful sleeve is made of silk having the upper part in one loose but not very large puff, and a band of vel-



FANCY SLEEVES FOR SUMMER GOWN.

vet ribbon at the elbow, and a flounce of the same falling half way over the forearm, edged with flat insertion. The forearm is trimmed in the same way.

The fancy sleeves for evening dresses or afternoon, for dressy occasions, are puffed and otherwise ornamented in ways almost impossible to describe. One was of white and blue linc silk on the forearm, to match the dress. The upper part was a puff of white silk crape, arranged so that one portion drooped downward, and the other was pulled upward in a sort of shell-like series of puffs and fastened by a band and bow of mazarin blue velvet ribbon.

Another fancy sleeve was all of white silk crape—the stiff crisp kind—and this was a series of six puffs, the upper one standing up and the lower one drooping. The four center ones were smaller, though unequal in size. The forearm was plain, but had a black velvet cuff turned upward to a point and having a rosette of narrow black velvet ribbon on the wrist. This kind of sleeve was worn with a white china silk dress, where there was a marguerite puff around the bottom of the waist. One more fancy sleeve, and I shall say no more about them this time for fear they become monotonous. This sleeve was to wear with a very pretty dress of striped and crinkled crepon. There was one large balloon puff, and the fullness of this was gathered down to the lining on the upper side and held in, leaving a division. Below this was an accordion plaited frill, headed by a band of jet passementerie. There was another plaited frill at the wrist and two fancy jet buttons. I may mention that I have seen several slashed sleeves. These were generally of velvet or very rich silk, with the slashes filled in with silk or crape of a contrasting color.

Some of the new straw hats have crowns of one color and brims of another, like purple and green or red and blue. Some have rough effects made by straws of different color woven in, but with so much trimming as is placed on them and the facings of shirred tulle or Italian crape one sees very little of the hat itself. One hat where the rough straw was made of green and white strands had a mass of trimming consisting of green moire ribbon of the exact silvery green of the under side of poplar leaves. There was besides a grape vine, with its creamy white tuffs of blossoms, its tendrils and finally two bunches of green grapes of different sizes. This was placed artistically on the top of the hat, and just under the bent part of the brim was a small cluster of ripe grapes and the faded leaves. The whole hat was really poetic.

I have noticed that the different shades of green appear to be very popular. They begin in grays, where the green is scarcely more than a suggestion, and then they are seen in sage, a frosty whitish tint overcasting it; then in reseda, which is of a rusty tinge. There is grasshopper green, lettuce, cabbage, poplar, apple, nile, and then it strays into the mosses, myrtles, olives and lastly the emeralds, the Lincoln and hunters' green and bottle green. I think more than likely I have left out several distinct shades. Green is certainly a pleasing color, but the wearer must know how to treat it. There are greens that dark or sallow persons should keep at a distance from face, neck or hands, and then there are others that make such persons look fair. They must be studied.

MATE LEROY.

Stage Dogs.

We regret that the nature of the book prevents the appearance of Shakespeare's two stage dogs, who played their parts with the others, as his best tribute to their qualities—Launce's delightful little possession and the "this dog, my dog" of Pyramus and Thisbe. The present writer once saw the latter part performed by an animal who got by far the best applause of the day. He was a little terrier who in private life belonged to the actor who played Pyramus and came on with him at a matinee. He looked at the audience and wagged his tail. Then he turned to his master and watched him as he declaimed the famous fustian with due exaggeration. His opinion was soon formed—that that master was making a fool of himself. He yapped once shortly and contemptuously, turned his back on him and faced the audience again in a sitting posture, which he retained. The contempt was perfect. But stage dogs should have a volume to themselves.

One very fine fellow was wont to come on the stage with his mistress during a very long run. He grew so accustomed to his work that he missed it like an unemployed player when the play was withdrawn, and after a vain period of restlessness he pined and died. Mr Irving is credited with the possession of a shrewd beast that knows all his master's characters and what he is going to play when he begins to dress. Some he watches from the wings; others he abandons at particular points which offend him. Some, like Hamlet, for instance, nothing will induce him to sit out at all. He stays in the dressing room under the sofa.—London Spectator.

Practical.

James Payn, speaking in The Independent of individual interpretations of general rules, says that in going the rounds one night with the officer on guard at one of the English dockyards he heard the original views of the Irish sentry on this point.

"If you see a convict escaping," said the officer, "what is it your duty to do?"

"Sure, sir, and I'm not to fire till the last extremity."

"Quite right, but what would you consider the last extremity to be?"

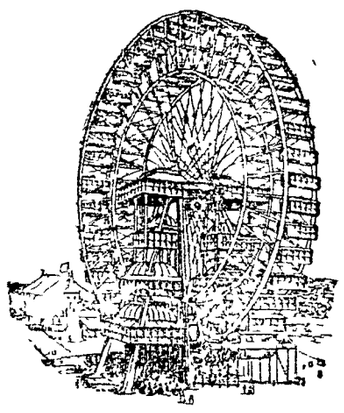
"Just round the corner of the dockyard there, sir," was the practical reply.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THE GRAYDON WHEEL AND ITS CONSTRUCTION.

Remedy for Damp Walls—Why the Horse is an Easy Victim.

The Ferris wheel of our World's fair is to be outdone by one which, though constructed by John Bull for the Earls' Court Industrial exhibition at London, is from plans drawn by an American—Lieutenant Graydon. The Graydon wheel will exceed the Ferris in diameter by 50 feet. It ro-



THE GRAYDON WHEEL.

tates on a tubular axle 7 feet in diameter, composed of bars and plates, and power is applied to it by means of two steel hawsers that run as belting.

A feature which adds to the attractions of the wheel are four platforms or balconies arranged at different heights upon each of the legs or supports on which the ends of the axle rest, where visitors can stop for refreshment or amusement, as in the Eiffel tower.

The number of cars on this gigantic wheel is expected to be 40—that is, four more than the Ferris—and it is estimated that they will accommodate 1,600 people.

Remedy For Damp Walls.

The process consists in using two washes or solutions for covering the surface of the walls—one composed of castile soap and water and one of alum and water. The proportions are three-quarters of a pound of soap to a gallon of water and a half a pound of alum to 4 gallons of water, both substances to be perfectly dissolved in water before being used. The walls should be perfectly clean and dry and the temperatures of the air not above 50 degrees F. when the compositions are applied. The first, or soap, wash should be laid on when boiling hot, with a flat brush, taking care to form a froth on the brickwork. This wash should remain 24 hours, so as to become dry and hard before the second, or alum, wash is applied, which should be done in the same manner as the first. The temperature of this wash when applied, may be 60 or 70 degrees F., and this should remain 24 hours before a second coat of the soap wash is put on. These coats are to be applied alternately until the walls are made impervious to water. The alum and soap thus combined form an insoluble compound, says Architect and Builder, filling the pores of the masonry and entirely preventing the water from entering the wall.

Why the Horse Is an Easy Victim.

Why the horse should prove a much easier victim to the electric current than man does is thus explained by The Lancet. The hoof, and more particularly its crust and sole, is a good insulator, but the shoe presents to the ground a large metallic contact, and this contact is in connection with metallic conductors in the shape of nails, which pierce the strongest part of the insulation and afford an easy electrical path into the body. The contact with earth is further improved by the great superincumbent weight of the animal, and it may often happen that in passing over wet ground the external surface of the hoof and the wet fetlock, especially in the case of untrimmed horses, may become sufficiently wet to form a good surface conductor and so carry a current directly from the earth to the upper part of the body. In this way the safety of the natural "resistance" of the hoof is neutralized. A horse, too, covers more ground than a man and runs greater risk from being in contact with points of ground farther apart.

Refrigerating With Natural Gas.

It is a well established law in physics that rarefaction cools a gas, while compression heats it. This principle is extensively used in certain icemaking machines and in cold storage establishments. Ammonia gas is first squeezed down to many times its normal density, and the warmth generated thereby is allowed to escape altogether. With subsequent liberation comes expansion, and hence intense cold. The New York Tribune reports that it is proposed in Indiana to use natural gas in the same way, but with this important difference. Ammonia is compressed in existing apparatus by steam or other power, costing money. But that important preliminary process has already been performed by nature with natural gas, which, it is asserted, comes out of some wells under a pressure of 20 atmospheres, or 300 pounds to the square inch. This is more than is commonly employed in ammonia machines. Consequently the expansion of the natural gas should produce greater cold.

National Sentiment.

The early Christians for a long time actually despised patriotism. They not only saw and felt that on this earth they had no abiding city, but they claimed to owe their allegiance to a higher power. This was a notion that prevailed until the growth of national sentiment became strong enough to make a Christian a patriot as well. Machiavelli, who had a lively appreciation of the pagan virtues, was one of the first writers of renown to exalt patriotism to a high place among the virtues. In his eyes, all was fair in war, if not in love, and he openly declared his admiration for those who loved their country better than the safety of their souls.

Patriotism was in short, an old world virtue, which, at the time of the renaissance was dragged out of its recess and refurbished for the use of the modern world. Eclipsed for a season, it has shone as bright again as ever it did in Greece or Rome. Many a citizen has since been cast in the mold of Aristides or of Regulus. But it is curious to observe that when national sentiment was weak there was in some respects a greater sense of the brotherhood of man than there is today.

Amid all its wars and turmoil, Europe made a nearer approach to solidarity and union. Christianity was a great welding force. The dreams of a universal church were in some slight degree realized, and the holy Roman empire was a stupendous fact which formed a cementing bond between many disorganized races.—Macmillan's Magazine.

No Time to Lose.

Cholly—Weally, I must be going. It's so late, you know.

Penelope—But it's only 7 o'clock.

Cholly—Yaas, but it's nearly 12 in London, y'know.—Truth.

COMPLETE STOCK OF

Ladies' Summer Suits.

They are Cool, Comfortable and Nobby, and at lowest prices. Just what you want this Summer. Below we quote OUR PRICES.

LADIES' OUTING SUITS.

100 Ladies' Duck Suits,	Price $1.89 each
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100 Fancy Trimmed Tuxedo Suits,	Price $3.50 each
100 Fancy Combination Suits,	Price $3.00 each
75 Plain Linen Suits,	Price $4.50 each
100 Fancy Braided Linen Suits,	Price $4.50 each
100 Serge Suits, SILK-FACED,	Price $4.99 each
100 Tuxedo Suits, Fancy Trimmed,	Price $6.00 each

SHIRT WAISTS.

60 dozen Percale Shirt Waists, In every imaginable design and color.	Price 49c. each
100 dozen Fancy Colored Organdie Muslin Waists,	87 1-2c. each
50 dozen India Linen Lawn Waists,	79c. each
50 dozen Fancy Hamburg Trimmed India Linen Lawn Waists at	$1.25 each
150 dozen Black and Colored French Satine Waists,	98c. each
100 dozen of the celebrated Mull House Satine Waists,	$1.25 each
10 dozen Fancy Spotted Muslin Waists, Lace Trimmed.	
50 dozen Chambray Waists, with Laundered Collars and Cuffs,	$1 each

N. B.—We have all sizes in the above Waists. No extra charge made for large sizes.

Full stock of Plain and Fancy Colored Silk Waists, prices from $2.69 to $8.50 each.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

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A. G. Pollard & Co.,

Another bargain in Summer Dress Material

Twilled Satines, some 8000 yards and somewhere about 40 patterns, the colorings are beautiful, the ground is cream color, the width is 32 inches, the regular price is 20 cents a yard, while they last our price is 12 1-2c. a yard,

Palmer Street, Centre Aisle

The principal odors of Huduut's Richest Perfume can be found at our Toilet Counter in 1-2 oz., 1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. bottles and in bulk. A list of them:

Lily of the Nile,	White Lilac,
White Jessamine,	Chypre,
Locust Blossoms,	Jockey Club,
Pean d'Espange,	Precious,
Carnation Pink,	Frangipanni,
Lily of the Valley,	English Violet,
White Heliotrope,	White Hyacinth,
Crab Apple Blossoms,	White Rose

This manufacturer can not be excelled of the lasting qualities of Toilet Waters.

Russian Violet,	Sweet Violet,
White Heliotrope,	Florida Water,

Lavender Water.

Merrimack Street, Right Aisle.

Kayser's Patent Finger-Tipped Silk Gloves are guaranteed. If the tips wear out before the Gloves you get a new pair.

Merrimack Street, Rear.

Chenille Draperies in an abundance of patterns and colors, and think you would do well to take a look through our stock before buying, as you may learn something to your benefit.

A complete line of

Nottingham Curtains,
Swiss Lace Curtains,
Irish Point Curtains,
Point d'Esprite Curtains.

You will find just what you want for Sash Curtains.

Swiss Lace,
Tambo Muslin,
Spotted Muslin,
Irish Point Lace,
Schiffli Lace,
Madras Lace,
China Lace,
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A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

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The Big House FLAGS for the 4th.

To inculcate the proper Spirit of Loyalty and Patriotism into the boys of our time and to make Independence day an occasion of rejoicing and gladness to the young people whose allowance of pocket money may be stinted this year, we have decided to give a way a great number of AMERICAN FLAGS 9x14 in size, and already mounted on staffs so that they may be set up or carried in the hand.

Every person desiring can procure it by making a small purchase of 25c worth.

We point to our immense values in our own make boys' Knee Pants for 25c a pair.

Hot weather goods at cut prices light Color Suits at $5, $6.29, $10.00, $15.00.

Keep cool by wearing our light Shirts and Underwear 20c. to $3.00 a garment.

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The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

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Merchant Tailor,

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Clay Diagonals,
Scotch Suitings, etc.

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Boston and Maine Railroad.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing January 21, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, *6.50, 8.35, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.55, 7.30, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m. 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.23, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor, Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell.

For Boston—5.43, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.23, *9.58, 11.09 a. m.; *12.10, 1.05, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, *5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7.45, 8.45, *9.15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.55, 7.01, *7.18, *7.27, *7.48, *8.57, 9.28, *9.35, *9.58, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.38, 2.13, ¶3.03, 4.02, 4.33, *5.33, ¶5.42, *6.28, 7.52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.17, *7.27, ¶7.48, §8.46, *9.20 a. m.; §4.25, 6.03 p. m.

or Woburn, 6.30, §7.01, 7.35, *7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.35, 4.20, *5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. §4.25, §6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.50 p m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.15 p m.

For Salem and Way Stations—¶7.38 a. m., 1.25, 5.50 p m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m., 12.00, 5.10 and 5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m., 12.11, 3.42, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.42 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.42, (5.04 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.09 a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), †8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m., 1.47p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 and †8.43.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m., 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m., †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞†Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

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THE SIZE Of a newspaper is no guarantee of its excellence. The public wants quality, not quantity, in a newspaper. News that is old is not improved by spreading it over a large number of pages, where the reader must hunt to find it. You can read in the padded sheets tomorrow much of what you see in THE SUN today.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Mate Leroy on the Revival of the Tea Gown.

The Princess a Favorite With Women of Good Figure—Novelties in Fancy Corsages—New Styles in Summer Sleeves—Variegated Straw Hats.

AN OUTFIT FOR TRAVELING.

The traveling dress on the left is of snuff brown cloth, triple skirt, tailor finished. The waist is of striped silk. The cape is of the cloth. The central figure is of slate cheviot with stitching. The waist is of the same and the pretty blazer coat is lined with tan silk. The little girl's dress is of diagonal wool in two shades. The waist is of red and white plaid flannel.

Tea gowns had such a sudden and violent rage that for a year they were worn at all hours of the day, and often they were slightly modified and worn as evening and reception dresses. They were loaded with the richest trimmings and made of the most sumptuous materials, and the amount of lace and ribbons used to decorate them must have made many a man's hair stand on end. Then they became too common to please those fastidious ladies

TEA GOWN AND WALKING DRESS.

who like to have something that everybody else does not, and they grew scarce for a season, but now the tea gown has with one fell swoop come down upon us again, more graceful and elegant than before, and is trimmed with even greater elaboration than ever.

I saw one yesterday that was most beautiful. It was of cream white camel's hair of the finest quality. The gown was cut princess shape, with extremely full back. The front opened over a panel of pink satin lavishly beaded in fine cut jet with a five inch fringe of the same. The side portions of the gown were embroidered with black velvet applique in arabesques and palm leaf pattern, all the outlining being done in very small gold beads. Where the palm leaf came at the bottom of the front it formed a scallop, and this was followed all around the bottom, and beneath the black velvet scallop formed by the leaf there was a narrow plaited ruffle of pink satin. The sleeves hung open in the old-new bellshape, and they were embroidered in a similar manner, though in a smaller pattern. The sleeves were lined with pink satin. The neck was finished with scallops at the top formed by the palm leaves, which were set upside down, and a narrow quilling of black lace laid against the white neck. There was no collar of any description, as the neck was cut down quite to the collar bone. There was a bow with deep loops and long ends set at the back of the neck made of rich pink moire ribbon.

Another exquisite tea gown was of eigale green crepon, the back laid in deep godet plaits, which fell from the seams in the princess back. The neck was cut out square and had a black velvet yoke cut in points on the lower side. From this came a vandyked accordion plaited ruffle of eigale green silk muslin. There was a ruffle of the same style around the bottom of the skirt, headed by a row of black velvet ribbon. The front of the dress was loose, of eigale green silk muslin, and had four rows of black lace insertion laid down the front, each ended with a rich fringe of jet. Along the bottom of the front was a fine row of beaded work, with imitation emeralds, black jet and gold beads mingled, sewed directly on the material, and beneath this was a fringe of chenille and the mingled beads. The upper portion of the sleeves was of faille to match the crepon, with lace falls. They reached only to the elbow.

There was another gown made almost exactly like this, but of oyster white bengaline, with Lincoln green velvet yoke and lace jabot down the sides of the front, which was made of apple green crepe du Japon. The black lace insertion was laid down the front in the same manner, but the flounce was of fine black chantilly. There is really no limit to the elegant designs shown in the new tea gowns. With each there is a tiny mite of a fancy cap.

The princess shape always was a favorite with women who have good figures, and the last two seasons have shown a marked increase in its popularity. A very elegant dress in this style made by a prominent house was of black "diagonal weave" silk. The rich fabric seemed almost to have grown upon the graceful young figure. It was opened on the left side under a row of wheels of heavy passementerie and was looped up a little on that side, just showing an underskirt of black velutina. The lower sleeves were also made of that beautiful fabric, and the upper ones of silk with a row of narrower passementerie like that on the body. The front was plain, but the back of the skirt ample and full.

Novelties during these days run more to fancy corsages than to anything more important, but the corsage now makes the most important part of the costume. Very few are made entirely of the same material—that is, except the various "waists," which I do not count as really corsages. There are 20 variations on the Eton jacket, some of them very swell and stylish. Some of them are to wear with underwaists of different material, and others are made of the same. One of the prettiest consists in this style was where the gown itself was made of navy B. B. serge. The Eton jacket and gigot sleeves were made of cadet gray cloth. It had two lines of self covered buttons in graduated

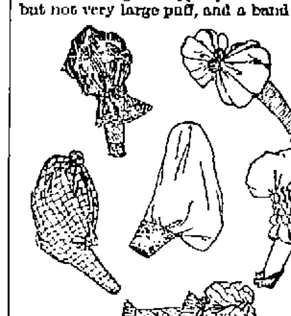
NEW IDEAS IN CORSAGES AND STICKPINS.

sizes, four on each side, and beginning at the shoulder to end at the bottom. There were two rows of fine soutache all around the edge and the standing collar. The fronts were made to button, or to hang open, or to fold back like revers. It was altogether a stylish design. Around the bottom of the skirt was a band of the gray cloth edged with black soutache. The band was four inches wide.

A very dainty and girlish bodice was a waist gathered very full in front and back and the fullness all brought in to the bottom of the waist in front and back, leaving the sides smooth, as they were cut princess shape. There was a double bow of ribbon at the throat, the two lower ones setting out to the shoulders. From under this two ends crossed the bust in figaro shape and went plainly around the back directly across it, as though it was a real figaro. From the left side seam there was brought forward a drapery made of three rows of ribbon sewed together, ending a little to the right side under loops and ends of ribbon. This trimming can be adapted to almost any waist and can be separated so as to be added to any gown at short notice. Such a trimming would be suitable and pretty for any of the light woolens, figured or plain, or the pretty cotton goods of the season. It is a dressy caprice. Velvet always looks well as an accessory over any kind of a waist.

A novelty in a velvet additional corsage was cut like a cutaway basque, reaching only to the waist line. The upper portion was cut away as though for a guimpe and piped with black silk. In front there was a large drooping bow of the velvet, and a drapery of the same around the neck ended in a sailor knot. There was a frill of lace around the bottom, and a jabot in the opening of the waist. This is made to slip on over any kind of a plain waist and is very novel and effective. It tones down a high colored dress and gives a brightness to a dull colored one, and it is particularly rich over white.

There are several novelties in sleeves to summer gowns. I notice a number of el-sleeves, but these have so evidently been specially ordered on account of the heat, and possibly because the wearer has dainty wrists, that I think they could hardly be called a style. But the others seem to me to have a better claim to the name of new styles. There is the new Duse, which has a stiff turned up cuff covered with velvet or embroidery, and one was made so that the material in the sleeve drooped over the elbow and sagged deeply, while the shoulder part was narrow and brought down in straight lines. The upper part is much narrower than the lower portion. The new leg o' mutton sleeve is not so large as it was, and the wrist and forearm are as narrow as they can be. Some have queer little rosettes of silk or ribbon set on the shoulder and also on the bend of the elbow. A more graceful sleeve is made of silk having the upper part in one loose but not very large puff, and a band of vel-



FANCY SLEEVES FOR SUMMER GOWN.

vet ribbon at the elbow, and a flounce of the same falling half way over the forearm, edged with flat insertion. The forearm is trimmed in the same way.

The fancy sleeves for evening dresses or afternoon, for dressy occasions, are puffed and otherwise ornamented in ways almost impossible to describe. One was of white and blue line silk on the forearm, to match the dress. The upper part was a puff of white silk crape, arranged so that one portion drooped downward, and the other was pulled upward in a sort of shell-like series of puffs and fastened by a band and bow of mazarin blue velvet ribbon.

Another fancy sleeve was all of white silk crape—the stiff crisp kind—and this was a series of six puffs, the upper one standing up and the lower one drooping. The four center ones were smaller, though unequal in size. The forearm was plain, but had a black velvet cuff turned upward to a point and having a rosette of narrow black velvet ribbon on the wrist. This kind of sleeve was worn with a white china silk dress, where there was a marguerite puff around the bottom of the waist. One more fancy sleeve, and I shall say no more about them this time for fear they become monotonous. This sleeve was to wear with a very pretty dress of striped and crinkled crepon. There was one large balloon puff, and the fullness of this was gathered down to the lining on the upper side and held in, leaving a division. Below this was an accordion plaited frill, headed by a band of jet passementerie. There was another plaited frill at the wrist and two fancy jet buttons. I may mention that I have seen several slashed sleeves. These were generally of velvet or very rich silk, with the slashes filled in with silk or crape of a contrasting color.

Some of the new straw hats have crowns of one color and brims of another, like purple and green or red and blue. Some have rough effects made by straws of different color woven in, but with so much trimming as is placed on them and the facings of shirred tulle or Italian crape one sees very little of the hat itself. One hat where the rough straw was made of green and white strands had a mass of trimming consisting of green moire ribbon of the exact silvery green of the under side of poplar leaves. There was besides a grape vine, with its creamy white tuffs of blossoms, its tendrils and finally two bunches of green grapes of different sizes. This was placed artistically on the top of the hat, and just under the bent part of the brim was a small cluster of ripe grapes and the faded leaves. The whole hat was really poetic.

I have noticed that the different shades of green appear to be very popular. They begin in grays, where the green is scarcely more than a suggestion, and then they are seen in sage, a frosty whitish tint overcasting it; then in reseda, which is of a rusty tinge. There is grasshopper green, lettuce, cabbage, poplar, apple, nile, and then it strays into the mosses, myrtles, olives and lastly the emeralds, the Lincoln and hunters' green and bottle green. I think more than likely I have left out several distinct shades. Green is certainly a pleasing color, but the wearer must know how to treat it. There are greens that dark or sallow persons should keep at a distance from face, neck or hands, and then there are others that make such persons look fair. They must be studied.

MATE LEROY.

Stage Dogs.

We regret that the nature of the book prevents the appearance of Shakespeare's two stage dogs, who played their parts with the others, as his best tribute to their qualities—Launce's delightful little possession and the "this dog, my dog" of Pyramus and Thisbe. The present writer once saw the latter part performed by an animal who got by far the best applause of the day. He was a little terrier who in private life belonged to the actor who played Pyramus and came on with him at a matinee. He looked at the audience and wagged his tail. Then he turned to his master and watched him as he declaimed the famous fustian with due exaggeration. His opinion was soon formed—that that master was making a fool of himself. He yapped once shortly and contemptuously, turned his back on him and faced the audience again in a sitting posture, which he retained. The contempt was perfect. But stage dogs should have a volume to themselves.

One very fine fellow was wont to come on the stage with his mistress during a very long run. He grew so accustomed to his work that he missed it like an unemployed player when the play was withdrawn, and after a vain period of restlessness he pined and died. Mr. Irving is credited with the possession of a shrewd beast that knows all his master's characters and what he is going to play when he begins to dress. Some he watches from the wings; others he abandons at particular points which offend him. Some, like Hamlet, for instance, nothing will induce him to "sit out" at all. He stays in the dressing room under the sofa.—London Spectator.

Practical.

James Payn, speaking in The Independent of individual interpretations of general rules, says that in going the rounds one night with the officer on guard at one of the English dockyards he heard the original views of the Irish sentry on this point.

"If you see a convict escaping," said the officer, "what is it your duty to do?"

"Sure, sir, and I'm not to fire till the last extremity."

"Quite right, but what would you consider the last extremity to be?"

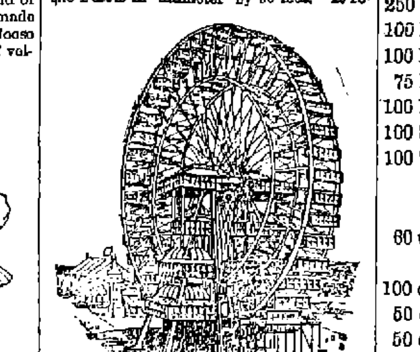
"Just round the corner of the dockyard there, sir," was the practical reply.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THE GRAYDON WHEEL AND ITS CONSTRUCTION.

Remedy for Damp Walls—Why the Horse Is an Easy Victim.

The Ferris wheel of our World's fair is to be outdone by one which, though constructed by John Bull for the Earls' Court Industrial exhibition at London, is from plans drawn by an American—Lieutenant Graydon. The Graydon wheel will exceed the Ferris in diameter by 50 feet. It ro-



THE GRAYDON WHEEL.

tates on a tubular axle 7 feet in diameter, composed of bars and plates, and power is applied to it by means of two steel hawsers that run as belting.

A feature which adds to the attractions of the wheel are four platforms or balconies arranged at different heights upon each of the legs or supports on which the ends of the axle rest, where visitors can stop for refreshment or amusement, as in the Eiffel tower.

The number of cars on this gigantic wheel is expected to be 40—that is, four more than the Ferris—and it is estimated that they will accommodate 1,600 people.

Remedy For Damp Walls.

The process consists in using two washes or solutions for covering the surface of the walls—one composed of castile soap and water and one of alum and water. The proportions are three-quarters of a pound of soap to a gallon of water and a half a pound of alum to 4 gallons of water, both substances to be perfectly dissolved in water before being used. The walls should be perfectly clean and dry and the temperature of the air not above 50 degrees F. when the compositions are applied. The first, or soap, wash should be laid on when boiling hot, with a flat brush, taking care to form a froth on the brickwork. This wash should remain 24 hours, so as to become dry and hard before the second, or alum, wash is applied, which should be done in the same manner as the first. The temperature of this wash, when applied, may be 60 or 70 degrees F., and this should remain 24 hours before a second coat of the soap wash is put on. These coats are to be applied alternately until the walls are made impervious to water. The alum and soap thus combined form an insoluble compound, says Architect and Builder, filling the pores of the masonry and entirely preventing the water from entering the wall.

Why the Horse Is an Easy Victim.

Why the horse should prove a much easier victim to the electric current than man does is thus explained by The Lancet. The hoof, and more particularly its crust and sole, is a good insulator, but the shoe presents to the ground a large metallic contact, and this contact is in connection with metallic conductors in the shape of nails, which pierce the strongest part of the insulation and afford an easy electrical path into the body. The contact with earth is further improved by the great superincumbent weight of the animal, and it may often happen that in passing over wet ground the external surface of the hoof and the wet fetlock, especially in the case of untrimmed horses, may become sufficiently wet to form a good surface conductor and so carry a current directly from the earth to the upper part of the body. In this way the safety of the natural "resistance" of the hoof is neutralized. A horse, too, covers more ground than a man and runs greater risk from being in contact with points of ground further apart.

Refrigerating With Natural Gas.

It is a well established law in physics that rarefaction cools a gas, while compression heats it. This principle is extensively used in certain icemaking machines and in cold storage establishments. Ammonia gas is first squeezed down to many times its normal density, and the warmth generated thereby is allowed to escape altogether. With subsequent liberation comes expansion, and hence intense cold. The New York Tribune reports that it is proposed in Indiana to use natural gas in the same way, but with this important difference: Ammonia is compressed in existing apparatus by steam or other power, costing money. But that important preliminary process has already been performed by nature with natural gas, which, it is asserted, comes out of some wells under a pressure of 20 atmospheres, or 300 pounds to the square inch. This is more than is commonly employed in ammonia machines. Consequently the expansion of the natural gas should produce greater cold.

National Sentiment.

The early Christians for a long time actually despised patriotism. They not only saw and felt that on this earth they had no abiding city, but they claimed to owe their allegiance to a higher power. This was a notion that prevailed until the growth of national sentiment became strong enough to make a Christian a patriot as well. Machiavelli, who had a lively appreciation of the pagan virtues, was one of the first writers of renown to exalt patriotism to a high place among the virtues. In his eyes, all was fair in war, if not in love, and he openly declared his admiration for those who loved their country better than the safety of their souls.

Patriotism was, in short, an old world virtue, which, at the time of the renaissance, was dragged out of its recess and refurbished for the use of the modern world. Eclipsed for a season, it has shone as bright again as ever it did in Greece or Rome. Many a citizen has since been cast in the mold of Aristides or of Regulus. But it is curious to observe that when national sentiment was weak there was in some respects a greater sense of the brotherhood of man than there is today.

Amid all its wars and turmoil, Europe made a nearer approach to solidarity and union. Christianity was a great welding force. The dreams of a universal church were in some slight degree realized, and the holy Roman empire was a stupendous fact which formed a cementing bond between many disorganized races.—Macmillan's Magazine.

No Time to Lose.

Cholly—Weally, I must be going. It's so late, you know.

Penelope—But it's only 7 o'clock.

Cholly—Yaas, but it's nearly 12 in London, y'know. Truth.

COMPLETE STOCK OF

Ladies' Summer Suits.

They are Cool, Comfortable and Nobby, and at lowest prices. Just what you want this Summer. Below we quote OUR PRICES.

LADIES' OUTING SUITS.

100 Ladies' Duck Suits,	Price $1.89 each
250 Ladies' Tuxedo Suits,	Price $2.75 each
100 Fancy Trimmed Tuxedo Suits,	Price $3.50 each
100 Fancy Combination Suits,	Price $3.00 each
75 Plain Linen Suits,	Price $4.50 each
100 Fancy Braided Linen Suits,	Price $4.50 each
100 Serge Suits, SILK-FACED,	Price $4.99 each
100 Tuxedo Suits, Fancy Trimmed,	Price $6.00 each

SHIRT WAISTS.

60 dozen Percale Shirt Waists,	Price 49c. each
In every imaginable design and color.	
100 dozen Fancy Colored Organdie Muslin Waists,	87 1-2c. each
50 dozen India Linen Lawn Waists,	79c. each
50 dozen Fancy Hamburg Trimmed India Linen Lawn Waists at	$1.25 each
150 dozen Black and Colored French Satine Waists,	98c. each
100 dozen of the celebrated Mull House Satine Waists,	$1.25 each
10 dozen Fancy Spotted Muslin Waists, Lace Trimmed.	
50 dozen Chambray Waists, with Laundered Collars and Cuffs,	$1 each

N. B.—We have all sizes in the above Waists. No extra charge made for large sizes.

Full stock of Plain and Fancy Colored Silk Waists, prices from $2.69 to $8.50 each.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

Another bargain in Summer Dress Material.

Twilled Satines, some 8000 yards and somewhere about 40 patterns, the colorings are beautiful, the ground is cream color, the width is 32 inches, the regular price is 20 cents a yard, while they last our price is 12 1-2c. a yard.

Palmer Street, Centre Aisle.

The principal odors of Hudnut's Richest Perfume can be found at our Toilet Counter in 1-2 oz., 1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. bottles and in bulk. A list of them:

Lily of the Nile, White Lilac, White Jessamine, Chypre, Locust Blossoms, Jockey Club, Peau d'Espagne, Preciosa, Carnation Pink, Frangipanni, Lily of the Valley, English Violet, White Heliotrope, White Hyacinth, Crab Apple Blossoms, White Rose.

This manufacturer can not be excelled of the lasting qualities of Toilet Waters.

Russian Violet, Sweet Violet, White Heliotrope, Florida Water, Lavender Water.

Merrimack Street, Right Aisle.

Kaysor's Patent Finger-Tipped Silk Gloves are guaranteed. If the tips wear out before the Gloves you get a new pair.

Merrimack Street, Rear.

Chenille Draperies in an abundance of patterns and colors, and think you would do well to take a look through our stock before buying, as you may learn something to your benefit.

A complete line of

Nottingham Curtains, Swiss Lace Curtains, Irish Point Curtains, Point d'Esprite Curtains.

You will find just what you want for Sash Curtains.

Swiss Lace, Tambo Muslin, Spotted Muslin, Irish Point Lace, Schiffli Lace, Madras Lace, China Lace, Cloud Figured Muslin, Silkaline.

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The Big House

FLAGS

for the 4th.

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Every person desiring can procure it by making a small purchase of 25c worth.

We point to our immense values in our own make boys' Knee Pants for 25c a pair.

Hot weather goods at cut prices light Color Suits at $5, $6.29, $10.00, $15.00.

Keep cool by wearing our light Shirts and Underwear 20c. to $3.00 a garment.

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The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

Fine Claret

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The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

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10 CENTRAL ST.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing January 1st, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, 5.56, 8.35, 9.40, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 3.25, 4.30, 5.10, 6.55, 9.35 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 6.35, 7.50, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m. 12.05, 5.36, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.36, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.36 p. m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls, Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.36.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.36 p. m.

For Bangor, Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.36 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.36 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p. m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell.

For Boston—5 43, 6.50, ¶6 50, *7 43, *850, ¶9 25, *9 56, 11 00 a. m.; ¶12 10, 1 35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5 40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7 45, 8 45, *9 15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5 48, 6 54, ¶6 55, 7 31, *7 18, *7 27, *7 48, *8 57, 9 28, ¶9 33, *9 59, 11 03, 11 44 a. m., *12 17, 1 38, 2 18, ¶3 03, 4 02, 4 38, *5 33, ¶5 43, *6 28, 7 52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7 17, *7 37, ¶7 48, 1 48, *0 20 a. m.; ¶4 25, 6 03 p. m.

For Woburn, 6 30, 7 01, 7 35, *7 45, 11 00 a. m.; 1 35, 4 30, *5 31, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m. ¶4 25, ¶6 03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.50 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.15 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—¶7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.46, (2.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.43, (5.02 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.42 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.00. a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), †8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.47p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 and †8.42.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.46 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 6.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞ †Daily for Montreal.

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W. A. LEW, 49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

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Quality, Not Quantity.

THE SIZE Of a newspaper is no guarantee of its excellence. The public wants quality, not quantity, in a newspaper. News that is old is not improved by spreading it over a large number of pages, where the reader must hunt to find it. You can read in the padded sheets tomorrow much of what you see in THE SUN today.

UP IN A BALLOON

BY M. QUAD.

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IT WAS not only the glorious Fourth of July, but our town had a circus and a balloon ascension as well. The three events had been advertised and talked about until everybody for 50 miles around made arrangements to come in and enjoy the day.

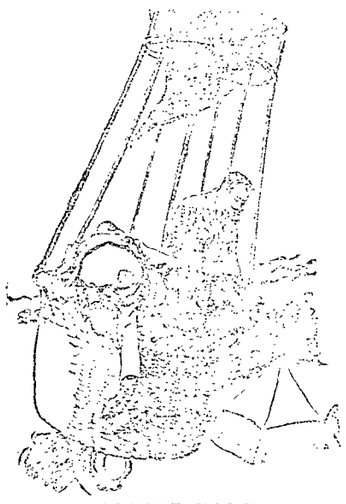
I was a lad of 15 then, serving my first year's apprenticeship in a printing office, and of course everybody connected with The Weekly Journal had a holiday and a deadhead ticket to the circus. The balloon ascensions were not a regular feature of the circus, but had been tacked on "for this day only" to help draw the crowds. How the circus people got hold of the aeronaut I do not know, but it was afterward learned that he knew little or nothing of the business and was sadly lacking in nerve as well. He called himself Professor James, and he arrived in town with his balloon several days before the circus. The Journal published a notice written by him to the effect that he would be glad of company on his trip among the clouds, but that the weight of the volunteer must not be over 125 pounds. It was a very curious thing that almost every man in all Fairfield county expressed a strong desire to make the ascension, but was barred by the weight. Each and every one of them tipped the beam at just a pound too much. Our local editor had never been able to pull down more than 120 pounds in his life, but on this occasion his weight suddenly increased to 122. But for this unfortunate circumstance he would have taken his seat in the car and given the 472 weekly readers of the leading newspaper in Fairfield county a three column article on the sensations of a trip through space. Some people suggested that the editor himself, who was a lightweight and full of enterprise, should take advantage of the occasion to distinguish himself, but unfortunately his weight increased 10 pounds while they were talking about it. The pressman had no ambition to soar, and the foreman of the office said he would be so busy looking at the animals in the menagerie that he would have no time to spare for the balloon.

In this emergency I determined to go myself. I didn't declare my intentions around the office, as I didn't care to receive the grateful thanks of the staff, and I kept very quiet at home, because father had a notion that a boy 15 years old ought to stay down on the ground with both feet. I had a quiet talk with the professor and settled things. I was to take my seat in the basket at the last moment, and his only caution to me was not to get frightened and to obey any orders he gave me. Dodgers were printed and handed around to announce that a person had volunteered, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after the circus performance, the crowd which assembled to witness the ascension was said to number 15,000. While I hung about the spot ready for the critical moment no one had the least suspicion of my intentions. The editor and the local editor came around and bemoaned their inability to get down to weight, and 10 minutes before the start my father came along and stopped to say:

"Boy, you keep clear of the ropes when he makes his start and don't get yourself carried off."

When all was ready, the professor gave me the wink. It was a wink which astonished thousands of people. I was in the basket, and the men let go of the ropes before any one could stop me, and as the crowd looked up and cheered we seemed to jump half a mile high. It was not a hot air balloon, to make a trip of three or four miles, but it had been filled with natural gas and was expected to make a voyage of perhaps a hundred. The town, as I may tell you, was Lancaster, O., and there was a south wind blowing as we rose. As to the sensation, there was none. It was like sitting on a bench in a public park. The balloon was moving, but we couldn't realize that it was unless looking over the side of the car.

The breeze below was a gentle one, but a thousand feet above the earth it blew at the rate of 15 miles an hour. We traveled steadily to the north for two hours with scarcely a motion to the car, but then we met a current of air from the east which spun us round and round like a top for five minutes and then sent us to the northwest. In that spinning around the balloon received an injury, and the professor seemed to lose his nerve all at once. What the injury was I could not make out, and he did not tell me. It seemed to me that we dropped several hundred feet like a stone, and I expect we should have brought up in a Delaware county cornfield if the professor had not heaved over several sand bags. We jumped again till in the twilight I could no longer distinguish the earth, but the balloon did not sail along as steadily as before. Its motion was like that of a ship sailing over a stormy sea, so I fancied, but the professor was too busy to heed me, but yet I knew from I was the older of the two. He tugged away at valve ropes which would not give, peered over the car and up at the swelling silk, and as we began to sink again he knelt down in the car and cried out:



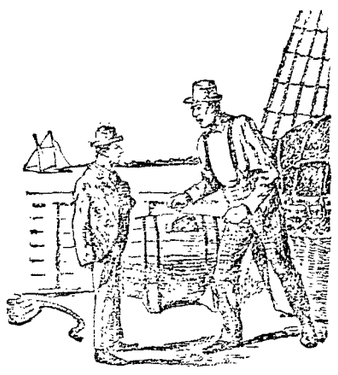
A HASTY EXPEDITION.

"May heaven have mercy on us, but we are lost!"

We went down, down, down till we seemed to scrape the housetops of the town of Marion, and then we took a shoot like the flight of a bullet. As we did so I grasped at a rope dangling around my head and pulled, and I distinctly felt a movement at the upper end. When we met that eastern current, the escape valve was in some manner opened and jammed open. That was what rattled the professor. In pulling on the rope I had closed it. I still had the rope in my hands when I looked around and found the professor missing. As it afterward appeared, the balloon had dipped down till it brushed the tops of the trees in an orchard, and in his fright he had leaped out and left me to my fate.

I wasn't so frightened as you may imagine, because the balloon sailed very steadily, and I didn't understand the situation. Relieved of his weight and my shutting off the escaping gas at the same moment shot the balloon to an immense height—so high that I was soon shivering with the cold. Ignorant as I was, I did not make matters worse by handling any of the ropes. Had I been posted I could have opened the valve and caused the balloon to descend to earth, though I might have been dashed to pieces in the landing. Realizing that I could do nothing in the matter, I lay down in the bottom of the car, pulled a blanket over me and was soon sound asleep. There was a lighted lantern underneath the car, and people traced the balloon by that during the night. It continued on a northwest course to within 50 miles of Toledo, and the direction was then changed to due east, and it made straight for the town of Clinton on the shore of Lake Erie. I awoke just at sunrise, and the balloon was then driving along at a distance of about 500 feet above the earth. The silk had become weighted with the dampness and caused a gradual descent. But very few people were to be seen as I slowly approached the town, but my shouts soon routed out 100. It seemed as if 50 different men called to me to jump, but a man who stood at his back door in his shirt sleeves gave me the right sort of a pointer. He called to me to throw out the anchor, and for the first time I suspected the use of the coil of stout rope with a curious piece of iron attached to one end. The balloon was not traveling faster than five miles an hour and was gradually descending when I threw the coil of rope over. Down I went till the anchor raked along the roofs of the houses. Then it caught in the telegraph wires, but broke away, and as I floated across the corners the iron bumped a cow and turned her around. In my fright, for the car was now being dashed about, I threw over two bags of ballast and the roll of blankets. Up shot the balloon to a height of half a mile and began to drive out over the lake. The sun now began to dry the silk, and I kept rising until I could no longer distinguish the earth.

It must have been a full hour before I caught sight of the lake again. I hadn't meddled with the ropes at all, but there had been an escape of gas, and the balloon was slowly settling down. By and by the car was within a few hundred feet of the water, but I lightened it of the professor's overcoat, such food as was left and the last bag of sand, and again I sailed among the clouds. Not for long, though. In the course of 15 minutes the balloon began to drop. I cut away the anchor, but that only delayed the fall a few minutes. I took notice of two steamers, a tug and two or three sailing vessels as I came down, but when I found the car only a hundred feet above the water I shut my eyes and got a grasp with both hands and held on for the



"WHO GAVE YOU LEAVE TO BOARD MY SCHOONER?"

crash. I expected to strike the water, and as a matter of fact the car did descend within five feet of the surface. A puff of wind then lifted it a few feet and drove it along in a horizontal direction until there came a sudden crash, and I heard half a dozen men shouting. Balloon and basket had driven against the sails and rigging of a schooner under sail, and while I was bumping about some of the sailors came up and made things fast and assisted me to descend. After a bit my aerial vehicle was hauled down and secured, and then a funny thing took place. The captain was a hard headed old chap, with a good deal of quarter deck dignity, and he squared off at me with:

"Young man, what do you call that thing?"

"A balloon, sir."

"And what were you doing up in the air?"

"Making an ascension, sir."

"What was the object?"

"Why, just to go up in a balloon."

"Young man, you are a fool! Who gave you leave to board my schooner?"

"No one."

"I'd have you know, sir, that I'm captain of this craft, and that I'm not to be boarded in this fashion without resenting it! You ought to have your jacket tanned for your impudence, and I'm the man to tan it!"

And he might have done it but for the interference of the mate, who suggested that it was a case which I could not help myself. However, I had to beg the captain's forgiveness and promise never to be caught in such a scrape again before he would give me a bite to eat. The craft was bound for Sandusky, and thither I was carried, but the man could not quite forgive me. As I stepped ashore he said:

"Boy, when you want to play the fool again, go out and jump into the well or try to fly off the roof of the barn. I'm sorry I didn't give you a good licking before we got in!"

That was hard to bear, but worse was coming. When I got home, father called me a dolt and a doughhead and added that he'd like to wear out three or four gads on me, and the local editor of The Journal received me with:

"Well, smarty, you think you've done it, I suppose! I was just getting into the car when you pushed me away, and if I don't get you bounced in less than a week I'll walk out myself."

However, I'd been up in a balloon and come down again all right, and as no other "printer's devil" had done the same I found something to console me in the knowledge of the fact.

American Liberty.

Oh, be there, come! The breath of heaven is here!
One draft can make the slave and master one!
The sense of liberty softens year by year,
And in a richer flood the stream of life flows on.

—Maurice Thompson.

Hats and Capes.

A covering for the head was early adopted by the inhabitants of the northern climes and was usually a hood made of fur, but it was not until the Phrygians had conquered Asia Minor that the people of warmer latitudes wore any head covering. The Phrygians were the first to adopt the fashion, and they did it in order to distinguish themselves from the conquered race with whom they lived. Their headdress was a small, close fitting cap, which was also soon adopted by the Roman free citizens. In 1494 a Swiss manufacturer of Paris invented the first hat.

She Must Go.

Wife—My love, I must discharge our nurse at once.

Husband—Is she unkind to the baby?

"I don't know about that, but dear little Fido doesn't seem to like her."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

APPENDICITIS NOT FATAL.

Mistakes About the Disease—Its Causes and Effects Rectified.

Operations for appendicitis have now become quite frequent, and as some deaths are believed to have resulted from an inflammation of the appendix vermiformis it is now the rule, whenever any pain is experienced in the abdominal cavity, to diagnose at once a case of appendicitis, caused by the presence of some foreign body, presumably a grape or berry seed, in the appendix vermiformis.

In order to gain some authentic information relative to the alleged sudden increase in the number of cases of this complaint, a reporter called upon Dr. S. B. Ward.

The impression seems to have been gaining ground that the chances against recovery in cases of this character are very rare, and that almost invariably the cause of the difficulty can be traced to the swallowing of grape or berry seeds which find their way into the appendix.

Dr. Ward, who has had considerable experience in cases of appendicitis and peritonitis, said that the impression was a very erroneous one, both as to the fatality as well as the origin of the difficulty.

"In the first place," said he, "the reason why the disease known as appendicitis has been brought more to public attention is that medical and surgical science has advanced till now a physician is enabled to distinguish without much difficulty when he has peritonitis or when appendicitis to deal with.

"But a short time ago the records of deaths from peritonitis were heavy. Then all inflammation and difficulty in the abdominal cavity was ascribed to peritonitis. Now, however, it has become pretty generally known that the trouble has in many cases been due to appendicitis. The impression has spread that it is a new disease, but it is not and has been prevalent probably for a long time.

"Another impression is that the cause of the difficulty can be traced to the lodgment of seeds or foreign substances in the appendix. This, too, is incorrect, and that theory has long since been exploded by surgeons.

"Appendicitis is an inflammation of the appendix. It is not known what causes it. There are two proofs that appendicitis is not due to the lodgment of seeds. The first is that in almost every instance where an operation has been performed the appendix has been found empty, though inflamed. The second is that in operations after death, when death has been due to other causes, substances have often been found in the appendix, and yet that organ was not inflamed.

"As to the impression that operations are necessarily fatal, that, too, is wrong, as no more difficulty is liable to follow than may follow the most simple operation. All that is necessary is to cut through and pull out the appendix, so as to tie it and cut it off. It is a part of the anatomy that is not necessary. It is simply a rudimentary reservoir. It is generally situated on the right side, pretty well down in the abdomen.

"A physician can most always tell appendicitis from other abdominal difficulties. The reason why cases are fatal is that the operation is not performed in time, and the inflammation spreads over the entire region of the intestines. It is not the operation that kills, but the disease.

"Dr. Tate, the celebrated English surgeon, reports having performed 112 operations for appendicitis, and all recovered. In fact, there are but few deaths from this disease, many less in proportion than other cases that necessitate operations.

"The appendix may become inflamed from any cause, and why it should in so many cases be inflamed is a mystery to surgeons and physicians. The proper safeguard is to put yourself in the hands of a surgeon who has had some experience in cases of this character as soon as the difficulty arises."—Albany Journal.

Vaccination and Revaccination.

Vaccination is a formality from which no one should be exempt, and there is neither age nor constitution whereby it is counter indicated. Children should be vaccinated a short time after birth, but it is well not to do so at once, but to wait two or three months, when the child has begun to develop. Nevertheless no hesitation should be felt at vaccinating a child at birth in time of epidemic, and in no case should this operation be postponed beyond the first six months. In time of epidemic no attention should be paid, as would be done under ordinary circumstances, to the fact that the child is cutting a tooth or has an outbreak of eczema nor impetigo. Vaccination can be done in all seasons, but unless it is urgent it is well to avoid times of extreme cold or heat.

The necessity of revaccination is admitted by everybody now. It should be done at the age of 7 or 8 years, again between 15 and 20, and again between 30 and 35. This is usually enough, except in time of epidemic, when the rule is to revaccinate everybody.

The most convenient point for vaccination is on the outside of the arm below the shoulder. Little children have difficulty in reaching that spot, but in the case of girls they are exposed to being obliged to show ugly scars when they reach the age at which society requires them to go low necked. To obviate this drawback a great many women are vaccinated on the leg and require this to be done in the case of their daughters. I have adopted this habit for a long time now, although swollen glands are much commoner in the groin than in the armpit.—Paris Herald.

The Pleasure of Dying.

"Since none of us can possibly escape death it is somewhat consoling to be assured that in the great majority of cases it is almost painless and in a great many cases a positively pleasurable sensation," remarked Asa L. Mead of Cleveland. "I am not particularly anxious to try it, but I have been told by an eminent physician that the sensation of dying is similar to that of the dreaming morphine eater, who gradually passes off into a semiconscious state, where everything seems like floating visions of bliss. The body and nerves are numb, and the excited, overwrought brain becomes quiet. The imagination plays fancifully with blissful pictures, and the whole condition of the nervous system is one pleasurable exaltation. Nature supplies her own anæsthetic before the last moment arrives. Before the death rattle is heard a smile often parts the lips, and the wandering mind frequently causes the tongue to utter words which are all of pleasure and joy."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dutch Celebrations.

Foreigners sometimes smile at the way Dutch people go on celebrating historical events which occurred several centuries ago, and there is no denying that the yearly commemoration of a siege of Groningen in the year 1694 may become somewhat monotonous, but it keeps the memory of these events fresh among the younger generation better than any history learned at school. Unlike the old lady who did not care for history, because she thought "bygones had better be bygones," Dutch children, with these constant appeals to their imaginations, learn to look upon the past as part of the present and to feel that they are bound to make themselves worthy of the hero race to whom they owe their liberties.—Longman's Magazine.

SAVED HER BROTHER.

HOW A CHILD'S DISOBEDIENCE DID GOOD FOR ONCE.

A True Story of Revolutionary Days—A Feud Between Friends—A Treacherous Plot Overheard by a Little Girl—A Bit of New History.

"I tell you I am going, Uncle Mose, so there, now!" The speaker, a girl of about 10, proceeded to put her threat into execution, while an aged darky stood, hat in hand, looking after her. His countenance expressed a mixture of disapprobation and amusement. Meanwhile Miss Margaret, or Peggy, as she was generally called, wended her way along so blithely and merrily that one would never have supposed she was doing what she had been expressly forbidden to do. And here we may as well give the circumstances which led to the above emphatic remark.

Margaret Northcote belonged to an intensely patriotic family living on the outskirts of Elizabethtown, N. J., and she was going, as she so emphatically announced, to see a friend of about her own age who lived in the town half a mile away. The father of this girl was a gentleman named Bent. This Mr. Bent had formerly been an intimate friend of Margaret's father, but after the breaking out of the war they took different sides in the struggle—for Bent was a zealous Tory—and this had created a difference between them, which, increasing with time, had finally made them bitter enemies. The children, however, still remained good friends, very justly thinking that their fathers' opinions ought not to influence them. But at last Peggy's parents interfered and forbade her going to visit any longer at the Bents', declaring that they didn't want their daughter to get any "British notions." Mr. Northcote, however, was away on business most of the time, and as this afternoon her mother was too busy to pay much attention to her she had decided to brave her parents' displeasure and see her friend. Uncle Mose tried to stop her, but did not succeed, and as she marched on with so much confidence he chuckled: "Hi! She's her mudder's own gal fur shuah!"

On reaching the Bents' she found that Dorothy was the only one of the family in. The two friends, therefore, enjoyed each other's society to the full without any disapproving fathers or mothers to frown upon them. The afternoon rapidly wore away, and when Peggy looked to see the time it was 6 o'clock. "I wonder," remarked she, "that Uncle Mose hasn't been sent for me long before this. I supposed I might have an hour or two with you, but I've been here all the afternoon, and I don't believe mother knows it yet, she's so busy."

"Do stay to tea," said Dorothy. "Everybody's away, and we could have a lovely time."

"Well, I believe I will," replied Peggy. "I don't know when I can come again." The statement that they would have a lovely time was fully verified. In fact, they had a rather uproarious one, and it was to the decided relief of the servants that Peggy rose to leave. "It's dusk now," exclaimed she, "and I must go." And amid mutual protestations of friendship she stepped out into the open air.

Ordinarily it would not have been dark for an hour yet, but tonight a shower was coming up. Peggy was hurrying to get home before it should strike her when, on the outskirts of the town, she saw two men talking. As she approached they stopped, and both, leaning over the wall,

"HER MUDDER'S OWN GAL."

seemed engrossed in the beauties of the sunset, which, by the way, were not plainly visible on account of a dark bank of clouds which nearly excluded the last rays of the sun. There seems very little in all this to excite curiosity, but then it is proverbial that a very small thing will achieve this result with the fair sex. Peggy looked back. At the same moment a ray of light broke through the clouds and lit up the faces of both men. One of them she recognized. It was George Bent. Once or twice she had seen Dorothy's brother, though he was away most of the time.

At this instant she came to a sharp curve in the road, which hid them from view. The moment she turned the corner an irresistible desire took possession of her to know what those men were saying. "Why did they stop talking when I passed, and why did they both turn away so I couldn't see them?" thought Peggy. As soon as she had turned this corner she hesitated for only a moment and then quickly climbed the stone wall by the roadside. On the other side of the wall was an old apple orchard. Along the fence especially there was a continuous line of trees, which by their foliage in spring nearly shut out the view from the road and by their fruit in autumn entirely corrupted the morals of all neighboring small boys. Under cover of these Peggy slowly retraced her steps on the other side of the wall and at last reached one about 15 feet away from the two men. Should she try to pass from this tree to the next under which they were standing? She stopped and listened. They were still talking, but in so low a tone that she could not understand what they said. Keeping close to the wall, she stealthily crawled along until nearly opposite the objects of her curiosity. Then she compelled herself to listen.

The first words that greeted her ears were those, from, it not as she thought: "It was the merest chance that I happened to see him, for I'm away most of the time. But I knew him right away and where he must have come from. Did you notice the child that passed here a minute ago? Well, that's his sister." Peggy could hardly believe her ears. Could they mean her? But her brother was in the southern army, as she had often heard. How could any one have seen him? "What's he stopping there for," returned the other, "if his dispatches are so important?" "It's not much out of his way," replied Bent. "And then, too, he was sure of getting a good horse there." "Not so very sure either," was the answer. "Old Northcote happens to be out of town with it, luckily." "When will he be back?" "Probably early tomorrow morning." "Do you think he'll wait?" "No, I think he won't." "Wouldn't it be better to make the attempt tonight then?" "No, for he'll sell his life dearly." "Well, and isn't it worth it," returned the other, with an oath, "especially with those papers of his?" "And then," went on Bent, "I've got sure notice the British will be here tomorrow, and then we could hand him over to them. He's safe in the meantime, as the house is watched. Of course, if he tries to get away, we can't wait till tomorrow, but he doesn't know he's watched and won't try to hide what he does." Poor Peggy thought all this while that she must be having a dream and a very unpleasant

PEGGY COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE HER EARS.

one. Were her neighbors really such wicked people? Her father and mother were right. She would never go into their house again.

It had now grown very dark, and that half mile, of which she had always thought so little, seemed now an interminable distance. When at last she reached the house, she dropped into a chair utterly exhausted. Mrs. Northcote had risen, alarmed, to meet her, but seeing that she was only tired and out of breath waited until she had recovered a little and then gravely asked: "Peggy, where have you been? I sent Uncle Mose for you an hour ago, and he isn't back yet."

"To the Bents', mother, and as I was coming home"——

"But, Peggy," said her mother, "I thought I had forbidden you to go there?"

Poor Peggy! Subsequent events had completely driven this fact from her mind. "But, mother," exclaimed she, and her voice trembled. "I must tell you what happened as I came home." Then brokenly and incoherently she told the whole story and ended by crying, "John is in the southern army, isn't he, mother, and what does it all mean?" Mrs. Northcote turned pale, but merely told Peggy to take off her wet clothes and go straight to bed. There, excited as she was, she was so tired she soon fell asleep.

Peggy had hardly mounted the stairs when Mrs. Northcote entered a small chamber adjoining the sitting room and woke a sleeper stretched at full length on the bed. They held a hurried conversation together in the dark, and then without a light both descended to the cellar, the sleeper stopping only to get his hat and coat. "I suppose I'll have to go with the other horse, poor as it is, since father isn't home," said he. "Yes," was the hurried reply. "You mustn't lose a minute." In that side of the cellar farthest from the road was a small window. Through this the man proceeded to climb with no regard to dignity or anything but haste and secrecy. "You have the key?" whispered she. "Yes," returned he. And stooping to kiss her, a difficult performance, which nearly caused his precipitation from the narrow window, he flopped—I would prefer to say dashed, but a historian must sacrifice everything to truth—out into the rain, which was coming down in torrents, and by as guarded a way as possible directed his steps toward the barn. Mrs. Northcote stood looking out for several moments and then slowly groped her way up stairs and dropped into a chair. For awhile she sat with every nerve at the highest tension, expecting each second to hear the report of a musket, but as minute after minute passed and nothing happened she grew gradually calmer and finally retired to rest, having first relieved Uncle Moses, who came in much excited, by telling him of Peggy's return.

The next day the British made Elizabethtown a call. If you consult a history of this war, you will find that in the year 1780, on June 6, an incursion was made into the Jerseys; that in the course of it the British entered Elizabethtown; that they pillaged and burned several houses there, and that, all things considered, the expedition reflected no glory upon the British arms.

Mr. Northcote, being detained out of town, returned in the afternoon to find his house in ashes, but after he had been informed of the safety of his wife and child, and still more after a long talk with the former, he did not seem to feel his loss at all keenly. His cheerfulness was still further increased in a few days by the news of his son's safety in Washington's camp at Morristown. Before this time he had always tried to discourage his wife, for women were curious then as they are now, and probably ever will be, from prying into the affairs of her neighbors. But ever after, strange to say, his ideas seemed to change completely, and he was often heard to remark that he knew of a great many vices worse than curiosity. And, in truth, if we "give the devil his due," why should we not render full justice to disobedience and curiosity whenever there is an opportunity, so much the more that the number of them is few? THEO. HOLLAND.

Jones' Idea.

Briggs—There goes Jones, the man who married the widow and six children.

Griggs—But what is he doing with that enormous quantity of fireworks?

Briggs—I guess he intends to get rid of the six children.

A Born Gentleman.

The small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said, "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," he responded, accepting her courtesy. "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it," and the lady actually reached over and kissed him.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Consolation.

Liber—You ought to be proud of the things you've accomplished.

Bookus (in bitter mood)—Humph! Never got one of my books printed yet.

Liber—Yes, but—er—but think what a lot of rare old manuscripts you've accumulated.—Chicago Record.

GOOD HEALTH.

THE NERVOUS DEPRESSION THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Is Recommended as It is a Compound of Glycerine and Phosphorus.

The European edition of the New York Herald publishes an account of M. Albert Robin's discovery that the active principle of the famous so called "elixir of life" is a chemical compound of glycerin and phosphorus.

This compound, it says, is found in the natural state in the nervous system, and hence, when cellular destruction has been going on too rapidly, the use of the glycero-phosphates helps to build up the system.

Dr. Robin has tested the value of the glycero-phosphates of lime, soda and potash, either alone or combined and given by the stomach or hypodermically. He reaches the following conclusions:

First—The glycero-phosphates are powerful therapeutical agents, which stimulate the general nutrition by means of their action on the nervous system.

Second—Their leading indication is nervous depression.

Third—In hypodermic injections their action is at least as energetic as Brown-Sequard's liquid, which in all probability owes its effect to the organic phosphorus it contains. It can therefore only be advantageous to use them in place of this liquid, since in this way we substitute a well defined substance that can be given in accurate amounts in the place of an uncertain preparation that varies constantly and cannot be preserved.

Fourth—The cases mentioned above allow us to hope that these injections will be of service in the treatment of nervous asthenia of different origins, of phosphaturic albuminuria, of phosphaturia, of Addison's disease, of some forms of sciatica and of tic douloureux of the face. In locomotor ataxia the results are more uncertain, and there seems to be nothing beyond an alleviation in the fulgurant pains.

Water as a Medicine.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue change. Worn out particles are cast aside from the system, while the new are ever being formed. Water has the power of increasing these tissue changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drink water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease, which, if once firmly seated, requires both time and money to cure. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night and is a better reliever of sleeplessness than many drugs. Inflated parts will subside under the continued poulticing of quite hot water. Very hot water is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilizing our wounds. A riotous stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass of hot water, says a health journal, authority for the foregoing.

A FEMININE WEAPON.

Guided by a Multitude of Little Wisdoms, Precautions and Arts.

Among the more delicate social weapons used by women tact is one of the most effective—the power of listening, of brightening at the proper moment and laughing at the right joke, and of knowing the exact temper in which a man is conquerable and when it is best to let him alone. A woman who possesses this weapon generally rules by that fine instinct which strengthens her own position by strengthening her husband's. It is a feminine weapon guided by a multitude of little wisdoms and precautions and by arts as varied as the sex. It rules a man so gently that he is kept in constant good humor with himself, nor is he uncomfortably conscious that he has laid down all his own arms before this sheathed sword, says The Ladies' Home Journal.

If there be any other weapon equal to tact for domestic use, it is silence. In the hour of revolt this force is supreme. Let any man try to conquer a woman who simply opposes to all his arguments a discouraging silence, who is perfectly patient today and will be perfectly patient tomorrow, who is not on the offensive, but the defensive, and whose attitude silently says: "I do not oppose you. It is not my place. But I know I am right." It takes but a short time for such an antagonist to bring any ordinary man to her feet.

The Art of Conversation.

A thing which a pessimistic writer on social topics claims has gone out of fashion, is the art of conversation. He says: It has of late years been so neglected that it is the rarest chance to meet with a young man who can converse at all in the real sense of the word. Among his own set he can babble about mutual acquaintances, the new singer, the next race or the last scandal. But throw him among strangers, and he is silent and dull, perhaps making short remarks in a jerky and confused manner, but betraying no intelligent interest if a new discovery be mentioned, a piece of important political news told or some information given about a subject of real value. He is not only bored, but he shows it, because he has never cultivated that polite interest in his fellow creatures which would enable him to respond sympathetically.

One of the old French noblesse was lately heard to remark that when he first went into society his father used to impress upon his mind that at a party he was bound to insure its success so far as he was individually concerned. To make himself agreeable was a duty not to be neglected without a grave breach of courtesy both to the guests and the friends who invited him. In a modern gathering no such antiquated sentiment would find a disciple. Young people, if they do not meet some one to flirt with, will ostentatiously proclaim their boredom and would stare in astonishment if it were suggested that at a friend's house it was the duty toward the hostess to pay attention to those who seemed neglected or who found themselves among strangers.

Proper.

One Girl—And did you permit him to kiss you?

Another Girl—No. In the absence of my chaperon I did not think it proper.—Chicago Tribune.

Indirectly.

"What makes you think he loves you? Did he say so?"

"No, but he hugged me. That is a roundabout way of letting me know it."—Brooklyn Life.

DR. KELLEY, SURGEON DENTIST, 101 CENTRAL ST. Opposite the Wasson House.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

UP IN A BALLOON

BY M. QUAD.

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IT WAS not only the glorious Fourth of July, but our town had a circus and a balloon ascension as well. The three events had been advertised and talked about until everybody for 25 miles around made arrangements to come in and enjoy the day.

I was a lad of 15 then, serving my first year's apprenticeship in a printing office, and of course everybody connected with the Weekly Journal had a holiday and a deadhead ticket to the circus. The balloon ascensions were not a regular feature of the circus, but had been tacked on "for this day only" to help draw the crowds. How the circus people got hold of the merchant I do not know, but it was afterward learned that he knew little or nothing of the business and was sadly lacking in nerve as well. He called himself Professor James, and he arrived in town with his balloon several days before the circus. The journal published a notice written by him to the effect that he would be glad of company on his trip among the clouds, but that the weight of the volunteer must not be over 125 pounds. It was a very curious thing that almost every man in all that county expressed a strong desire to make the ascension, but was barred by the weight. Each and every one of them tipped the beam at about 10 pounds too much. Our local editor had never been able to pull down more than 120 pounds in his life, but on this occasion his weight suddenly increased to 132. But for this unfortunate circumstance he would have taken his seat in the car and given the 472 weekly readers of the leading newspaper in Fairfield county a three column article on the sensations of a trip through space. Some people suggested that the editor himself, who was a lightweight and full of enterprise, should take advantage of the occasion to distinguish himself, but unfortunately his weight increased 10 pounds while they were talking about it. The pressman had no ambition to soar, and the foreman of the office said he would be so busy looking at the animals in the menagerie that he would have no time to spare for the balloon.

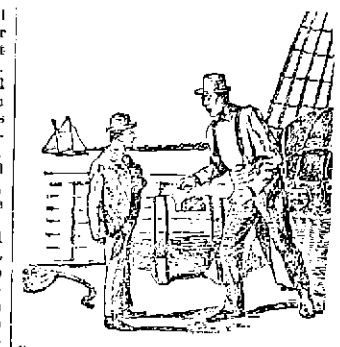
In this emergency I determined to go myself. I didn't declare my intentions around the office, as I didn't care to receive the grateful thanks of the staff, and I kept very quiet at home, because father had a notion that a boy 15 years old ought to stay down on the ground with both feet. I had a quiet talk with the professor and settled things. I was to take my seat in the basket at the last moment, and his only caution to me was not to get frightened and to obey any orders he gave me. Dodgers were printed and handed around to announce that a person had volunteered, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after the circus performance, the crowd which assembled to witness the ascension was said to number 15,000. While I hung about the spot ready for the critical moment no one had the least suspicion of my intentions. The editor and the local editor came around and bemoaned their inability to get down to weight, and 10 minutes before the start my father came along and stopped to say:

"Boy, you keep clear of the ropes when he makes his start and don't get yourself carried off."

When all was ready, the professor gave me the wink. It was a wink which astonished thousands of people. I was in the basket, and the men let go of the ropes before any one could stop me, and as the crowd looked up and cheered we seemed to jump half a mile high. It was not a hot air balloon, to make a trip of three or four miles, but it had been filled with natural gas and was expected to make a voyage of perhaps a hundred. The town, as I may tell you, was Lancaster, O., and there was a south wind blowing as we rose. As to the sensation, there was none. It was like sitting on a bench in a public park. The balloon was moving, but we couldn't realize that it was unless looking over the side of the car.

The breeze below was a gentle one, but a thousand feet above the earth it blew at the rate of 15 miles an hour. We traveled steadily to the north for two hours with scarcely a motion to the car. But then we met a current of air from the east which spun us round and round like a top for five minutes and then sent us to the northwest. In that spinning around the balloon received an injury, and the professor seemed to lose his nerve all at once. What the injury was I could not make out, and he did not tell me. It seemed to me that we dropped several hundred feet like a stone, and I expect we should have brought up in a Delaware county cornfield if the professor had not heaved over several sand bags. We jumped again till in the twilight I could no longer distinguish the earth, but the balloon did not sail along as steadily as before. Because the balloon sailed very steadily, and I didn't understand the situation. Relieved of his weight and my shutting off the escaping gas at the same moment shot the balloon to an immense height—so high that I was soon shivering with the cold. Ignorant as I was, I did not make matters worse by handling any of the ropes. Had I been posted I could have opened the valve and caused the balloon to descend to earth, though I might have been dashed to pieces in the landing. Realizing that I could do nothing in the matter, I lay down in the bottom of the car, pulled a blanket over me and was soon sound asleep. There was a lighted lantern underneath the car, and people traced the balloon by that during the night. It continued on a northwest course to within 50 miles of Toledo, and the direction was then changed to due east, and it made straight for the town of Clinton on the shore of Lake Erie. I awoke just at sunrise, and the balloon was then driving along at a distance of about 500 feet above the earth. The silk had become weighted with the dampness and caused a gradual descent. But very few people were to be seen as I slowly approached the town, but my shouts soon routed out 100. It seemed as if 50 different men called to me to jump, but a man who stood at his back door in his shirt sleeves gave me the right sort of a pointer. He called to me to throw out the anchor, and for the first time I suspected the use of the coil of stout rope with a curious piece of iron attached to one end. The balloon was not traveling faster than five miles an hour and was gradually descending when I threw the coil of rope over. Down I went till the anchor raked along the roofs of the houses. Once it caught in the telegraph wires, but broke away, and as I floated across the common the iron bumped a cow and turned it toward. In my fright, for the car was now being dashed about, I threw over two bags of ballast and the roll of blankets. Up shot the balloon to a height of half a mile and began to drive out over the lake. The sun now began to dry the silk, and I kept rising until I could no longer distinguish the earth.

It must have been a full hour before I caught sight of the lake again. I hadn't meddled with the ropes at all, but there had been an escape of gas, and the balloon was slowly settling down. By and by the car was within a few hundred feet of the water, but I lightened it of the professor's overcoat, such food as was left and the last bag of sand, and again I sailed among the clouds. Not for long, though. In the course of 15 minutes the balloon began to drop. I cut away the anchor, but that only delayed the fall a few minutes. I took notice of two steamers, a tug and two or three sailing vessels as I came down, but when I found the car only a hundred feet above the water I shut my eyes and got a grasp with both hands and held on for the



"WHO GAVE YOU LEAVE TO BOARD MY SCHOONER?"

crash. I expected to strike the water, and as a matter of fact the car did descend within five feet of the surface. A puff of wind then lifted it a few feet and drove it along in a horizontal direction until there came a sudden crash, and I heard half a dozen men shouting. Balloon and basket had driven against the sails and rigging of a schooner under sail, and while I was bumping about some of the sailors came up and made things fast and assisted me to descend. After a bit my aerial vehicle was hauled down and secured, and then a funny thing took place. The captain was a hard headed old chap, with a good deal of quarter deck dignity, and he squared off at me with:

"Young man, what do you call that thing?"

"A balloon, sir."

"And what were you doing up in the air?"

"Making an ascension, sir."

"What was the object?"

"Why, just to go up in a balloon."

"Young man, you are a fool! Who gave you leave to board my schooner?"

"No one."

"I'd have now, sir, that I'm captain of this , and that I'm not to be boarded in this fashion without resenting it! You ought to have your jacket tanned for your impudence, and I'm the man to tan it!"

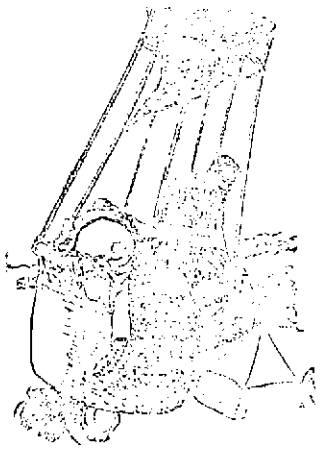
And he might have done it but for the interference of the mate, who suggested that it was a case which I could not help myself. However, I had to beg the captain's forgiveness and promise never to be caught in such a scrape again before he would give me a bite to eat. The craft was bound for Sandusky, and thither I was carried, but the man could not quite forgive me. As I stepped ashore he said:

"Boy, when you want to play the fool again, go out and jump into the well or try to fly off the roof of the barn. I'm sorry I didn't give you a good licking before we got in!"

This was hard to bear, but worse was coming. When I got home, father called me a dolt and a doughhead and added that he'd like to wear out three or four gads on me, and the local editor of The Journal received me with:

"Well, smarty, you think you've done it, I suppose! I was just getting into the car when you pushed me away, and if I don't get you bounced in less than a week I'll walk out myself."

However, I'd been up in a balloon and come down again all right, and as no other "printer's devil" had done the same I found something to console me in the knowledge of the fact.



A HAPPY ENTRANCE.

American Liberty.

Oh, heathen, come! The breath of heaven is here!
One draft can make the slave and master one;
The genius of Liberty soliens year by year,
And in a richer flood its stream of life flows on.

Maurice Thompson.

Hats and Capes.

A covering for the head was early adopted by the inhabitants of the northern climes and was usually a hood made of furs, but it was not until the Phrygians had conquered Asia Minor that the people of warmer latitudes wore any head covering. The Phrygians were the first to adopt the fashion, and they did it in order to distinguish themselves from the conquered race with whom they lived. Their headdress was a small, close fitting cap, which was also soon adopted by the Roman free citizens. In 1404 a Swiss manufacturer of Paris invented the first hat.

She Must Go.

Wife—My love, I must discharge our nurse at once.

Husband—Is she unkind to the baby?

"I don't know about that, but dear little Fitzclarence's seem to like her."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

APPENDICITIS NOT FATAL.

Mistakes About the Disease—Its Causes and Effects Rectified.

Operations for appendicitis have now become quite frequent, and as some deaths are believed to have resulted from an inflammation of the appendix vermiformis it is now the rule, whenever any pain is experienced in the abdominal cavity, to diagnose at once a case of appendicitis, caused by the presence of some foreign body, presumably a grape or berry seed, in the appendix vermiformis.

In order to gain some authentic information relative to the alleged sudden increase in the number of cases of this complaint, a reporter called upon Dr. S. B. Ward.

The impression seems to have been gaining ground that the chances against recovery in cases of this character are very rare, and that almost invariably the cause of the difficulty can be traced to the swallowing of grape or berry seeds which find their way into the appendix.

Dr. Ward, who has had considerable experience in cases of appendicitis and peritonitis, said that the impression was a very erroneous one, both as to the fatality as well as the origin of the difficulty.

"In the first place," said he, "the reason why the disease known as appendicitis has been brought more to public attention is that medical and surgical science has advanced till now a physician is enabled to distinguish without much difficulty when he has peritonitis or when appendicitis to deal with.

"But a short time ago the records of deaths from peritonitis were heavy. Then all inflammation and difficulty in the abdominal cavity was ascribed to peritonitis. Now, however, it has become pretty generally known that the trouble has in many cases been due to appendicitis. The impression has spread that it is a new disease, but it is not and has been prevalent probably for a long time.

"Another impression is that the cause of the difficulty can be traced to the lodgment of seeds or foreign substances in the appendix. This, too, is incorrect, and that theory has long since been exploded by surgeons.

"Appendicitis is an inflammation of the appendix. It is not known what causes it. There are two proofs that appendicitis is not due to the lodgment of seeds. The first is that in almost every instance where an operation has been performed the appendix has been found empty, though inflamed. The second is that in operations after death, when death has been due to other causes, substances have often been found in the appendix, and yet that organ was not inflamed.

"As to the impression that operations are necessarily fatal, that, too, is wrong, as no more difficulty is liable to follow than may follow the most simple operation. All that is necessary is to cut through and pull out the appendix, so as to tie it and cut it off. It is a part of the anatomy that is not necessary. It is simply a rudimentary reservoir. It is generally situated on the right side, pretty well down in the abdomen.

"A physician can most always tell appendicitis from other abdominal difficulties. The reason why cases are fatal is that the operation is not performed in time, and the inflammation spreads over the entire region of the intestines. It is not the operation that kills, but the disease.

"Dr. Tate, the celebrated English surgeon, reports having performed 112 operations for appendicitis, and all recovered. In fact, there are but few deaths from this disease, many less in proportion than other cases that necessitate operations.

"The appendix may become inflamed from any cause, and why it should in so many cases be inflamed is a mystery to surgeons and physicians. The proper safeguard is to put yourself in the hands of a surgeon who has had some experience in cases of this character as soon as the difficulty arises."—Albany Journal.

Vaccination and Revaccination.

Vaccination is a formality from which no one should be exempt, and there is neither age nor constitution whereby it is counter indicated. Children should be vaccinated a short time after birth, but it is well not to do so at once, but to wait two or three months, when the child has begun to develop. Nevertheless no hesitation should be felt at vaccinating a child at birth in time of epidemic, and in no case should this operation be postponed beyond the first six months. In time of epidemic no attention should be paid, as would be done under ordinary circumstances, to the fact that the child is cutting a tooth or has an outbreak of eczema nor impetigo. Vaccination can be done in all seasons, but unless it is urgent it is well to avoid times of extreme cold or heat.

The necessity of revaccination is admitted by everybody now. It should be done at the age of 7 or 8 years, again between 15 and 20, and again between 30 and 35. This is usually enough, except in time of epidemic, when the rule is to revaccinate everybody.

The most convenient point for vaccination is on the outside of the arm below the shoulder. Little children have difficulty in reaching that spot, but in the case of girls they are exposed to being obliged to show ugly scars when they reach the age at which society requires them to go low necked. To obviate this drawback a great many women are vaccinated on the leg and require this to be done in the case of their daughters. I have adopted this habit for a long time now, although swollen glands are much commoner in the groin than in the armpit.—Paris Herald.

The Pleasure of Dying.

"Since none of us can possibly escape death it is somewhat consoling to be assured that in the great majority of cases it is almost painless and in a great many cases a positively pleasurable sensation," remarked Asa L. Mead of Cleveland. "I am not particularly anxious to try it, but I have been told by an eminent physician that the sensation of dying is similar to that of the dreaming morphine eater, who gradually passes off into a semiconscious state, where everything seems like floating visions of bliss. The body and nerves are numb, and the excited, overwrought brain becomes quiet. The imagination plays fanciffully with blissful pictures, and the whole condition of the nervous system is one pleasurable exaltation. Nature supplies her own anæsthetic before the last moment arrives. Before the death rattle is heard a smile often parts the lips, and the wandering mind frequently causes the tongue to utter words which are all of pleasure and joy."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dutch Celebrations.

Foreigners sometimes smile at the way Dutch people go on celebrating historical events which occurred several centuries ago, and there is no denying that the yearly commemoration of a siege of Groningen in the year 1594 may become somewhat monotonous, but it keeps the memory of those events fresh among the younger generation better than any history learned at school. Unlike the old lady who did not care for history, because she thought "bygones had better be bygones," Dutch children, with their constant appeals to their imaginations learn to look upon the past as part of the present and to feel that they are bounden to make themselves worthy of the hero race to whom they owe their liberties.—Longman's Magazine.

SAVED HER BROTHER.

HOW A CHILD'S DISOBEDIENCE DID GOOD FOR ONCE.

A True Story of Revolutionary Days—A Feud Between Friends—A Treacherous Plot Overheard by a Little Girl—A Bit of New History.

"I tell you I am going, Uncle Mose, so there, now!" The speaker, a girl of about 10, proceeded to put her threat into execution, while an aged darky stood, hat in hand, looking after her. His countenance expressed a mixture of disapprobation and amusement. Meanwhile Miss Margaret, or Peggy, as she was generally called, wended her way along so blithely and merrily that one would never have supposed she was doing what she had been expressly forbidden to do. And here we may as well give the circumstances which led to the above emphatic remark.

Margaret Northcote is longed to an intensely patriotic family living on the outskirts of Elizabethtown, N. J., and she was going, as she so emphatically announced, to see a friend of about her own age who lived in the town half a mile away. The father of this girl was a gentleman named Bent. This Mr. Bent had formerly been an intimate friend of Margaret's father, but after the breaking out of the war they took different sides in the struggle—for Bent was a zealous Tory—and this had created a difference between them, which, increasing with time, had finally made them bitter enemies. The children, however, still remained good friends, very justly thinking that their fathers' opinions ought not to influence them. For a last Peggy's parents interfered and forbade her going to visit any longer at the Bents', declaring that they didn't want their daughter to get any "British notions." Mr. Northcote, however, was away on business most of the time, and as this afternoon her mother was too busy to pay much attention to her she had decided to brave her parents' displeasure and see her friend. Uncle Mose tried to stop her, but did not succeed, and as she marched on with so much confidence he chuckled: "Hi! She's her mudder's own gal fur shuah!"

On reaching the Bents' she found that Dorothy was the only one of the family in. The two friends, therefore, enjoyed each other's society to the full without any disapproving fathers or mothers to frown upon them. The afternoon rapidly wore away, and when Peggy looked to see the time it was 6 o'clock. "I wonder," remarked she, "that Uncle Mose hasn't been sent for me long before this. I supposed I might have an hour or two with you, but I've been here all the afternoon, and I don't believe mother knows it yet, she's so busy."

"Do stay to tea," said Dorothy. "Everybody's away, and we could have a lovely time."

"Well, I believe I will," replied Peggy, "I don't know when I can come again." The statement that they would have a lovely time was fully verified. In fact, they had a rather uproarious one, and it was to the decided relief of the servants that Peggy rose to leave. "It's dusk now," exclaimed she, "and I must go." And amid mutual protestations of friendship she stepped out into the open air.

Ordinarily it would not have been dark for an hour yet, but tonight a shower was coming up. Peggy was hurrying to get home before it should strike her when, on the outskirts of the town, she saw two men talking. As she approached they stopped, and both, leaning over the wall,

"HER MEDDER'S OWN GAL."

seemed engrossed in the beauties of the sunset, which, by the way, were not plainly visible on account of a dark bank of clouds which nearly excluded the last rays of the sun. There seems very little in all this to excite curiosity, but then it is proverbial that a very small thing will achieve this result with the fair sex. Peggy looked back. At the same moment a ray of light broke through the clouds and lit up the faces of both men. One of them she recognized. It was George Bent. Once or twice she had seen Dorothy's brother, though he was away most of the time.

At this instant she came to a sharp curve in the road, which hid them from view. The moment she turned the corner an irresistible desire took possession of her to know what those men were saying. "Why did they stop talking when I passed, and why did they both turn away so I couldn't see them?" thought Peggy. As soon as she had turned this corner she hesitated for only a moment and then quickly climbed the stone wall by the roadside. On the other side of the wall was an old apple orchard. Along the fence especially there was a continuous line of trees, which by their foliage in spring nearly shut out the view from the road and by their fruit in autumn entirely corrupted the morals of all neighboring small boys. Under cover of these Peggy slowly retraced her steps on the other side of the wall and at last reached one about 15 feet away from the two men. Should she try to pass from this tree to the next under which they were standing? She stopped and listened. They were still talking, but in so low a tone that she could not understand what they said. Keeping close to the wall, she stealthily crawled along until nearly opposite the object of her curiosity. Then she compressed herself to listen.

The first words that greeted her ears were these, from Bent, as she thought: "It was the merest chance that I happened to see him, for I'm away most of the time. But I knew him right away and where he must have come from. Did you notice the child that passed here a minute ago? Well, that's his sister." Peggy could hardly believe her ears. Could they mean her? But her brother was in the southern army, as she had often heard. How could any one have seen him? "What's he stopping there for," returned the other, "if his dispatches are so important?" "It's not much out of his way," replied Bent. "And then, too, he was sure of getting a good horse there." "Not so very sure either," was the answer. "Old Northcote happens to be out of town with it, luckily." "When will he be back?" "Probably early tomorrow morning." "Do you think he'll wait?" "No, I think he won't." "Wouldn't it be better to make the attempt tonight then?" "No, for he'll sell his life dearly." "Well, and isn't it worth it," returned the other, with an oath, "especially with those papers of his?" "And then," went on Bent, "I've got sure notice the British will be here tomorrow, and then we could hand him over to them. He's safe in the meantime, as the house is watched. Of course, if he tries to get away, we can't wait till tomorrow, but he doesn't know he's watched and won't try to hide what he does." Poor Peggy thought all this while that she must be having a dream and a very unpleasant

PEGGY COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE HER EARS.

one. Were her neighbors really such wicked people? Her father and mother were right. She would never go into their house again.

It had now grown very dark, and that half mile, of which she had always thought so little, seemed now an interminable distance. When at last she reached the house, she dropped into a chair utterly exhausted. Mrs. Northcote had risen, alarmed, to meet her, but seeing that she was only tired and out of breath waited until she had recovered a little and then gravely asked: "Peggy, where have you been? I sent Uncle Mose for you an hour ago, and he isn't back yet."

"To the Bents', mother, and as I was coming home"——

"But, Peggy," said her mother, "I thought I had forbidden you to go there?"

Poor Peggy! Subsequent events had completely driven this fact from her mind. "But, mother," exclaimed she, and her voice trembled, "I must tell you what happened as I came home." Then brokenly and incoherently she told the whole story and ended by crying, "John is in the southern army, isn't he, mother, and what does it all mean?" Mrs. Northcote turned pale, but merely told Peggy to take off her wet clothes and go straight to bed. There, excited as she was, she was so tired she soon fell asleep.

Peggy had hardly mounted the stairs when Mrs. Northcote entered a small chamber adjoining the sitting room and woke a sleeper stretched at full length on the bed. They held a hurried conversation together in the dark, and then without a light both descended to the cellar, the sleeper stopping only to get his hat and coat. "I suppose I'll have to go with the other horse, poor as it is, since father isn't home," said he. "Yes," was the hurried reply. "You mustn't lose a minute." In that side of the cellar farthest from the road was a small window. Through this the man proceeded to climb with no regard to dignity or anything but haste and secrecy. "You have the key?" whispered she. "Yes," returned he. And stooping to kiss her, a difficult performance, which nearly caused his precipitation from the narrow window, he flopped—I would prefer to say dashed, but a historian must sacrifice everything to truth—out into the rain, which was coming down in torrents, and by as guarded a way as possible directed his steps toward the barn. Mrs. Northcote stood looking out for several moments and then slowly groped her way up stairs and dropped into a chair. For awhile she sat with every nerve at the highest tension, expecting each second to hear the report of a musket, but as minute after minute passed and nothing happened she grew gradually calmer and finally retired to rest, having first relieved Uncle Moses, who came in much excited, by telling him of Peggy's return.

The next day the British made Elizabethtown a call. If you consult a history of this war, you will find that in the year 1780, on June 6, an incursion was made into the Jerseys; that in the course of it the British entered Elizabethtown; that they pillaged and burned several houses there, and that, all things considered, the expedition reflected no glory upon the British arms.

Mr. Northcote, being detained out of town, returned in the afternoon to find his house in ashes, but after he had been informed of the safety of his wife and child, and still more after a long talk with the former, he did not seem to feel his loss at all keenly. His cheerfulness was still further increased in a few days by the news of his son's safety in Washington's camp at Morristown. Before this time he had always tried to discourage his wife, for women were curious then as they are now, and probably ever will be, from prying into the affairs of her neighbors. But ever after, strange to say, his ideas seemed to change completely, and he was often heard to remark that he knew of a great many vices worse than curiosity. And, in truth, if we "give the devil his due," why should we not render full justice to disobedience and curiosity whenever there is an opportunity, so much the more that the number of them is few? THEO. HOLLAND.

Jones' Idea.

Brings—There goes Jones, the man who married the widow and six children.

Grings—But what is he doing with that enormous quantity of fireworks?

Brings—I guess he intends to get rid of the six children.

A Born Gentleman.

The small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said, "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," he responded, accepting her courtesy. "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it," and the lady mutually reached over and kissed him.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Consolation.

Liber—You ought to be proud of the things you've accomplished.

Rookus (in bitter mood)—Humph! Never got one of my books printed yet.

Liber—Yes, but—er—but think what a lot of rare old manuscripts you've accumulated.—Chicago Record.

GOOD HEALTH.

THE NERVOUS DEPRESSION THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Is Recommended as It is a Compound of Glycerine and Phosphorus.

The European edition of the New York Herald publishes an account of M. Albert Robin's discovery that the active principle of the famous so called "elixir of life" is a chemical compound of glycerin and phosphorus.

This compound, it says, is found in the natural state in the nervous system, and hence, when cellular destruction has been going on too rapidly, the use of the glycero-phosphates helps to build up the system.

Dr. Robin has tested the value of the glycero-phosphates of lime, soda and potash, either alone or combined and given by the stomach or hypodermically. He reaches the following conclusions:

First—The glycero-phosphates are powerful therapeutical agents, which stimulate the general nutrition by means of their action on the nervous system.

Second—Their leading indication is nervous depression.

Third—In hypodermic injections their action is at least as energetic as Brown-Sequard's liquid, which in all probability owes its effect to the organic phosphorus it contains. It can therefore only be advantageous to use them in place of this liquid, since in this way we substitute a well defined substance that can be given in accurate amounts in the place of an uncertain preparation that varies constantly and cannot be preserved.

Fourth—The cases mentioned above allow us to hope that these injections will be of service in the treatment of nervous asthenia of different origin, of phosphaturic albuminuria, of phosphaturia, of Addison's disease, of some forms of sciatica and of the doulourux of the face. In locomotor ataxia the results are more uncertain, and there seems to be nothing beyond an alleviation in the fulgurant pains.

Water as a Medicine.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue change. Worn out particles are cast aside from the system, while the new are ever being formed. Water has the power of increasing these tissue changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drink water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease, which, if once firmly seated, requires both time and money to cure. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night and is a better reliever of sleeplessness than many drugs. Inflamed parts will subside under the continued poulticing of quite hot water. Very hot water is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilizing our wounds. A riotous stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass of hot water, says a health journal, authority for the foregoing.

A FEMININE WEAPON.

Guided by a Multitude of Little Wisdoms, Precautions and Arts.

Among the more delicate social weapons used by women tact is one of the most effective—the power of listening, of brightening at the proper moment and laughing at the right joke, and of knowing the exact temper in which a man is conquerable and when it is best to let him alone. A woman who possesses this weapon generally rules by that fine instinct which strengthens her own position by strengthening her husband's. It is a feminine weapon guided by a multitude of little wisdoms and precautions and by arts as varied as the sex. It rules a man so gently that he is kept in constant good humor with himself, nor is he uncomfortably conscious that he has laid down all his own arms before this sheathed sword, says The Ladies' Home Journal.

If there be any other weapon equal to tact for domestic use, it is silence. In the hour of revolt this force is supreme. Let any man try to conquer a woman who simply opposes to all his arguments a discouraging silence, who is perfectly patient today and will be perfectly patient tomorrow, who is not on the offensive, but the defensive, and whose attitude silently says: "I do not oppose you. It is not my place. But I know I am right." It takes but a short time for such an antagonist to bring any ordinary man to her feet.

The Art of Conversation.

A thing which a pessimistic writer on social topics claims has gone out of fashion, is the art of conversation. He says: It has of late years been so neglected that it is the rarest chance to meet with a young man who can converse at all in the real sense of the word. Among his own set he can babble about mutual acquaintances, the new singer, the next race or the last scandal. But throw him among strangers, and he is silent and dull, perhaps making short remarks in a jerky and confused manner, but betraying no intelligent interest if a new discovery be mentioned, a piece of important political news told or some information given about a subject of real value. He is not only bored, but he shows it, because he has never cultivated that polite interest in his fellow creatures which would enable him to respond sympathetically.

One of the old French noblesse was lately heard to remark that when he first went into society his father used to impress upon his mind that at a party he was bound to insure its success so far as he was individually concerned. To make himself agreeable was a duty not to be neglected without a grave breach of courtesy both to the guests and the friends who invited him. In a modern gathering no such antiquated sentiment would find a disciple. Young people, if they do not meet some one to flirt with, will deliberately proclaim their boredom and would stare in astonishment if it were suggested that at a friend's house it was the duty toward the hostess to pay attention to those who seemed neglected or who found themselves among strangers.

Proper.

One Girl—And did you permit him to kiss you?

Another Girl—No. In the absence of my chaperon I did not think it proper.—Chicago Tribune.

Indirectly.

"What makes you think he loves you? Did he say so?"

"No, but he hugged me. That is a roundabout way of letting me know it."—Brooklyn Life.

DR. KELLEY, SURGEON DENTIST

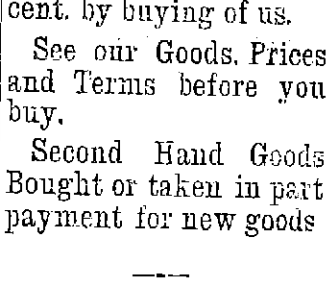
SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the CHEAPEST and best. 128 doses of Sulphur Bitters for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst kind of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease, SCROFULA. In all cases of such stubborn, deep seated diseases, Sulphur Bitters is the best medicine to use. Don't wait until tomorrow, try a bottle TO-DAY.

Don't ever take BLUE PILLS, or mercury, they are deadly. Put your trust in Sulphur Bitters, the purest and best medicine ever made. Is your TONGUE COATED with a yellow, sticky substance? Is your Breath foul and offensive? Your Stomach is OUT OF ORDER. Use Sulphur Bitters immediately. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters. Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some AT ONCE, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is THE INVALID'S FRIEND.

Send 3 cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.



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SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

SUN RISES	4 10	MOON RISES	1 13 A.M.
SUN SETS	7 25	FULL SEA	8 30 A
LENGTH OF DAY	15 15		8 45 P

Forecast for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont: Generally fair; probably slightly warmer in the vicinity of Portland and Northfield; southeast winds.

For Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut: Generally fair; slightly warmer in the vicinity of Boston; southeast winds.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Last night was the busiest night the new city hall has ever seen.

There is an increase in the number of men arrested for delirium tremens.

This evening there will be a free concert for men only at the Y. M. C. A. building.

Rev. W. W. Harris, the new pastor of the Paige Street church will occupy that pulpit tomorrow.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Middlesex Co-operative bank last night $1650 was disposed of at 6 6-10 per cent.

The regular meeting of the "Peculiar People of the Kingdom" will be held Monday evening, July 2, at 7.30, at the Blossom street chapel.

The printing committee last evening awarded to the Citizen company the contract for printing 1450 precinct books. The price is 65 cents per page.

A natty and very pretty hat for little girls at 25 cents and 50 cents each. Entirely new and worth double the money. Cook, Taylor & Co., Central street.

A number of Lowell men went to Center Harbor today and assisted in the opening of the Senter house. The proprietor is Henry L. Huntress of Conant & Co.

Charles Morin, four years old, son of John Morin of Jodoin's block, Coolidge street, fell from a top story window yesterday and received concussion of the brain.

The Caledonians have appointed a committee of 11 to make arrangements for the annual games. It is expected that the L. C. A. A. grounds at Dracut will be secured for this purpose.

At the meeting of the W. C. T. U. yesterday it was decided to hold a mothers' meeting July 5. Devotional service was led by Mrs. Whittier, and brief remarks were delivered by Mrs. Foster.

Don't miss seeing the white dresses we are selling for girls from 6 to 14 years old. They are pretty. They are cheap, and they fit perfectly. All came from New York city this week. Cook, Taylor & Co., Central street.

A little girl, named Maude O'Connor, 7 years old, fell from the ledge on Fletcher street, yesterday afternoon and fractured her thigh. She was taken to St. John's hospital. She lives with her parents, in Ward's block, Fletcher street.

The two picnics in Tyngsboro yesterday were the Eliot church at Willow Dale and the Branch Street Tabernacle at Mountain Rock grove. The Highland Congregational church went to Haggett's pond. Good reports of delightful times came from each picnicking party.

Diplomas.

Bring them in and see the frame we can sell you for 50c. It will surprise you. Also better goods at a slight advance. First class work. H. C. MCOSKER, 123 Central street.

Graduation at Tewksbury.

Pickering Hall, at Tewksbury Center, was crowded yesterday afternoon at the graduating exercises of the high school. The stage was set with potted plants and bouquets. The exercises were very interesting and each number on the program evoked considerable applause.

Lucy L. Lewis read an essay on "Evolution," and Miss May Fuller's paper treated of "Coal."

A very interesting essay was on "The position of woman," by Stella F. Morrill.

The valedictory was delivered by Miss Callie D. Gale.

The numbers were interspersed with vocal selections.

The graduates were Mary Fuller, Callie D. Gale, Stella F. Merrill, Lucy L. Twiss and Arthur F. Conway. Addresses were delivered by Principal Thompson, Supt. Knowlton and Rev. James Alexander. In the evening the exercises consisted of a reception to the graduates, class prophecies, vocal solos by Mrs. Sweetland and George Foster, a cornet solo by Belle Guilland, and musical selections by the Lyceum orchestra of Lowell.

CLEANING UP BUSINESS.

Court List To-Day Was Large and Included a Variety of Offences

The grist this morning was quite large and was not confined to drunks alone.

There were 13 drunks however.

Francis McElroy went up to Thorndike street for four months.

Daniel McElaney was on his way from Wilton, N. H., to Boston and stopped over in Lowell, with the usual result. He was fined $3.

Annie McNamara pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness and was sent to Sherburn for one year. She was one of Officer Dennett's collection of bad women.

Thomas Welch came here from North Adams for a job. He received a fine of $3.

John J. Cassidy said he was taken out of his home and arrested last night for drunkenness. He asked the court for a "show" stating that he had been persecuted. He was found guilty and continued under $100 bonds until July 3, for sentence.

A unique defence was put up by a man named Lawrence Ford, who was arrested for drunkenness. The officer said that Ford was both drunk and noisy.

He admitted having been drunk, but claimed that the only noise he made was by talking very loud to his wife who is deaf. He was placed on probation.

Stephen Mathews, a colored man, and Emma Messer, a white girl, were arrested last night from a house on Crosby street, for fornication. They each pleaded guilty. It is said they have been living together for two weeks. Matthews was sent to jail for two months and the Messer woman was fined $15.

John Fitzgerald pleaded not guilty to the charge of assault and battery on Catharine Hansbury, who is now in jail. The case was continued until July 6.

The case of Mary Ann Neman for assault and battery on Mary Lahiff was continued.

Frank Green pleaded not guilty to a charge of cruelty to a horse, and was defended by Lawyer Kilesti. The case was continued until July 6.

Michael Kane's case for hindering and opposing Officer Breen while making an arrest was continued until July 6.

Dr. Coburn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

Sweeter than honey—Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

All the big barber shops will close on the Fourth.

Hon. Moses T. Stevens is slightly ill at his home in North Andover.

Mrs. David Nichols is visiting her daughter in Chatham, Mass.

J. Elmer Taylor of Carlisle, is suffering from injuries received by falling from a staging.

The remains of William Ryan were forwarded to Lyons, N. Y., today, by Undertaker Davey.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

Messrs. Charles Dempsey, William Connors and William H. Mulcahey have returned from New York.

Mr. Thomas H. Muldoon of this city has just completed a successful season with Hyle and Cooney's players, and is now visiting here.

P. J. Hoar, attorney at law, has removed his office from 19 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack, corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

Chief Hosmer has received a check for $10 from T. C. Entwistle in recognition of the services done by the department at the recent fire on Market street.

Lowell Lodge, I. O. O. F., has elected these officers: Noble grand, Levi Boothby; vice grand, H. W. Clement; representative to grand lodge, J. G. Marshall; alternate, H. B. Nay.

Thieves entered the bowling alley at Lakeview, Thursday night, and broke open a nickel-in-the-slot machine, from which they extracted the contents, about $20 in nickels.

Dr. Chambre has been elected Associate Fellow of the Victoria Institute, London—the great philosophical society of Great Britain, and which embraces in its membership some of the most eminent men in that country and in America.

Supt. Whitcomb said last night that there have been teachers in the city who assumed the right to dismiss their school early because they omitted the recess during the session. He quoted an instance where a teacher let her school out half an hour earlier than customary.

Among the deputy grand commanders of the Golden Cross appointed by the grand commander, are the following: F. M. Craig of Somerville for Washington Commandery, Lowell; Capt. J. A. Janvrin of Lowell for Haverhill; A. J. Howe of Lowell for Fells of Stoneham.

Columbia Council, American Mechanics, elected these officers last evening: Councillor, W. I. Leach; vice councillor, A. E. Dearth; recording secretary, F. P. Folsom; assistant recording secretary, John A. Moore; financial secretary, W. W. Stimpson; treasurer, H. E. Sprague; inductor, E. A. Winters; examiner, E. R. Gardner; I. P., H. H. Noyes; O. P., Frank Crooker; trustees, G. S. Gilman, S. W. Fletcher and C. M. Young.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Pond Street Primary School.

Bids for heating and ventilating this school were opened by the lands and buildings committee last night as follows:

H. H. Wilder & Co., $415; T. Costello & Co., $365; Farrell & Conaton, (Fuller-Warren system) $759.

Brick work, Bennett & Conlon, $795; F. O. White & Co., $398; D. H. Kelley, $650; C. F. Foss & Co., $410.

The contract was awarded to T. Costello & Co., and F. O. White, the lowest bidders.

Toast to His Health.

THE SUN staff was agreeably surprised yesterday afternoon by the receipt of a box—not a Christmas box—but a Fourth of July box. It contained a dozen very acceptable packages, the compliments of Mr. John Warburton of the Globe hotel. The packages were bottled samples of Jones' famous "Cream Ale" a beverage which has been successfully placed upon the market in bottles.

As it falls in the way of duty to newspaper men to bear evidence on the quality of home products, and as they are at all times open to conviction on question of merit, those of THE SUN staff who sampled the Cream Ale pronounced it a prime beverage. They heartily seconded Mr. Warburton's claim of solving the problem of bottling ale and retaining those elements which make Bass's name famous. Connoisseurs among the staff did not hesitate to pronounce it the best home brewed ale yet marketed.

OUR LOWELL PEOPLE.

They Will Tell of the Enterprise of Our Municipality in Many Places.

Return J. Meigs is a full fledged M. D. from Harvard Medical school.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Offutt are at the White Mountains.

Rev. J. O. Campbell received the degree of M. A., from Harvard, on Wednesday.

Mr. Amasa Pratt and family have taken possession of their summer home at Squirrel island.

Miss Kate Cassidy, a charming and popular young lady of Watertown, is visiting her cousin, Miss Mary E. Thornton of Chapel street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dyke, who left our city for southern California, last January, an account of Mr. Dyke's health, have returned to Lowell.

Miss Mabel H. Seymour, R. G. Seymour, Jr., Miss Grace H. Seymour, leave Lowell on Monday morning for Northfield, where they will spend July and August.

Mrs Catharine Mooney will leave the city Monday to spend the season at her cottage in Gloucester.

Mrs. Frank Perkins of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. H. P. Perkins, of Otis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Abbott and their children leave today for No. Scituate, where they will spend the summer.

Frederick A. Fisher has been attending commencement at Bowdoin college this week.

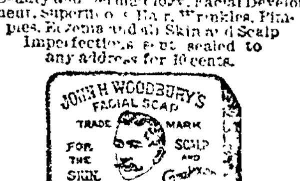
Miss Rogers of Pawtucket street has returned from a short visit to New York.

Miss Margaret G. Wight left today for Rutland, Me., for the summer.

Miss Putnam, a classmate of Miss Sarah Ames at Bryn Mawr, is a guest at the butler homestead.

A SAMPLE CAKE

Of Woodbury's Facial Soap and 150-page book on Beauty and Dermatology, Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Wrinkles, Pimples, Eczema and all Skin and Scalp Imperfections sent sealed to any address for 10 cents.



John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute,

Established 1870. 125 W 42d St., N.Y.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

TWENTY-SEVEN SENATORS SUPPORT THE MEIGS BILL.

The Legislature Getting Ready to Adjourn—The Telephone Bill Again.

BOSTON, June 30.—The Meigs bill was passed to be engrossed by the senate by a vote of 27 to 10.

The amendments to allow the use of compressed air and electricity were defeated. The provision permitting the use of other systems except the Manhattan was defeated, and an amendment allowing the granting of street locations in towns at town meetings was rejected.

Senator Fitzgerald's substitute for the proposed subway, the alley route scheme of 1893, was rejected.

By a vote of 8 to 29, the senate refused to refer the bill to the next general court, and the bill was engrossed, 27 to 10.

The senate at the night session concurred with the house in passing to be engrossed the restricted Bell telephone bill. An amendment to limit the increase of stock to $10,000,000 instead of $30,000,000 was defeated by a vote of 7 to 22.

The house engrossed the senate bill relative to gaming and the illegal keeping and sale of intoxicating liquors by incorporated clubs.

The bill providing for an investigation by the municipal court of the ward 17 frauds was passed to be engrossed.

The Meigs bill is before the house, but no decision was reached last night, both branches adjourning until today at noon.

Married In Mexico.

BOSTON, June 30.—The Herald says that Hon. Moody Merrill is a recent benedict. The event was solemnized without pomp or splendor in the ancient capital of Chihuahua in far-off Mexico. His bride bears the name of Hester Ciprico. One of Mr. Merrill's friends says that if he retrieves his losses he will return and pay those who suffered by his irregularities.

Minneapolis Men Idle.

ST. PAUL, June 30.—Great Western men, with a few exceptions, are all out at Minneapolis.

PITCHERS' POOR WORK

Allowed the Bostons to Scoop Another Game From St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 29.—The Browns lost another game to Boston by ineffective pitching of the former's twirlers. Eighteen hits were made off Breitenstein and Hawley up to the eighth inning, when Ely was put in the box, and kept the champions down to one hit. In the last inning the Browns partly retrieved themselves by making a remarkable triple play.

Boston	0	1	3	3	0	6	0	0	0	—13
St. Louis	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	— 4

Earned runs—Boston, 9. Base hits—Boston, 18; St. Louis, 8. Errors—Boston, 1; St. Louis, 2. Batteries—Staley, Stivetts and Ganzel; Breitenstein, Hawley, Ely and Peitz.

At Cincinnati:

Cincinnati	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	3		— 6
Washington	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	— 4

Base hits—Cincinnati, 6; Washington, 8. Errors—Cincinnati, 6; Washington, 3. Batteries—Dwyer and Vaughn; Sullivan and McGuire.

At Cleveland:

Baltimore	0	0	1	0	2	4	0	2		— 9
Cleveland	0	2	0	1	0	2	1	0	0	— 6

Base hits—Baltimore, 9; Cleveland, 13. Errors—Cleveland, 3. Batteries—McMahon and Clarke; Griffith and O'Connor.

At Pittsburg:

Brooklyn	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	2	0	2— 7
Pittsburg	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0— 5

Base hits—Brooklyn, 10; Pittsburg, 11. Errors—Pittsburg, 4. Batteries—Stein and Daily; Ehret and Merritt.

At Chicago:

New York	1	0	2	0	1	4	2	4		—14
Chicago	1	0	0	1	1	0	2	0	3	— 8

Base hits New York, 16; Chicago, 8. Errors—New York, 7; Chicago, 3. Batteries—Meekin and Farrell; Hutchison and Schriver.

At Louisville:

Louisville	5	0	1	0	0	2	3	1	0	—12
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	1	— 5

Base hits—Louisville, 15; Philadelphia, 7. Errors—Louisville, 7; Philadelphia, 4. Batteries—Knell and Earle; Lukens and Buckley.

At Brockton—Pawtucket 11; Brockton, 3.

At Haverhill—Haverhill, 5; Portland, 4.

At Lewiston—Bangor, 6; Lewiston, 5.

Incendiary Goes Free.

NEW HAVEN, June 30.—The fact that an attempt was made on Tuesday night to burn North Middle college on the campus has just leaked out. A fire had gained considerable headway when a watchman discovered it and put it out. The faculty knows who started the fire, but they will not cause his arrest.

Visiting Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—Governor Hogg and party arrived here yesterday and inspected the works of the Gorham Manufacturing company and the Corliss Safe company. They spent the night at Oakland Beach as the guests of Governor Brown. Today they are enjoying a Rhode Island clam dinner.

Byrnes Will Investigate.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The police commissioners have decided to follow out the terms of the resolution empowering Superintendent Byrnes to investigate and prefer charges against those whom charges have been made before the Lexow committee.

An Embezzler Punished.

MIDDLETOWN, O., June 30.—Gus Weisbrodt, defaulting ex-city treasurer of Middletown, pleaded guilty to embezzling over $25,000 public money. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years and to pay $2000 fine and costs.

Dexter Statue Dedicated.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—The $10,000 bronze statue of Ebenezer Knight Dexter, which was presented to the city by Hon. Henry C. Clarke, was dedicated yesterday. The dedicating address was made by ex-Chief Justice Durfee.

Bad Men Held For Trial.

LONG ISLAND CITY, June 30.—George Fodmer and Christopher Madden, alleged to be two of the gang of masked burglars who committed many robberies, were yesterday committed to await the action of the grand jury.

Operators Won.

BALTIMORE, June 30—The mines at Lonaconing are all in full operation. The strike ended in a complete victory for the operators, not a single concession being granted the strikers.

Drowned While Bathing

LEE, Mass., June 30.—News was received [illegible] Van Huyck, 23 years old, of Lee, [illegible] bathing near [illegible], N. Y. Van Huyck entered Yale in 1884. During his first two years at college he was a member of the freshman crew, and the second year was elected its captain. During the last two years he was a member of the 'varsity crew, and rowed stroke in the winning crew against Harvard in '83.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Emerson, tailor, [illegible] the latest novelties in [illegible] ings, coatings, and [illegible] for summer wear.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgage on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A HARD BATTLE.

DIXON AND GRIFFO HAVE TWENTY ROUNDS

And the Battle is Declared a Draw Finally—5000 Spectators Present.

BOSTON, June 30.—Five thousand spectators last night witnessed at the Casino one of the prettiest fights ever held in this city. Dixon was in grand shape, and presented a strange contrast to the burly Griffo. The latter seemed over fat. His heavy form created the impression that Dixon would not be in it with him, but here was where the colored lad again proved that he is a grand ring general and game as a pebble. He was cuffed and slapped and cut about the face by his heavier opponent, but fight on he did, and on more than one occasion during the 20 rounds fought it looked as though his left hand would surely land a coup d'etat.

Griffo is a great fighter, and no mistake, but the impression gained from the battle of last night is that at anywhere near even weight the colored boy would win. Griffo tipped the beam at not one ounce less than 135 pounds, while the newspaper men present were informed that Dixon weighed 123 pounds. The darky fought a great battle. Time and again he would miss his famous "one-two" blow with the left hand, and slap would go Griffo's glove across his nose. Back again he would come, and generally succeeded in his determination to land on the foreigner's body.

The battle was even enough, and had just enough slight advantages at times in favor of one or the other of the men to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. As the affair progressed, so did Dixon's chances of success increase. He was the short horse in the early part of the contest, but his body blows told in the end, for Master Griffo lost his strength, and the latter half of the battle can easily be scored in favor of Dixon.

Referee Eckhardt's decision of a draw was the only thing under the circumstances that could be rendered, and while the money in the house is equally divided between the pair, the honors surely go to Dixon.

For Country Week.

Miss Kate Brazer has been chosen secretary and Edward Ellingwood treasurer of the Country week committee. This summer steamer excursions and street car rides will be prominent features of the work. Rev. Mr. Wright of the Ministry-at-Large will attend to the matter of procuring country houses and railroad tickets.

Circulars are being sent out asking for contributions. Owing to the "hard times," the committee's work will be greater, and it is hoped that all who can will respond to the call of the committee. Contributions may be sent to Edward Ellingwood.

Keefe's Verdict of $372.

Judge Hadley Friday rendered a decision in the case of Anthony Keefe vs. Haskell P. Staples, a suit to recover $124, alleged to have been lost while playing poker with the defendants. He rendered a verdict whereby the plaintiff shall recover three times the amount for which he sues, as provided by the statutes.

The finding of the court was that in view of the policy of law to suppress gambling, all frequenters of rooms where gambling is carried on are liable for money lost there whether tenants or not.

Campello, Mass.

Spots on the Eyes

Sight Affected After an Attack of the Measles

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Clear Vision and Cures Headache.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"About nine years ago I was sick with the measles, which left my eyes very sore. They would swell so that I could scarcely see, and I could not stand the light. I could hardly sleep at night, because the pain was too great. After a short time white spots came on my eyes, making my sight dim, so that I could hardly distinguish an object held close to the eyes. I tried three doctors, but they would only make them better for a short time and then the trouble would be worse than ever. In the spring of 1892

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I heard about a boy whose eyes had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. My eyes got much better after I had taken the first bottle, and I have now been well for over a year. I also used to have severe headaches, but I seldom have a headache now." AMANDA PETERSON, Campello, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

NEW BUTTER.

20 lb. Tubs - - - 18c. lb.

10 lb. Tubs - - - 19c. lb.

5 lb. Tubs - - - 20c. lb.

Fancy Creamery Prints, 22c. lb.

The Butter is new made and warranted strictly pure. We DON'T sell any oleo or butterine. Come now before it gets higher.

FARLEY'S :. CASH :. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

HYMENEAL.

At the Sacred Heart Parochial residence, Thursday, Rev. B. E. McAvinnue, O.M.I., united in marriage Mr. John Dolan of Waltham and Miss Delia Burke of North Billerica. Mr. J. Regan of Hopkinton was best man and Miss Annie Finnegan of North Billerica, bridesmaid. The young couple left on a bridal trip, and upon their return will reside in Waltham.

Hemingway—Mort.

Mr. Joseph H. Hemingway and Miss Emma F. Mort were united in marriage Thursday evening, at the home of the bride's mother on Methuen street. Rev. Mr. Huntington performed the ceremony, and the house was decorated with choice flowers. Miss Ella Sharkey of Brooklyn was bridesmaid and Mr. Charles T. Cahill, best man. The maid of honor was Miss Ethel Sanborn of Chelsea.

Rev. E. L. Baker has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Congregational church in Dracut and will begin his duties next Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Hall, who will sail for Europe next week, has been presented a purse of $70 in gold by members of his congregation.

Chalifoux

Endorsed by the Public.

Our big store is of the people, by and for the people!

Our constant aim is how best to serve them. Our ambition is to give a better article for the price of an inferior one elsewhere. Our success proves that both our aim and our ambition are realized. The warcry among the masses is for low-profit prices. The demand is more than answered by our June offerings.

In These Hard Times the Retailer Is King.

In ordinary times the manufacturer holds the key to the situation, but now, with unsettled markets, and a more unsettled future, the retailer is boss. Not the ordinary retailer, but the large MODERN CASH RETAILER.

He who enters the branches of trade, and controlling an immense outlet and capital, dictates terms to manufacturer and jobber, and thus buys merchandise stocks of all kinds for cash at practically his own prices.

These times have been most propitious and we have filled our lines with the choicest of goods at hard times prices.

—:o:—

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

New York Cloak and Suit Co.

No. 12 John Street.

For this week our prices have been made away below value, offering to all the advantages of obtaining the Best Goods in the market at the Lowest Prices they have ever been sold for.

BEST VALUES

In Duck Suits for $1.50, $1.98, $2.50, $2.95 and $3.50. Light and dark shades, perfect fitting and well made.

BEST VALUES

In Storm Serge Suits for $2.75, $3 50, $4.50, $5.75, $6.75 and $7.50, made in Eton or Tuxedo style. These prices would barely cover cost of materials.

BEST VALUES

In Wrappers for 75c, 98c, $1.19, $1.25, $1.35, $1.50 and $1.65, made of Prints, Cambrics, Lawns, Percale, Chambrays and Ginghams, all new styles and worth almost double the price.

BEST VALUES

In Shirt Waists, with Laundered Collars and Cuffs, for 50c, 75c, 85c, 93c, $1, $1.25 and $1.35 in Prints, Cambrics, Chambrays and Figured Lawns.

BEST VALUES

In White Muslin Shirt Waists, nicely trimmed and latest designs, for 39c, 50c, 69c, 95c, $1.15, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $1.95.

Our assortment of Seasonable Goods is large, and it will pay you to examine them.

NEW YORK Cloak and Suit Co.

12 JOHN STREET.

A New Consignment

Of Baby Carriages just received, and they are beauties. Nicely upholstered Patent Parasol and Brake for $5. Other carriages equally low.

Refrigerators at FREE TRADE PRICES. A $10 Ice Chest for $8.

A nice adjustable Sham Holder for 25c. Fine Straw Matting 10c. per yard.

We will sell you a fine Mantle Bed, spring and mattress, for $12.50; regular price $16. Window Screens 25c. Don't pass our door until you see our goods and get our prices.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

As varied as the wants of the people are the resources of our store in Footwear.

GRADUATION SHOES Of Every Description.

See our Window Display of Goods and Prices.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall.

The finest Sunday Dinners can be bought at WALSH'S UNION MARKET Tonight.

Low Prices, Quick Sales, Small Profits.

New Cabbage, New Beets, Spare Ribs, 6c.; Salt Pork, 9c.; Hock, 6c.; Salt Shoulders, 8c.; Legs Lamb 10c.; Roasts of Beef, 5c.

FINE BUTTER 15c. TO 20c.

SAVE 25 TO 30 PER CENT. AT

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

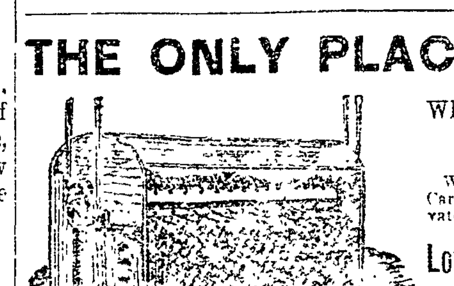
THE POLAR REFRIGERATOR

Is the best. As a preserver of food it has no superior, and for economy of ice it has no equal. We have been the agents for these goods in Lowell for the past five years and can recommend them to our customers as perfect and sure to give satisfaction in every respect. Do not buy a Refrigerator or Ice Chest till you have examined our line. We can sell you anything you need in the housefurnishing line at prices that will convince you that you can save money by trading with us. Look our stock over before you purchase.

—o—

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

THE ONLY PLACE IN THE CITY



Where CARPETS are thoroughly CLEANED and STEAMED

We take up, clean, steam, make over and lay Carpets. Hair Mattresses and Feather Beds renovated by steam.

Lowell Steam Carpet Cleaning Works,

12 Weed Street.

GEORGE MADDOCKS, Prop.

We employ no agents, send direct to the works. Orders by mail or telephone—21-4.

The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

Fine Claret

Left At

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Near Palmer St. - Telephone 452-3.

LOWELL LAGER by the case. Call and get our Wine circular.

W. H. DAVIS,

Merchant Tailor,

Has a Large Assortment of

Nice Cloths, Clay Diagonals, Scotch Suitings, etc.

W. H. DAVIS,

50 CENTRAL ST.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JUNE 30.
Sun Rises........ 4 10 | Moon Rises.. 1 18 A.M.
Sun Sets......... 7 25 | Full Sea { .. 8 30 A. / .. 8 45 P.
Length of Day..15 15 |

Forecast for Maine, New Hampshir and Vermont: Generally fair; probably slightly warmer in the vicinity of Portland and Northfield; southeast winds.

For Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut: *Generally fair;* slightly warmer in the vicinity of Boston; southeast winds.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Last night was the busiest night the new city hall has ever seen.

There is an increase in the number of men arrested for delirium tremens.

This evening there will be a free concert for men only at the Y. M. C. A. building.

Rev. W. W. Harris, the new pastor of the Paige Street church will occupy that pulpit tomorrow.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Middlesex Co-operative bank last night $1650 was disposed of at 6 6-10 per cent.

The regular meeting of the "Peculiar People of the Kingdom" will be held Monday evening, July 2, at 7.30, at the Blossom street chapel.

The printing committee last evening awarded to the Citizen company the contract for printing 1450 precinct books. The price is 65 cents per page.

A natty and very pretty hat for little girls at 25 cents and 50 cents each. Entirely new and worth double the money. Cook, Taylor & Co., Central street.

A number of Lowell men went to Center Harbor today and assisted in the opening of the Senter house. The proprietor is Henry L. Huntress of Conant & Co.

Charles Morin, four years old, son of John Morin of Jodoin's block, Coolidge street, fell from a top story window yesterday and received concussion of the brain.

The Caledonians have appointed a committee of 11 to make arrangements for the annual games. It is expected that the I. C. A. A. grounds at Dracut will be secured for this purpose.

At the meeting of the W. C. T. U. yesterday it was decided to hold a mothers' meeting July 5. Devotional service was led by Mrs. Whittier, and brief remarks were delivered by Mrs. Foster.

Don't miss seeing the white dresses we are selling for girls from 6 to 14 years old. They are pretty. They are cheap, and they fit perfectly. All came from New York city this week. Cook, Taylor & Co., Central street.

A little girl, named Maude O'Connor, 7 years old, fell from the ledge on Fletcher street, yesterday afternoon and fractured her thigh. She was taken to St. John's hospital. She lives with her parents, in Ward's block, Fletcher street.

The two picnics in Tyngsboro yesterday were the Eliot church at Willow Dale and the Branch Street Tabernacle at Mountain Rock grove. The Highland Congregational church went to Haggett's pond. Good reports of delightful times came from each picnicking party.

Diplomas.

Bring them in and see the frame we can sell you for 50c. It will surprise you. Also better goods at a slight advance. First class work. H. C. McOSKER, 123 Central street.

Graduation at Tewksbury.

Pickering Hall, at Tewksbury Center, was crowded yesterday afternoon at the graduating exercises of the high school. The stage was set with potted plants and bouquets. The exercises were very interesting and each number on the program evoked considerable applause.

Lucy L. Lewis read an essay on "Evolution," and Miss May Fuller's paper treated of "Coal."

A very interesting essay was on "The position of woman," by Stella F. Morrill.

The valedictory was delivered by Miss Callie D. Gale.

The numbers were interspersed with vocal selections.

The graduates were Mary Fuller, Callie D. Gale, Stella F. Merrill, Lucy L. Twiss and Arthur F. Conway. Addresses were delivered by Principal Thompson, Supt. Knowlton and Rev. James Alexander. In the evening the exercises consisted of a reception to the graduates, class prophecies, vocal solos by Mrs. Sweetland and George Foster, a cornet solo by Belle Guilliand, and musical selections by the Lyceum orchestra of Lowell.

CLEANING UP BUSINESS.

Court List To-Day Was Large and Included a Variety of Offences

The grist this morning was quite large and was not confined to drunks alone.

There were 13 drunks however.

Francis McElroy went up to Thorndike street for four months.

Daniel McElaney was on his way from Wilton, N. H., to Boston and stopped over in Lowell, with the usual result. He was fined $3.

Annie McNamara pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness and was sent to Sherburn for one year. She was one of Officer Dennett's collection of bad women.

Thomas Welch came here from North Adams for a job. He received a fine of $3.

John J. Cassidy said he was taken out of his home and arrested last night for drunkenness. He asked the court for a "show" stating that he had been persecuted. He was found guilty and continued under $100 bonds until July 3, for sentence.

A unique defence was put up by a man named Lawrence Ford, who was arrested for drunkenness. The officer said that Ford was both drunk and noisy.

He admitted having been drunk, but claimed that the only noise he made was by talking very loud to his wife who is deaf. He was placed on probation.

Stephen Mathews, a colored man, and Emma Messer, a white girl, were arrested last night from a house on Crosby street, for fornication. They each pleaded guilty. It is said they have been living together for two weeks. Matthews was sent to jail for two months and the Messer woman was fined $15.

John Fitzgerald pleaded not guilty to the charge of assault and battery on Catharine Hansbury, who is now in jail. The case was continued until July 6.

The case of Mary Ann Neman for assault and battery on Mary Laloff was continued.

Frank Green pleaded not guilty to a charge of cruelty to a horse, and was defended by Lawyer Kileall. The case was continued until July 6.

Michael Kane's case for hindering and opposing Officer Breen while making an arrest was continued until July 6.

Dr. Coburn DENTIST 31 MRK ST.

Sweeter than honey—Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee. Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

All the big barber shops will close on the Fourth.

Hon. Moses T. Stevens is slightly ill at his home in North Andover.

Mrs. David Nichols is visiting her daughter in Chatham, Mass.

J. Elmer Taylor of Carlisle, is suffering from injuries received by falling from a staging.

The remains of William Ryan were forwarded to Lyons, N. Y., today, by Undertaker Davey.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

Messrs. Charles Dempsey, William Connors and William H. Mulcahey have returned from New York.

Mr. Thomas H. Muldoon of this city has just completed a successful season with Ryle and Cooney's players, and is now visiting here.

P. J. Hoar, attorney at law, has removed his office from 19 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack, corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

Chief Hosmer has received a check for $10 from T. C. Entwistle in recognition of the services done by the department at the recent fire on Market street.

Lowell Lodge, I. O. O. F., has elected these officers: Noble grand, Levi Boothby; vice grand, H. W. Clement; representative to grand lodge, J. G. Marshall; alternate, H. B. Nay.

Thieves entered the bowling alley at Lakeview, Thursday night, and broke open a nickel-in-the-slot machine, from which they extracted the contents, about $20 in nickels.

Dr. Chambre has been elected Associate Fellow of the Victoria Institute, London—the great philosophical society of Great Britain, and which embraces in its membership some of the most eminent men in that country and in America.

Supt. Whitcomb said last night that there have been teachers in the city who assumed the right to dismiss their school early because they omitted the recess during the session. He quoted an instance where a teacher let her school out half an hour earlier than customary.

Among the deputy grand commanders of the Golden Cross appointed by the grand commander, are the following: F. M. Craig of Somerville for Washington Commandery, Lowell; Capt. J. A. Janvrin of Lowell for Haverhill; A. J. Howe of Lowell for Fells of Stoneham.

Columbia Council, American Mechanics, elected these officers last evening: Councillor, W. I. Leach; vice councillor, A. E. Dearth; recording secretary, F. P. Folsom; assistant recording secretary, John A. Moore; financial secretary, W. W. Stimpson; treasurer, H. E. Sprague; inductor, E. A. Winters; examiner, E. R. Gardner; I. P., H. H. Noyes; O. P., Frank Crooker; trustees, G. S. Gillman, S. W. Fletcher and C. M. Young.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Pond Street Primary School.

Bids for heating and ventilating this school were opened by the lands and buildings committee last night as follows:

H. H. Wilder & Co., $415; T. Costello & Co., $365; Farrell & Conaton, (Fuller-Warren system) $750.

Brick work, Bennett & Conlon, $795; F. O. White & Co., $398; D. H. Kelley, $650; C. F. Foss & Co., $410.

The contract was awarded to T. Costello & Co., and F. O. White, the lowest bidders.

Toast to His Health.

THE SUN staff was agreeably surprised yesterday afternoon by the receipt of a box—not a Christmas box—but a Fourth of July box. It contained a dozen very acceptable packages, the compliments of Mr. *John Warburton of the Globe hotel.* The packages were bottled samples of Jones' famous "Cream Ale" a beverage which has been successfully placed upon the market in bottles.

As it falls in the way of duty to newspaper men to bear evidence on the quality of home products, and as they are at all times open to conviction on question of merit, those of THE SUN staff who sampled *the Cream Ale* pronounced it a prime beverage. They heartily seconded Mr. Warburton's claim of solving the problem of bottling ale and retaining those elements which make Bass's name famous. Connoisseurs among the staff did not hesitate to pronounce it the best home brewed ale yet marketed.

OUR LOWELL PEOPLE.

They Will Tell of the Enterprise of Our Municipality in Many Places.

Return J. Meigs is a full fledged M. D. from Harvard Medical school.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Offutt are at the White Mountains.

Rev. J. O. Campbell received the degree of M. A., from Harvard, on Wednesday.

Mr. Amasa Pratt and family have taken possession of their summer home at Squirrel island.

Miss Kate Cassidy, a charming and popular young lady of Watertown, is visiting her cousin, Miss Mary E. Thornton of Chapel street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dyke, who left our city for southern California, last January, an account of Mr. Dyke's health, have returned to Lowell.

Miss Mabel H. Seymour, R. G. Seymour, Jr., Miss Grace H. Seymour, leave Lowell on Monday morning for Northfield, where they will spend July and August.

Mrs. Catharine Mooney will leave the city Monday to spend the season at her cottage in Gloucester.

Mrs. Frank Perkins of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. B. P. Perkins, of Otis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Abbott and their children leave today for No. Scituate, where they will spend the summer.

Frederick A. Fisher has been attending commencement at Bowdoin college this week.

Miss Rogers of Pawtucket street has returned from a short visit to New York.

Miss Margaret G. Wight left today for Rutland, Me., for the summer.

Miss Putnam, a class mate of Miss Sarah Ames at Bryn Mawr, is a guest at the Butler homestead.

A SAMPLE CAKE

Of Woodbury's Facial Soap and 150 page book on Beauty and Dermatology, Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Wrinkles, Pimples, Eczema and all Skin and Scalp Imperfections sent sealed to any address for 10 cents.

John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, Established 1870. 125 W 42d St., N.Y.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

TWENTY-SEVEN SENATORS SUPPORT THE MEIGS BILL.

The Legislature Getting Ready to Adjourn—The Telephone Bill Again.

BOSTON, June 30.—The Meigs bill was passed to be engrossed by the senate by a vote of 27 to 10.

The amendments to allow the use of compressed air and electricity were defeated. The provision permitting the use of other systems except the Manhattan was defeated, and an amendment allowing the granting of street locations in towns at town meetings was rejected.

Senator Fitzgerald's substitute for the proposed subway, the alley route scheme of 1893, was rejected.

By a vote of 8 to 29, the senate refused to refer the bill to the next general court, and the bill was engrossed, 27 to 10.

The senate at the night session concurred with the house in passing to be engrossed the restricted Bell telephone *bill.* An amendment to limit the increase of stock to $10,000,000 instead of $30,000,000 was defeated by a vote of 7 to 22.

The house engrossed the senate bill relative to gaming and the illegal keeping and sale of intoxicating liquors by incorporated clubs.

The bill providing for an investigation by the municipal court of the ward 17 frauds was passed to be engrossed.

The Meigs bill is before the house, but no decision was reached last night, both branches adjourning until today at noon.

Married In Mexico.

BOSTON, June 30.—The Herald says that Hon. Moody Merrill is a recent benedict. The event was solemnized without pomp or splendor in the ancient capital of Chihuahua in far-off Mexico. His bride bears the name of Hester Ciprico. One of Mr. Merrill's friends says that if he retrieves his losses he will return and pay those who suffered by his irregularities.

Minneapolis Men Idle.

ST. PAUL, June 30.—Great Western men, with a few exceptions, are all out at *Minneapolis.*

PITCHERS' POOR WORK

Allowed the Bostons to Scoop Another Game From St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 29.—The Browns lost another game to Boston by ineffective pitching of the former's twirlers. Eighteen hits were made off Breitenstein and Hawley up to the eighth inning, when Ely was put in the box, and kept the champions down to one hit. In the last inning the Browns partly retrieved themselves by making a remarkable triple play.

Boston............ 0 1 3 0 0 6 0 0 0—13
St. Louis.......... 0 3 0 2 0 0 0 0 0— 4

Earned runs—Boston, 0. Base hits—Boston, 18; St. Louis, 8. Errors—Boston, 1; St. Louis, 2. Batteries—Staley, Stivetts and Ganzel; Breitenstein, Hawley, Ely and Peitz.

At Cincinnati:

Cincinnati......... 0 2 1 0 0 0 0 3 —6
Washington....... 0 2 0 0 0 1 0 1 0—4

Base hits—Cincinnati, 9; Washington, 8. Errors—Cincinnati, 6; Washington, 3. Batteries—Dwyer and Vaughn; Sullivan and McGuire.

At Cleveland:

Baltimore......... 0 0 1 0 2 4 0 2 —9
Cleveland......... 0 2 0 1 0 2 1 0 0—6

Base hits—Baltimore, 9; Cleveland, 13. Errors—Cleveland, 3. Batteries—McMahon and Clarke; Griffith and O'Connor.

At Pittsburg:

Brooklyn......... 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 2 0 2—7
Pittsburg......... 0 1 0 0 3 0 0 1 0 0—5

Base hits—Brooklyn, 10; Pittsburg, 11. Errors—Pittsburg, 4. Batteries—Stein and Daily; Ehret and Merritt.

At Chicago:

New York......... 1 0 2 0 1 4 2 4 —14
Chicago .... 1 0 0 1 1 0 2 0 3—8

Base hits—New York, 16; Chicago, 8. Errors—New York, 7; Chicago, 3. Batteries—Meekin and Farrell; Hutchison and Schriver.

At Louisville:

Louisville......... 5 0 1 0 0 2 0 1 0—12
Philadelphia....... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 1—5

Base hits—Louisville, 15; Philadelphia, 7. Errors—Louisville, 7; Philadelphia, 4. Batteries—Knell and Earle; Lukens and Buckley.

At Brockton—Pawtucket 11; Brockton, 3.
At Haverhill—Haverhill, 6; Portland, 4.
At Lewiston—Bangor, 6; Lewiston, 5.

Incendiary Goes Free.

NEW HAVEN, June 30.—The fact that an attempt was made on Tuesday night to burn North Middle college on the campus has just leaked out. A fire had gained considerable headway when a watchman discovered it and put it out. The faculty knows who started the fire, but they will not cause his arrest.

Visiting Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—Governor Hogg and party arrived here yesterday and inspected the works of the Gorham Manufacturing company and the Corliss Safe company. They spent the night at Oakland Beach as the guests of Governor Brown. Today they are enjoying a Rhode Island clam dinner.

Byrnes Will Investigate.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The police commissioners have decided to follow out the terms of the resolution empowering Superintendent Byrnes to investigate and prefer charges against those whom *charges have been made before the Lexow* committee.

An Embezzler Punished.

MIDDLETOWN, O., June 30.—Gus Weisbrodt, defaulting ex-city treasurer of Middletown, pleaded guilty to embezzling over $25,000 public money. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years and to pay $2000 fine and costs.

Dexter Statue Dedicated.

PROVIDENCE, June 30.—The $10,000 bronze statue of Ebenezer Knight Dexter, which was presented to the city by Hon. Henry C. Clarke, was dedicated yesterday. The dedicating address was made by ex-Chief Justice Durfee.

Bad Men Held For Trial.

LONG ISLAND CITY, June 30.—George Follmer and Christopher Madden, alleged to be two of the gang of masked burglars who committed many robberies, were yesterday committed to await the action of the grand jury.

Operators Won.

BALTIMORE, June 30.—The mines at Lonaconing are all in full operation. The strike ended in a complete victory for the operators, not a single concession being granted the strikers.

Drowned While Bathing

LEE, Mass., June 30.—News was received here today of the drowning of [illegible] Van Huyck, 21 years old, of Lee, while bathing near Mechanicsville, N. Y. Van Huyck entered Yale in 1891. During his first two years at college he was a member of the freshman crew, and the second year was elected its captain. During the last two years he was a member of the 'varsity crew, and rowed stroke in the winning crew against Harvard in '93.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to [illegible], has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for summer wear.

Money [illegible] [illegible] J. B. Smith [illegible] Telephone [illegible]

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A HARD BATTLE.

DIXON AND GRIFFO HAVE TWENTY ROUNDS

And the Battle is Declared a Draw Finally—5000 Spectators Present.

BOSTON, June 30.—Five thousand spectators last night witnessed at the Casino one of the prettiest fights ever held in this city. Dixon was in grand shape, and presented a strange contrast to the burly Griffo. The latter seemed over fat. His heavy form created the impression that Dixon would not be in it with him, but here was where the colored lad again proved that he is a grand ring general and game as a pebble. He was cuffed and slapped and cut about the face by his heavier opponent, but fight on he did, and on more than one occasion during the 20 rounds fought it looked as though his left hand would surely land a coup d'etat.

Griffo is a great fighter, and no mistake, but the impression gained from the battle of last night is that at anywhere near even weight the colored boy would win. Griffo tipped the beam at not one ounce less than 135 pounds, while the newspaper men present were informed that Dixon weighed 123 pounds. The darky fought a great battle. Time and again he would miss his famous "one-two" blow with the left hand, and slap would go Griffo's glove across his nose. Back again he would come, and generally succeeded in his determination to land on the foreigner's body.

The battle was even enough, and had just enough slight advantages at times in favor of one or the other of the men to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. As the affair progressed, so did Dixon's chances of success increase. He was the short horse in the early part of the contest, but his body blows told in the end, for Master Griffo lost his strength, and the latter half of the battle can easily be scored in favor of Dixon.

Referee Eckhardt's decision of a draw was the only thing under the circumstances that could be rendered, and while the money in the house is equally divided between the pair, the honors surely go to *Dixon.*

For Country Week.

Miss Kate Brazer has been chosen secretary and Edward Ellingwood treasurer of the Country week committee. This summer steamer excursions and street car rides will be prominent features of the work. Rev. Mr. Wright of the Ministry-at-Large will attend to the matter of procuring country houses and railroad tickets.

Circulars are being sent out asking for contributions. Owing to the "hard times," the committee's work will be greater, and it is hoped that all who can will respond to the call of the committee. Contributions may be sent to Edward Ellingwood.

Keefe's Verdict of $372.

Judge Hadley Friday rendered a decision in the case of Anthony Keefe vs. Haskell P. Staples, a suit to recover $124, alleged to have been lost while playing poker with the defendants. He rendered a verdict whereby the plaintiff shall recover three times the amount for which he sues, as provided by the statutes.

The finding of the court was that in view of the policy of law to suppress gambling, all frequenters of rooms where gambling is carried on are liable for money lost there whether tenants or not.

Campello, Mass.

Spots on the Eyes

Sight Affected After an Attack of the Measles

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Clear Vision and Cures Headache.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"About nine years ago I was sick with the measles, which left my eyes very sore. They would swell so that I could scarcely see, and I could not stand the light. I could hardly sleep at night, because the pain was too great. After a short time white spots came on my eyes, making my sight dim, so that I could hardly distinguish an object held close to the eyes. I tried three doctors, but they would only make them better for a short time and then the trouble would be worse than ever. In the spring of 1892

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I heard about a boy whose eyes had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. My eyes got much better after I had taken the first bottle, and have now been well for over a year. I also used to have severe headaches, but I seldom have a headache now." AMANDA PETERSON, Campello, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

NEW BUTTER.

20 lb. Tubs - - - 18c. lb.
10 lb. Tubs - - - 19c. lb.
5 lb. Tubs - - - 20c. lb.
Fancy Creamery Prints, 22c. lb.

The Butter is new made and warranted strictly pure. We DON'T sell any oleo or butterine. Come now before it gets higher.

FARLEY'S :: CASH :: GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

HYMENEAL.

At the Sacred Heart Parochial residence, Thursday, Rev. B. E. McAvinnue, O.M.I., united in marriage Mr. John Dolan of Waltham and Miss Delia Burke of North Billerica. Mr. J. Regan of Hopkinton was best man and Miss Annie Finnegan of North Billerica, bridesmaid. The young couple left on a bridal trip, and upon their return will reside in Waltham.

Hemingway—Mort.

Mr. Joseph H. Hemingway and Miss Emma F. Mort were united in marriage Thursday evening, at the home of the bride's mother on Methuen street. Rev. Mr. Huntington performed the ceremony, and the house was decorated with choice flowers. Miss Ella Sharkey of Brooklyn was bridesmaid and Mr. Charles T. Cahill, best man. The maid of honor was Miss Ethel Sanborn of Chelsea.

Rev. E. L. Baker has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Congregational church in Dracut and will begin his duties next Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Hall, who will sail for Europe next week, has been presented a purse of $70 in gold by members of his congrega*tion.*

Chalifoux

Endorsed by the Public.

Our big store is of the people, by and for the people!

Our constant aim is how best to serve them. Our ambition is to give a better article for the price of an inferior one elsewhere. Our success proves that both our aim and our ambition are realized. The warcry among the masses is for low-profit prices. The demand is more than answered by our June offerings.

In These Hard Times the Retailer Is King.

In ordinary times the manufacturer holds the key to the situation, but now, with unsettled markets, and a more unsettled future, the retailer is boss. Not the ordinary retailer, but the large MODERN CASH RETAILER.

He who enters the branches of trade, and controlling an immense outlet and capital, dictates terms to manufacturer and jobber, and thus buys merchandise stocks of all kinds for cash at practically his own prices.

These times have been most propitious and we have filled our lines with the choicest of goods at hard times prices.

—:o:—

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

New York Cloak and Suit Co.

No. 12 John Street.

For this week our prices have been made away below value, offering to all the advantages of obtaining the Best Goods in the market at the Lowest Prices they have ever been sold for.

BEST VALUES

In Duck Suits for $1.50, $1.98, $2.50, $2.95 and $3.50. Light and dark shades, perfect fitting and well made.

BEST VALUES

In Storm Serge Suits for $2.75, $3 50, $4.50, $5.75, $6.75 and $7.50, made in Eton or Tuxedo style. These prices would barely cover cost of materials.

BEST VALUES

In Wrappers for 75c, 98c, $1.19, $1.25, $1.35, $1.50 and $1.65, made of Prints, Cambrics, Lawns, Percale, Chambrays and Ginghams, all new styles and worth almost double the price.

BEST VALUES

In Shirt Waists, with Laundered Collars and Cuffs, for 50c, 75c, 85c. 93c, $1, $1.25 and $1.35 in Prints, Cambrics, Chambrays and Figured Lawns.

BEST VALUES

In White Muslin Shirt Waists, nicely trimmed and latest designs, for 39c, 50c, 69c, 95c, $1.15, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $1.95.

Our assortment of Seasonable Goods is large, and it will pay you to examine them.

NEW YORK

Cloak and Suit Co.

12 JOHN STREET.

A New Consignment

Of Baby Carriages just received, and they are beauties. Nicely upholstered Patent Parasol and Brake for $5. Other carriages equally low.

Refrigerators at FREE TRADE PRICES. A $10 Ice Chest for $8.

A nice adjustable Sham Holder for 25c. Fine Straw Matting 10c. per yard.

We will sell you a fine Mantle Bed, spring and mattress, for $12.50; regular price $16. Window Screens 25c. Don't pass our door until you see our goods and get our prices.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

As varied as the wants of the people are the resources of our store in Footwear.

GRADUATION SHOES

Of Every Description.

See our Window Display of Goods and Prices.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall.

The finest Sunday Dinners can be bought at WALSH'S UNION MARKET Tonight.

Low Prices, Quick Sales, Small Profits.

New Cabbage, New Beets, Spare Ribs, 6c.; Salt Pork, 9c.; Hock, 6c.; Salt Shoulders, 8c.; Legs Lamb 10c.; Roasts of Beef, 5c.

FINE BUTTER 15c. TO 20c.

SAVE 25 TO 30 PER CENT. AT

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

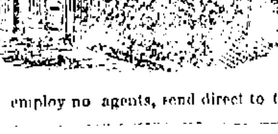
THE POLAR REFRIGERATOR

Is the best. As a preserver of food it has no superior, and for economy of ice it has no equal. We have been the agents for these goods in Lowell for the past five years and can recommend them to our customers as perfect and sure to give satisfaction in every respect. Do not buy a Refrigerator or Ice Chest till you have examined our line. We can sell you anything you need in the housefurnishing line at prices that will convince you that you can save money by trading with us. Look our stock over before you purchase.

—o—

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

THE ONLY PLACE IN THE CITY



Where CARPETS are thoroughly CLEANED and STEAMED

We take up, clean, steam, make over and lay Carpets, Hair Mattresses and Feather Beds renovated by steam.

Lowell Steam Carpet Cleaning Works,

12 Weed Street.

GEORGE MADDOCKS, Prop.

We employ no agents, send direct to the works. Orders by mail or telephone—21-4.

The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

Fine Claret

Left At

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Near Palmer St. - Telephone 452-3.

LOWELL LAGER by the case. Call and get our Wine circular.

W. H. DAVIS,

Merchant Tailor,

Has a Large Assortment of

Nice Cloths,
Clay Diagonals,
Scotch Suitings, etc.

W. H. DAVIS,

50 CENTRAL ST.